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ART. I.—*Christian Evidences Viewed in Relation to Modern Thought.* By the REV. C. A. Row, M.A. Bampton Lecture for 1877. London: F. Norgate. 1877.

It has long been felt by all who think upon the subject, that the works on Christian evidence of the last century, of which Paley's is the best example, are little suited to the wants of our days; and this from no defect in the works themselves. Much as it is the fashion to disparage Paley's argument, we hold that it perfectly accomplished the design with which it set out. The best proof of this is that the error which Paley attacked has never reappeared. The single cry then was, "The apostles were impostors, the miracles were deliberate inventions." That cry has never been heard since, thanks to Paley's immortal work. The new position taken by scepticism in one form or another now is, the early Christian teachers were sincere enough; but they saw visions and dreamed dreams, and mistook these for objective realities. They were not the authors but the victims of deception. The Christian miracles are myths and legends, like many others of the same kind. This form of objection the old defences do not meet, for it did not exist then. The restatement of the apologetic argument has become a necessity. The old weapons and tactics will not serve against the new methods of attack. A new work on Christian evidence as well adapted to our days as Paley's was to his, as solid in argument and felicitous in style, would indeed be a boon to this generation. Partial attempts have been made, but, as far as we know, Mr. Row's is the first that covers the whole ground.

The main difference between the old order of argument and the new one proposed by the lecturer, is in the place assigned to the Gospel miracles. In the former these are placed in the front: they form the key of the position, and have to bear the whole brunt of attack. In the latter the moral argument, from the character of Christ, the nature of His teaching, and the influence of Christianity, is placed in the front, the miracles being adduced in support. No one can doubt that if miracles were possible now, their evidence would be the most direct and conclusive. But they are not—they are facts of the past. The question of miracles is therefore nothing more or less than a question of adequate historical proof. Now the area of this proof lies wholly within the first two centuries. Since that time the matter is clear enough. The sole difficulty lies in the period closing at 200 A.D., *i.e.* in the first links of the evidence. And here the remains of Christian writers are, as every one knows, scanty and obscure. Even here the evidence is sufficient to serve as a secondary support; but when this is made to bear the whole burden of proof, the strain is great. But this is no longer necessary. The course of time has developed the materials of an entirely new order of evidence. In nineteen centuries of history Christianity has borne its fruit, and it must surely be possible for us to decide whether that fruit bears testimony to an earthly or heavenly stock. We can scarcely agree with Mr. Row when he says that the miraculous argument weakens with the lapse of time, for we cannot understand how a fact once established can become less a fact. But we fully admit that with the lapse of time it loses its impressiveness, whereas the moral argument from the results of Christianity grows and strengthens as time goes on. Of course this argument did not exist in early days. Christianity had not manifested its character. The beneficent action of the Gospel was foretold, indeed, in clearest terms, but the prophecy had to be verified by fact. During that period miracles served their evidential purpose. There can be no doubt that during the first two centuries there was abundance of evidence to the truth of the miracles, oral, traditional and written, of which the works now extant are the veriest fragments. But centuries of history have more than made up the loss, and have rendered our faith independent of questions of minute historical criticism.

Mr. Row spends a good many pages, quite unnecessarily, in proving that miracles are nowhere said in the New Testament to have been wrought for an evidential purpose. But this does not prove that they were not so wrought. Very often the purpose of an act is so obvious that its declaration is superfluous. We generally argue design from adaptation. We need no declaration to inform us us what eye and hand were made for. A more natural inference would be that God designed every good result which has actually followed. Our author surely does not believe that the purpose of the miracles was exhausted in the personal benefits conferred. It is nowhere said that the miracles were intended to instruct in spiritual truth, but we should think no one doubts it. Stronger language may have been used by some than is warranted, but when we speak of things being intended for such and such a purpose we generally mean that they are adapted to that purpose. When Christ reproved the Jews for seeking a sign, He could not mean to reprove their expectation of miracles, an expectation in harmony with their whole previous history and satisfied in His own life. What He rebuked was the expectation of some unnatural portent, such as leaping from the pinnacle of the temple would have been.

Nor can we indulge the bright hopes which Mr. Row evidently cherishes as to the effect of the new mode of argument. That it is the right one we thoroughly believe. But we question whether it is as much more level to the capacity of the multitude than the old historical one as he supposes, or whether the practical effects will be much more considerable. The argument from the unique perfection of Christ's life and teaching is a most powerful one; but it seems to us that for its due appreciation there is required an even higher order of mental and moral character than for the historical argument. A comparative estimate of our Lord's character and Christianity requires not only moral sympathy but also far-reaching acquaintance with other men and systems. In the absence of these conditions it is impossible. We must have read and thought much about other than Christian civilisations and religions. Is such knowledge very common? The lecturer, we are afraid, judges others by himself. To the cultured the argument, as it is here elaborated, cannot fail to be impressive; but upon an ordinary audience it would be thrown away, just because the conditions supposed do not exist. No doubt

many know enough to enable them to form a general judgment, but the same might be said as to the old historical argument. We do not question the superiority of the new order of proof. Our only difference with the lecturer concerns the degree of superiority. To the well-read and thoughtful the moral argument will be convincing, to others it will be without point. For example, nothing brings out the divine greatness of Christ's life and teaching better than the contrast it presents to the characteristics of Judaism in that age. But it is evident that where little is known of the condition of the Jews of that period, one side of the contrast is wanting. Generally it will be found that to pronounce judgment on matters of evidence is an easy task compared with a judgment of great systems and movements stretching through long ages.

One point of superiority in the moral argument in question is that the facts of which we judge exist now. Whatever we may make of it, the influence of the Saviour and His work is a present fact. We see and feel it on every side. The basis of the inference to Christ's divinity, drawn from this fact, is that there are moral as well as physical miracles, of the reality of which we are competent judges. This important principle is seldom remembered, the notion of miracle being limited to the physical order. If moral forces have their limits just as much as physical forces, any result which vastly transcends them can only be described as a miracle. By this time we must surely know enough of human nature to be able to say what does and does not lie within its capacity, as we do of the forces at work in the physical universe. Mr. Row says: "I shall assume as the foundation of my argument, that it is an established philosophic truth, that the forces which energise in the moral and spiritual world act in uniformity with moral laws no less than those which dominate in the physical universe with physical ones. As, therefore, an event which manifests purpose, for the origin of which the known forces of the physical universe are unable to account, is a physical miracle; so an event in the moral universe, of the origin of which the forces energising in man can give no explanation, is a moral miracle, and is therefore the manifestation of the energetic presence of a superhuman power." And again: "I claim on behalf of Jesus Christ, that His character and action in history constitute a manifestation of such a power, the presence of which admits of an actual

verification in the history of the past and the facts of the present."

Here is the thesis to be proved. To prove this it is not enough to show that Christ was an extraordinary man. So was Socrates, so were many more. What must be shown is that His life and influence cannot be explained by the powers belonging to human nature, however greatly those powers may be supposed to be enlarged; in a word, that He is a miracle. By no conceivable extension of human power could we believe man capable of healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, raising the dead, as the Gospels assert of Jesus. Just so the character of our Lord must be shown to be separated by a distance as vast from everything human.

Are the character and influence of Christ of this transcendent nature both in quality and degree? Is His relation to all the world's best and greatest men one of comparison or contrast? These are questions which all are more or less capable of answering, and which all who know the facts of the case can only answer in one way. As to the absolute perfection of Christ's character there is no question. No Christian has ever used language of more rapturous enthusiasm on this subject than sceptics. How, after such admissions as Mr. Row quotes from Mr. Lecky, scepticism can hold its ground, is one of the mysteries of human nature. Admitting the fact of that character, where did it appear? Supposing it to be merely human, out of what materials was it built up? Out of the narrowness, prejudice, and fierce bigotries of Judaism in its most corrupt state. True, the force of genius can break through its surroundings and achieve what is impossible to common men. But show us the single man of genius on whom the ignorance and defects of his age have left no trace, nay, on whom these defects have not left the deepest traces.

As to the influence of Jesus on the world, He is a living force as none else has ever claimed to be. In every other religion the founder is distinct from the system. Mohammedanism would be what it is if Mohammed's history were forgotten. The same is true of Buddhism and Brahmanism. The same is true even of the sects of Christianity. Wesleyans never think of pinning their faith to all that John Wesley was and taught. David and St. Paul are no authorities to us outside their official work. The names of the greatest

leaders of thought are simply symbols of the doctrines they taught. It is so with the mighty names of Plato and Aristotle and a hundred more. But Christ is no empty symbol. He is a life, a force, an energy potent beyond all else in every department of the world's life and history. He says not, "I show the way," but, "I am the Way." He is the Truth, the Life, the Light of the World, the Bread of Life we eat, the Water of Life we drink. He is the very Word of God, the Revelation God has given, the Eternal Life by which we live. At the end of nineteen centuries His influence, instead of waning, is on the increase. That it has been wholly and entirely an influence for good—against sin, for holiness—is simple fact. The question to be answered is, Is this the outcome of a merely human life? If so, how is it that there has never been a second? How is it that history does not present to us a graduated series of lives, rising higher and ever higher in perfection, of which Christ's is merely the culmination and crown? How is it that while with receding ages other names become fainter, His calls forth a devotion which every year becomes more personal and intense? Are there two answers to these questions, two explanations of this phenomenon?

The same conclusion follows from a comparison of the substance of this teaching with other systems. Dr. Harris, in his *Great Teacher*, dwells upon such features of Christ's ministry as its originality, spirituality, and the like, all undoubtedly true, but somewhat vague. The characteristics Mr. Row points out seem to us much more tangible and likely to impress opponents. 1. Observe the simplicity and clearness with which Christianity draws the lines of human duty. If we ask for the ground of our duties to one another, Christianity finds it in our common relation to God. We are children of one Father. The human race is one family. Therefore falsehood and injustice are unnatural. If we ask for a practicable rule of guidance, we have it in the Golden Precept. If we ask for the measure of regard to others, we are pointed to Christ's perfect, unselfish love. Nothing could be a greater contrast to everything that Jewish or Pagan wisdom ever effected. Jewish skill gives us the Talmud, a bewildering labyrinth of casuistry, a gigantic system of minute regulations. Pagan teachers lost themselves in discussions about the essence of virtue, and having settled that a host

of insoluble questions must first be solved, never got any farther. Some, indeed, came to a conclusion, but each one differed from his neighbour. Epicureans placed the nature of virtue in one thing, Stoics in another, Platonists in a third. 2. Christianity disclaims political methods and agencies. Other teachers have proposed to work through the State. Plato's Republic is the first and grandest of Utopias. Judaism, as a preliminary stage, bore the same character. Of Mohammedanism we need say nothing. The strength of Brahmanism is in the iron system of caste. Of the history of Buddhism we know too little to assert that it is an exception. The idea of a spiritual kingdom with no weapons but truth, no sanctions but conscience, no ties but a common faith and love, was a new one. The best proof of this is that even the Christian Church has constantly shown a tendency to revert to the old type. The course which Christ struck out was as bold and audacious as it was original, arguing a confidence in Himself such as none else ever ventured upon. 3. Christ was just as original in appealing to the masses of mankind without distinction of race or class. None before had done it. Every philosophical school was a close aristocracy of talent. The great teachers of Greece had nothing in common with the multitude. The residuum was a difficulty of which they despaired. The same is true of modern philosophies, one and all. Even Judaism, left to man's tender mercies, became a class system. "This people that knoweth not the law is accursed." The temple and God and heaven are for Rabbi and Scribe, not for the unlettered and poor. "To the poor the Gospel is preached" struck the Jew with as much wonder as the cure of the sick by a touch. While the sympathies of Christianity are with the whole race, they are concentrated with special intensity on those whose wants are most crying. "I boldly affirm that all modern attempts to ameliorate the condition of the masses have originated in this grand conception of Jesus Christ. He is the originator, the leader, and the pioneer of every self-sacrificing effort which has been made for the improvement of mankind; its example, and, what is more, the motive force which has impelled all subsequent efforts." 4. Another contrast is the way in which Christianity puts the gentler virtues in the first place. The Greek ideal was magnanimity, to which everything else was sacrificed.

The honour put upon patience, forgiveness, meekness has indeed been turned into a reproach against Christian ethics. But that Christ showed the profoundest knowledge of human nature there cannot be the shadow of a doubt. Why, even on the Darwinian theory the strongest virtues are able to take care of themselves. There is no danger of high spirit and courage dying out of the world. It is their excess which has ever been the curse of human life. It is the weaker, obscurer virtues which need to be encouraged and reinforced by external support. Our lecturer says justly: "There can be no doubt that if, during the last three thousand years, the milder virtues had occupied the place which the heroic ones have held in men's estimation, the happiness of mankind would have increased a thousandfold." In point of fact, Christianity has never been wanting in examples of public spirit. Does not this suggest that while the milder virtues involve the presence of the stronger ones, the reverse is not the case? 5. But the greatest contrast of all is in the new regenerating power which Christianity brings to bear on human nature. This is the power of faith, by which the future and eternal becomes a present force. The old heathen world knew nothing of this. Its beliefs never rose above opinions more or less probable. Of thorough conviction it knew nothing. The great lever to which its moralists trusted was the power of habit—a mighty power truly, but conservative, not creative. To amend and reform does not lie within its province. Give habit a good man, and it will make him better—a bad man, and it will make him worse. The materials on which habit works must be supplied to it. But what of those, and they are legion, in whom the very material is wanting? The case of such philosophy has always given up as hopeless.

"Let me now briefly sum up the results of this argument. The philosophers, after the deepest study of the moral nature of man, confessed their inability to discover any spiritual power capable of effecting the regeneration of the morally degraded. Jesus Christ has acted on them mightily; and, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, He is still the most powerful regenerating influence acting on mankind. The one discussed intellectual problems, the other appealed to the conscience and the heart. The one contemplated the masses of mankind with despair, and would have viewed the idea of

devoting an entire life to their elevation as the phantasm of a disordered brain; the other has been the founder, and the impelling motive of the efforts which during eighteen centuries have been undertaken for the amelioration of mankind. The one coldly bade men become virtuous by performing virtuous actions, but could impart to them no power to render their performance possible; the other has breathed into man's inmost spirit a power mighty to effect his spiritual regeneration. The one ignored religion as a principle to act on the conscience; the other concentrated its entire force on man's moral and spiritual nature, and placed Himself in its centre as the perfect image of Divine attractiveness. The one descanted on the duty of contemplating the Divine idea of goodness as a means of moral elevation, but pronounced it undiscoverable by the multitude; the other has presented an incarnation of it in His human life. The one speculated on ideal republics; the other has created the Catholic Church. Nor has philosophy in these latter days, even with Jesus and His teaching for its model, succeeded better. It can reach neither the conscience nor the heart. What, then, is the only possible inference? I answer that the Galilean peasant must have possessed a greatness above that of all the great men of the past and of the present united; that He stands in a position among men which is unique; or, in other words that a superhuman power must have manifested itself in Him."

A subsidiary argument for the reality of the character of Christ as pictured in the Gospels is found in its unity. The portrait is nowhere formally drawn out. It paints itself, so to speak, on the mind of the reader. It is the aggregate of the impressions made by the narrative of the life. There is no need to enlarge on the difficulty of painting a fictitious portrait in this way. The works of our greatest novelists prove this. But the difficulty is quadrupled in the present case by the fact that the life is written by four biographers. Not one of the accounts could be withdrawn without marring the portrait. Does any one believe it within the bounds of possibility that four different writers should combine to produce a fiction at perfect unity with itself? Would no inconsistency creep in? Whether the character be fictitious or real, there it is. It must be accounted for. Those who think it an invention imply that four obscure Jews accomplished

a feat which leaves our Scotts and George Eliots far in the rear. There is one hypothesis that explains the result, and only one, that the biographers were copying from life. And the miraculous element is an integral part of the narrative. However out of place it might seem in other lives, no reader but feels that it harmonises perfectly with the rest of Christ's life. Happily we are not left to conjecture as to whether Jews of that age were competent to the invention of such a character and such incidents. The Christ of the apocryphal writings is the genuine child of Jewish imagination, and the portrait, as every one knows, or may know, is a painful caricature. It ill becomes those who accept the ideal origin of the Gospels to reproach others with credulity.

Another proof is drawn from the fulfilment of Messianic prophecy. This argument is nowise dependent on the date and authorship of particular Old Testament books. We might even concede the latest date that the extremest rationalists ever contended for without trenching on the validity of the prophetic argument. What does it matter whether a body of indisputable Messianic prediction existed 200 or 2,000 years before Christ? Is real prediction easier at one than at the other period? Nor, again, does the force of the argument depend on particular texts. It is probable that some passages have been unduly pressed into the service. But after making all deductions there remains a mass of prophecy that refuses to be explained away. Jewish history and literature are charged with types and symbols which only find their realisation in the ideal prophet and priest and king of mankind. It might indeed be alleged that prophecy furnished the material out of which the life of Jesus was constructed. But this again supposes a preternatural insight and skill in the Evangelists. It is easy for us, in the light reflected upon the Old from the New Testament, to discern in the former the outlines of Christian doctrine; but what when that light is wanting? Would not the capacity to do this imply well-nigh as great a miracle of reflection as prophecy does of foresight? A masterpiece of painting or sculpture seems easy enough to us, but what could we make of the bare colours or marble? Does the power to appreciate *Paradise Lost* imply the power to write it?

What is the result of the argument so far? It is just this—to counteract the antecedent improbability lying

against miracles and to substitute for it a presumption in their favour. Supposing miracles to be placed in the first line of defence, the whole brunt of the attack falls on them. Or speaking without figure, when miracles are made the first or sole proof of Christianity, the antecedent presumption against them from the uniformity of nature can only be overborne by corresponding superiority in the attesting evidence. In the primitive days of Christianity this superiority undoubtedly existed in the freshness of living tradition as well as in the abundance of written evidence; but this exists no longer. The evidence now extant from the primitive and most important period, while sufficient, cannot truthfully be described as abundant. But the gap has been more than filled up by the manifold proofs of a Divine character which Christianity has given in the long course of history. A new body of evidence, a new file of witnesses has sprung up, whose credibility we can test for ourselves. The effect of this is to do away with the natural presumption against the Christian miracles; for if it is established that Christ has already exerted an influence in the moral world which can only be adequately described as superhuman, it is probable that He did the same in the material world. "It is far more probable that a person who has exerted such a superhuman influence on the moral and spiritual worlds, should have manifested a corresponding power over the forces of the material universe than that He should have only acted on them in the same manner as they are acted on by ordinary men." In primitive ages from Christ's action on the physical creation, attested by evidence still fresh and abundant, it was competent to argue to His power over the moral world. Now from our Lord's action in the moral world, attested by overwhelming evidence, it is equally competent to argue back to His power over the material creation. The advantage of this order of argument is that, the antecedent improbability being removed, miracles are placed upon the level of ordinary facts, and require nothing more for their confirmation than the ordinary kind and amount of evidence. It may even be said that probability is on their side. In the case of one who has been working moral miracles for centuries we should naturally expect to see some proofs of superhuman power during His earthly life. The absence of such proofs would have been a far weightier objection than anything which scepticism has yet dis-

covered, and we do not see what reply could have been made to the objection. As it is, "the whole question of the performance of miracles becomes one of adequate attestation." Is that adequate attestation a fact?

The whole area of proof is anterior to 180 A.D., the age of Tertullian, Irenæus, and the Alexandrian Clement. From that time no one doubts that the Gospels universally received have been ours. If any growth of miraculous legend or deliberate invention took place, it took place between the close of Christ's life and the latter period. We can only touch lightly the points of argument. It results from Marcion's testimony that St. Luke's Gospel must have been in existence early in the second century. The variations in the text of Matthew and Mark, as quoted by the three Fathers just named, show that these Gospels cannot have been later. Even if the "Memoirs" and "Gospels," from which Justin quotes A.D. 150, were not our identical Gospels, they were substantially the same. In no other case would the identity be questioned. The way in which Justin refers to these writings shows that they were widely known and accepted in the character they bear. As time was necessary for this, we cannot place their date later than the opening of the second century. "The remarks which are true of Justin are equally so of all the earlier Christian writings which have been preserved which are not included in the Canon. Let it be granted, for the sake of argument, that the passages in them which bear a close resemblance to corresponding ones in our Gospels do not prove that our authors were acquainted with them. Still they prove beyond the power of contradiction not only that either the written documents, or the traditions of our Lord's ministry with which their authors were acquainted, contained statements of a character precisely similar to those in the Evangelists, but that the number of the other incidents or sayings, not included in them, which they accepted as genuine, were very inconsiderable. . . . With such evidence in our hands, it is simply useless to spend our time in endeavouring to determine whether the references in question prove that the Fathers were acquainted with our Gospels, and quoted from them." These "earlier Christian writings" carry us back to 80 A.D. The only interval unbridged is that between 30 and 80 A.D., and for this, as Mr. Row observes, we have the Epistles of St. Paul.

Even admitting that Justin's authorities are not our Gospels, what does this prove? Simply that there were other accounts in existence (the more the better), exactly tallying with ours in all essential respects. The number of references in Justin to the Gospel history is two hundred at least. "Of these one hundred and ninety-six are for all practical purposes, the same as those which we read in the Evangelists." The fewness of the references to facts in Christ's life not found in our Gospels seems to us to prove that Justin used no other accounts; for it is inconceivable that other incidents did not linger in tradition, which would certainly have found their way into other narratives. But even supposing that he did use other accounts, this only confirms the credibility of the Gospel history.

If these stories of miracles grew up, or were invented, this must have occurred between 30 and 80 A.D. But for this period we have the evidence of the Pauline Epistles. Generally these Epistles are regarded as part of the position to be defended, but the lecturer rightly argues that they are available as evidence. Peculiar weight is attached to epistolary evidence from its incidental character, although of course the same feature renders the evidence uncertain in amount. The extremest rationalism has never breathed suspicion upon the genuineness of St. Paul's four chief Epistles, the Romans, Galatians, and Corinthians I. and II. Even against four others Epistles—those to the Thessalonians, Philippians, and Philemon—the objections are flimsy to the last degree. But the first four are ample for our purpose. The allusions to facts in the Gospel story are abundant. It is quite true that the miracles of Christ are not specifically referred to; but this would only tell against their reality if, the subject requiring such reference, the Apostle had been silent. This is not the case. The question is, What is the character which the epistles expressly or by implication everywhere ascribe to Christ? Is it human or divine? There cannot be two opinions as to what the answer must be. Nor can there be any need to adduce the proof. The character of Christ everywhere assumed in the Pauline Epistles is such as the miracles are in perfect harmony with. Besides, St. Paul claims for himself and others of his fellow-workers the power to work miracles. Is it to be dreamed that he made himself greater than Christ? Further, the Epistles prove incontestably that both Paul and his readers believed in

the objective reality of Christ's resurrection, the crowning miracle of all. Whether that faith was well or illfounded, it is asserted again and again in the Epistles. It is still open to allege that the faith was a mistaken one, an objection which must be refuted on other grounds. But at all events this was the faith of St. Paul and of the Churches of Rome, Corinth, and Galatia. Be it noted, that the Christian Church in Rome was not founded by Paul, and must have received its faith from other teachers. The Resurrection was the grand doctrine the Apostles preached, the crowning evidence to which they appealed, alike the substance and the basis of apostolic teaching. These Epistles fall about 50 or 60 A.D. At this time then the Resurrection was universally received in the Church as an objective fact. If it were not a fact but a legend or myth, when did it spring up? When was it transmuted into historical reality? Was the period between 30 and 60 A.D. long enough for the imposition of a fictitious creation on the world as a fact? Could it be done now? Could it be done with respect to alleged events of thirty or a hundred years ago? It is, indeed, alleged that ours is a positive, critical age, whereas in primitive times credulity was universal; the more unlikely the story the more eager the welcome it received. But this difference between one age and another has been exaggerated beyond all bounds of possibility. The story of legendary invention between the limits indicated could only be true on the supposition of the universal imbecility of mankind. There must have been not only a general conspiracy on one side to deceive, but as general a conspiracy on the other to be deceived. Was there ever such a conspiracy? If there were, could it succeed? What the rationalist has to explain is not merely the existence of such a confederacy, but its success. We refuse to believe, save on evidence, that human nature changes so utterly as such success implies, and no evidence has yet been produced. The method of Buckle and Draper, and, to a less extent, of Mr. Lecky, is to collect all the eccentricities and fantastic beliefs of many centuries and many nations, and then virtually to predicate them of every man, woman, and child living in those ages and lands. Such a method we venture to think in the highest degree uncritical. As well might any one collect all the vagaries of modern spiritualism, fanaticism, and rationalism, and make them characteristic of this entire age.

And yet on no other supposition is the legendary theory tenable.

The only other refuge of rationalism is that the Apostles and early Christians were deluded, mistaking subjective impressions for external realities. Of course, this supposes, on their part, the childish credulity just referred to. That credulity ought to be established by independent evidence. To say that the mistake both proves them credulous and is the consequence of their credulity is a perfect specimen of circular argumentation. Dr. Carpenter, a witness above suspicion, shows that such hallucinations require for their existence the conditions of fixed idea, prepossession, and expectation. According to this, the early Christians must have allowed the idea of the resurrection to take possession of them, brooded upon it, longed for it with ardent expectancy, until they became firmly convinced that it had taken place. Such is the only possible way in which the conversion of an idea into a fact can be explained. Where is there the vestige of proof that these conditions existed in the early Church? Was the notion of resurrection a familiar one to the ancient world? On the contrary, it was universally the very symbol of impossibility. The only evidence of the mental condition of the Apostles and disciples is found in the Gospels, and it shows that all their prepossessions and fixed ideas were against—not in favour of—resurrection. They fell into utter doubt and despair. The announcement of the fact contradicted the only prepossessions on the subject which we know them to have had. Test the matter by the case of Paul. Was he ardently prepossessed in favour of the idea? Did the notion find in his state of mind congenial soil? There are some other wild theories which Mr. Row elaborately confronts with fact, but they are scarcely worthy of serious mention.

We have omitted several subsidiary arguments, such as the continuous existence of the Church built upon the primitive creed of the Gospel, and have given but the barest outline of our author's able argument, omitting the elaborate proofs and illustrations, as well as a number of suggestive discussions of related topics. Many important points, such as the nature of a miracle, he has succeeded in placing in a new light. In the mode of argument, as now reconstructed, the evidence of miracles comes in with undiminished strength, the antecedent

improbability being transferred bodily into the other scale. This is no slight gain. Abstract discussion about the *a priori* possibility of miracles might go on for ever. How much fruitless discussion there has been, we need not say, all turning on a demand on our part to penetrate into the mode of operation. These preliminary questions as to mode and possibility are all cut short by the simple question of fact. Is it or is it not the fact that Christianity is a standing miracle—that its influence in every department is such as nothing but superhuman power can explain? If it is, we may leave the question of mode among the host of unsolved and insoluble questions of the same class.

With respect to miracles, the lecturer objects to the usual definitions of them as "events which involve violations or suspensions of the laws of nature, or are brought about by the action of a higher law of nature on a lower one, or are contrary to nature, or are brought about by the simple energy of God's creative will." All these are less definitions of miracles pure and simple than of their mode, and as to the mode, even of natural events, we are profoundly ignorant. It is to the last degree undesirable and even dangerous to bind up disputable speculations as to the *modus operandi* with questions of fact. The very terms used in these definitions themselves stand in need of definition, being among the most ambiguous in the language. Thus "law," among many other meanings, is used sometimes to describe the usual order or sequence of events, sometimes the force which is the efficient cause of this order. "Nature," again, should properly be limited to material phenomena, but it is often held to include human volition and action. But, however these terms are taken, miracles are neither more nor less interferences with nature or its laws than man's daily acts. Every day we interfere with the laws of nature, *i.e.*, we so combine and control natural forces as to bring about events which otherwise would not be brought about. If this is suspension or violation of the laws of nature, then miracles are the same. "Viewed as a set of sequences, there is a sense in which man may be said to produce results contrary to the laws of nature, *i.e.*, of the physical universe, or, to speak more correctly, contrary to the order which would result from the action of its forces independently of his volition, whenever by a combination

of these he brings about an order of events different from that which would have happened without such a combination. But this is in no proper sense a violation of the order of nature. The laws of nature are, consequently, no more violated by the performance of a miracle than they are by the activities of man." "What man can do on a limited scale, the Creator of the universe must be able to effect on a much larger one. . . He must be a bold man who will venture to affirm that we are acquainted with all the forces of the universe which are under His control, or all the possible combinations of them by which He may work out results in the distant ages of the future very different from man's narrow experience in the past."

One of the cardinal teachings of the Old Testament is the ever-present operation of the Deity in the ordinary processes of nature. God is set forth as the universal agent. There is not a syllable about an impersonal nature or blind forces. All movement is the effluence of Divine energy. While this doctrine is taught in the New Testament as well, it pervades the Old. With this teaching the idea of miracle is in perfect harmony. Miracle simply confirms and emphasises a truth which custom and familiarity too often tend to obscure. "What we designate the forces of nature and miracles are alike manifestations of God, the latter differing from the former not in the degree of power which they exhibit, nor in the fact that He is more present when He works a miracle than He is in the active energies of those forces in the midst of which we daily live, but in the fact that a miracle is an event fitted to awaken attention by a special manifestation of intelligent purpose, and stamped with the indication of it."

In one respect, at least, the progress of science has confirmed the miraculous nature of the events recorded in the Gospels. It is conceivable that Christ and the Apostles might have done wonderful things, which would only have been anticipations of future discoveries. But not one of the recorded miracles is of this character. No one doubts that the events, if real, transcended all human or finite power. No one dreams that man will ever be able to do the like. Granted that the forces of nature, known and unknown, are practically illimitable. Man's power is not illimitable, and its limits are now sufficiently ascer-

tained. The better we know the natural, the sharper becomes the contrast with the supernatural.

Mr. Row animadverts strongly on the practice of objectors selecting for attack those miracles which they regard as most vulnerable, and passing by the greater ones in total silence. Even a candid and able writer like Dr. Carpenter is guilty of doing this. He asks, "whether the 'miracles of healing' may not have had a foundation of reality in 'natural' agencies perfectly well known to such as have scientifically studied the action of the mind upon the body." Even supposing that on this principle some of these miracles might be explained away, others could not. What as to Christ's resurrection, the fundamental miracle of Christianity? Dr. Carpenter seems to suppose that the use of natural forces is interdicted in the case of miracles; but this is not so. "There is no reason why, in the performance of a miracle, our Lord should not have made use of forces already existing in the universe, only so modifying and combining them as to be a special manifestation of purpose, for it is this manifestation which constitutes the great distinction between an unusual occurrence and a miracle." Dr. Carpenter also alludes to the general requirement of faith in the object of the miracle, but fails to show how faith explains what took place. When, on the ground of the discrimination exercised by early Christian writers in rejecting some miraculous accounts, he claims the same right of discrimination now, he at least refuses to endorse the charge of abject credulity brought against the early Fathers. After all, it seems that they were not as uncritical as is sometimes said. This is so much evidence in favour of the accounts they universally received.

In the earlier portion of the volume, Mr. Row lays down what he considers the essentials of Christianity; in the latter he discusses current theories of inspiration. In both his tendency is to minimise farther than many would be willing to concede. As to the first, he excludes from what is to be defended as essential to the Christian position everything strictly belonging to the domain of theology. The essence of Christianity is a Divine fact: Christ the incarnation of God. Dogma is the interpretation of that fact. But the dogma, as human, is not to be confounded or placed on a level with the fact. As to inspiration, he contends that no definite theory respecting its nature and extent is contained in the Bible, and that any theory

adopted should be deduced from the phenomena of the Bible itself. The current theories—verbal, dynamical, and others—he condemns as *à priori*. Probably all these theories are to be regarded as tentative and provisional. The Church, it may be, is still feeling after a perfect definition of the truth which it surely holds, and has ever held on this subject. We have said enough to indicate that the present volume is brimful of points open to discussion.

ART. II.—*Burma, Past and Present, with Personal Reminiscences of the Country.* By LIEUTENANT-GENERAL ALBERT FYTCHE, C.S.I., late Chief Commissioner of British Burma, and Agent to the Viceroy and Governor-General of India. Two Vols. With Illustrations. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1878.

It is not often that the ability to do memorable things and the ability to describe them meet in the same person, and in the interest of human modesty it is perhaps not desirable that they should. Otherwise the complaint of the poet that so many Agamemnons have passed into oblivion for want of a Vates would never have been heard. But there are exceptions which serve to emphasise the rule. The first Cæsar is the most eminent example of the kind. To his '*Veni vidi, vici*' he might have added '*scripsi*.' The British Empire, and especially the British Empire in India, has added considerably to the number of illustrious exceptions. Wellesley, Dalhousie, Havelock, Herbert Edwardes—all as vigorous with the pen as with the sword or sceptre—are cases in point. General Fytche must be added to the honourable list. Without the slightest violation of modesty or good taste he describes, not merely what he has seen and heard, but what he has himself done during a long career in Burma. The *quorum pars magna fui* of necessity pervades the entire volume, but in a perfectly becoming way. His qualifications for the task he has undertaken are unexampled. Going out to India as ensign in 1839, he spent the whole of his life up to 1871, with little exception, in British Burma, observing the country under all aspects, and collecting a multitude of facts and rich store of experience which he now communicates to the world. It is by such monographs as this that mutual knowledge and sympathy between East and West are fostered.

The work before us is the more welcome as British Burma is one of the least known portions of our Eastern Empire. Its fate has been to be overshadowed by its

greater and wealthier neighbour. It is not sufficiently remembered that what we have conquered is not the empire of Burma, but its mere fringe. British Burma indeed is 1,000 miles long, but this is all. It answers pretty nearly to the definition of a geometrical line—length without breadth. Against India's two hundred millions of population it can show but three millions. The great cities, the bulk of the population, the seats of wealth and historic interest, lie in the interior of the country on which we have not laid our annexing hand. Besides, our tiny conquest is comparatively recent. Of the three provinces subject to our rule the first was annexed in 1826, and the last in 1853. Still further, our rule so far has been peacefully acquiesced in. No dangerous mutiny has occurred to write the name of Burma in letters of fire on the national memory.

In the true spirit of the men who created our Eastern Empire General Fytche evidently laments the smallness of the territory over which he ruled. He looks upon it as a mistake that we did not annex the whole empire, and have not now a second India beyond the Ganges. Both our wars were provoked by the Burmese. "On neither occasion did we take due advantage of our conquest. In 1826, and again in 1853, it would have been an easy task to have reduced the King of Burma to the condition of a feudatory prince, maintained by a subsidiary alliance, like the princes of India. Of late years the British Government seems to have awakened to a sense of their omission." We confess, it seems to us that much may be said for this view. We had just as much right to take all as to take any. What we actually did appears anomalous and indefensible to the last degree. We left a vast empire without an outlet to the sea. We hold the ports, and the Burmese hold the territories which are the natural feeding ground of the export trade on which the prosperity of the ports in great part depends. No doubt we possess a tremendous means of coercion in the ability to blockade the whole Burmese Empire at a moment's notice. But we question whether one nation ought thus to lie at the mercy of another. Certainly England would never consent to be the blockaded power. We fear that we should go into an international court of equity with anything but a good case. However, annexation has gone out of fashion for the present.

Our author's interest in the East may be described as hereditary. One of his ancestors, Ralph Fytch, was among the first Englishmen to visit India, and few saw more of it than he did. Going, in Elizabeth's reign, with three others to Syria, he made his way by the caravan route to the Persian Gulf, at Ormuz made acquaintance with the inside of a Portuguese prison, at Goa narrowly escaped the tender mercies of the Inquisition, struck right across India to Golkonda, thence away to Agra, from Agra, parting from his companions, sailed down the Ganges past Allahabad and Benares to the Bay of Bengal, and, curiously enough, sailed to Bassein and Rangoon, where his descendant was afterwards to govern. It was the account he gave on his return home which led to the formation of the Company of East India Merchants, out of which our empire has grown. Another ancestor, William Fytche, was for a short time President of Fort William, where he died in 1752, four years before the tragedy of the Black Hole.

Of the three provinces of British Burma, Arakan in the north, Pegu in the middle, and Tenasserim in the south, the first and third were annexed in 1826, and the second in 1853. It is almost ludicrous to dignify the two expeditions with the name of wars. Beginning with aggression and bluster on the part of the Burmese, they soon turned into contemptible panic. In the first war the King Phagyi-dau bitterly repented the course he had taken, saying that he had got hold of a tiger's tail which it was equally dangerous to keep hold of or let go. The Burmese historians showed more skill in disguising the real character of the war than the generals had shown in conducting it. The following is their veracious story:—"The white strangers of the West fastened a quarrel upon the Lord of the Golden Palace. They landed at Rangoon, took that place and Prome, and were permitted to advance as far as Yandabo; for the King, from motives of piety and regard to life, made no effort whatever to oppose them. The strangers had spent vast sums of money upon the enterprise, and by the time they reached Yandabo their resources were exhausted, and they were in great distress. They petitioned the King, who in his clemency and generosity sent them large sums of money to pay their expenses back, and ordered them out of the country." In the second war, when "the Lord of the Golden Palace" refused to sign the cession of Pegu, Lord Dalhousie simply ignored him, and annexed

the country by stroke of pen. The Burmese afterwards sent an embassy coolly requesting the restoration of the country. Lord Dalhousie pointed to the sun, saying: "So long as that sun shines in the heavens, so long will the British flag wave over Pegu." Some statistics of population given in these volumes form a significant commentary on the difference between native and British rule. Since the introduction of our rule there has been a continuous tide of immigration from Burmese to British territory. In thirty years the population of Arakan grew in this way from 100,000 to 350,000, and that of Tenasserim from 70,000 to 210,000. In twenty years the population of Pegu increased from 700,000 to 1,750,000.

One of the best means of illustrating the contrast is to describe the character of the governments which ours replaced, and General Fytche has acted wisely in supplying details on this subject. As in India the transition has been from universal anarchy to order and prosperity. But Burma was several degrees worse even than India. As our author aptly says, the previous history of Burma was a repetition of that of India without a Mohammedan invasion. Whatever the defects of the Mohammedan empire in India, and however complete its decline, it had a splendid history, and for long centuries established unity instead of distraction and division. But Burma never came under such unifying influence. Ever since the failure of its old line of kings in 1525, and probably long before, it had been a scene of chaos. The present Burmese dynasty, indeed, traces back its pedigree to Buddha, but it really began in 1753. Its founder was Alompra, a hunter. The fact of his conquering an empire stretching from the western ocean to the borders of China is evidence of extraordinary genius, although internal dissension and conflict had prepared his way. In 1544 the country was seized by Branginoco, King of Toungoo, whose descendants held the throne till 1752. Alompra's brand-new dynasty has appropriated the pedigree and traditions of the old Burmese line. The royal titles are: "His most glorious and excellent Majesty, Lord of the Tshaddan, King of Elephants, Master of many white elephants, Lord of the mines of gold, silver, rubies, amber, and the noble serpentine, Sovereign of the empires of Thuna-paranta and Tampadipa, and other great empires and countries, and of all the umbrella-wearing chiefs, the Supporter of Religion, the Sun-

descended Monarch, Arbiter of Life, and great King of Righteousness, King of Kings, and Possessor of boundless dominion and supreme wisdom."

Branginoco was a Burmese Tamerlane, breathing war and slaughter. After subduing Pegu, he set out for the conquest of the kingdom and city of Martaban. "The king of Martaban resolved to set his city on fire, sally out with his remaining dependents and perish sword in hand. One of his officers betrayed his designs to Branginoco. The result was that the king was compelled to make every submission. In return his life was to be spared, and the lives of his wives and children. Branginoco never intended to keep his word. A lane two or three miles long was formed by two rows of musketeers of different nations, running from the gate of the city to the tent of Branginoco. The procession of royal captives passed along this lane. First went the queen, carried in her chair; next her two sons and two daughters were carried in other chairs. Then followed forty young ladies and forty old matrons; they were surrounded by Buddhist priests, who prayed for and comforted them. Lastly came the King of Martaban, mounted on a small elephant and strongly guarded. He was habited in black velvet. His head and beard were shaved; so were his eyebrows. A rope was tied about his neck. He followed the ladies to the tent of Branginoco and threw himself at his feet. The chief of the Buddhist priests, who was regarded as a saint, pleaded for him long and earnestly; but Branginoco was obdurate. Gibbets were set up on a neighbouring hill, and the queen, her children and ladies, to the number of a hundred and forty souls, were hung up to them by their feet. The king, with fifty of his chief nobles, were cast into the sea with stones tied to their necks." The conquest of Ava witnessed similar horrors. At the capture of Prome 2,000 children were cut to pieces and given as food to elephants. "The queen was publicly whipped and put to a horrible death by the soldiery. The king was tied to her dead body and thrown into the river. Three hundred of the chief inhabitants of Prome were drowned in like manner." The monster was at last assassinated by a noble whom he had marked for punishment.

It is painful even to transcribe such barbarities, but few among us know the real character of Eastern despotisms. The cruelty which is their outstanding feature receives

plentiful illustration from Burmese history. Bhodau Phra, the sixth of Alompra's dynasty, punished a village insurrection by gathering the inhabitants together, young and old, women and priests, and burning them alive "in one vast holocaust." Pagán Meng, our opponent in the second war, was given up to "cock-fighting, ram-fighting, gambling, and debauchery." He had a Mussulman minister as unscrupulous and cruel as his master. When the people of Ava rose in revolt, the king appeased them by giving up his minister to their will. "Pins were thrust under his nails; hot irons were applied to all parts of his body; his limbs were beaten by sledge-hammers. After three days of torture, he was beheaded at the place of execution with a crowd of his creatures."

Be it remembered that Buddhism has held undisputed sway in Burma for centuries: Buddhism, whose morality is said to rival that of Christianity, the religion of humanity and charity and sympathy! We know, indeed, that Christianity is not to be judged by the conduct of all nominally Christian governments; but the worst government in the worst days of modern Christendom is immeasurably above such a government as that of Burma. Whatever the abstract excellence of Buddhist precepts, we look in vain for their practical fruits. Singularly enough the central dogma of Buddhist teaching is the sacredness of all life. A Buddhist priest is as scrupulous on this point as ever Jewish rabbi was about the Sabbath. Yet the one broad feature of Burmese history is utter recklessness of human life. The kings take care to get rid of all possible rivals. "According to Mongolian tradition, it is considered improper to spill the blood of any member of the royal race. Princes of the Blood are executed by a blow or blows of a bludgeon on the back of the neck. The corpse is placed in a red velvet sack, which is fixed between two large perforated jars, and then sunk in the Irawadi. Princesses are executed, and their bodies treated in a similar manner, with the exception that they are put to death by a blow in front, instead of the back of the neck." A peculiarly Mongolian punishment is impalement, which the Turks, a Mongolian race, have imported into Europe. Selim Jehangir, the Mogul emperor, to whom James I. sent Sir Thomas Roe as ambassador, impaled 700 rebels at one time.

Perhaps no more striking example of despotic tyranny

could be given than the change by royal decree of the capital city, quite a common incident in Burmese history. In 1783 Bhodau Phra removed the capital from Ava, where it had been for four centuries, to Amarapura. "The royal order was carried out with extreme rigour. Father Sangermano says 'that no words can express the sufferings, the fatigues, the exactions, and the oppressions which were brought about by this change of capital.'" About 1860 the capital was again transferred by royal fiat to Mandalay.

As if the indigenous elements of confusion were too little, the Portuguese came in to make matters worse. During the three previous centuries to the present one Portuguese adventurers swarmed both by sea and land, ready to sell their swords to any one, or fight on their own account. Branginoco had numbers in his service. Often they were found fighting on opposite sides. Acting on the principle that no faith is to be kept with heretics, released from all restraint, in perfidy and wanton cruelty they outdid the natives themselves. In these Eastern seas the deeds of the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru were repeated on a smaller scale. The present volumes mention two who aspired to permanent conquest. In the seventeenth century Sebastian Gonzales, a soldier of fortune, seized Sundiva, an island in the Sunderbunds, collected a large force and fleet, and acquired immense wealth by piracy. He tried by treachery and force to conquer Arakan itself, invited the captains of the Arakanese fleet on board his own ship and then murdered them, saw with indifference his own nephew, whom he had given as a hostage, impaled on the shore, sought to bribe the Portuguese viceroy at Goa into attacking Arakan, and then to deceive him. At last he was driven out of Sundiva by the Arakanese and disappeared. In the same century another adventurer, Nicote, made similar attempts in Pegu, which had just been conquered by the King of Arakan. Nicote had assisted in the conquest, and was virtually king of the country. "The King of Toungoo had sought to throw off the Portuguese yoke; he became a vassal to the King of Ava. Nicote marched against him, plundered Toungoo, and carried away the king as his prisoner. The King of Ava was exceedingly wroth. He threw his garments on the ground, and vowed that he would not worship at a pagoda until he had been revenged upon the Portuguese. He prepared a vast armament, and burnt and ravaged the country of Pegu up to the very walls

of Syriam. Nicote was fertile in resources, but every resource failed him. He sent a soldier to Bengal to buy gunpowder; the man ran away with the money. He sent another messenger to Madras for the like purpose; no gunpowder arrived. His ammunition failed; he poured boiling oil and pitch upon his besiegers. He sent out three ships to attack the Ava fleet. One of his ships was captured, and the crew slaughtered to a man. The other two ships returned to Syriam; but every man on board was more or less wounded. Nicote sent to the King of Ava to beg mercy; all mercy was refused. At last he was betrayed by one of his followers to the king, who ordered him to be impaled on a hill overlooking the fort, in which miserable state he lived for two days, and died in great agony. His Goa wife, Donna Louise de Saldanha, was carried away with other captives to Ava, and she became a slave in the king's palace."

It is these same border territories which are now the scene of British administration. The transition on paper is as great, even violent, to us as the transition in reality must have been to the countries themselves. General Fytche's career may be taken as a typical illustration of the old Indian administrator before examinations and competition-wallahs had introduced new conditions. He was appointed Deputy-Commissioner of Sandoway in Arakan in 1846, Deputy-Commissioner of Bassein in 1852, Commissioner of Tenasserim in 1857, and Chief Commissioner of British Burma, in succession to another very able ruler General Phayre, in 1867. Few positions present wider spheres of usefulness than that of an English administrator in the East. Within certain limits, and these not narrow ones, he is his own parliament and executive. He often combines the most various functions, military and civil, in his own person. The initiative in all great public works is with him. The chief authorities, in the main, adopt his views and suggestions. "An officer in charge of a district has the power of bettering the condition of thousands, and the habits of the people are so simple that his personal influence—if they really see that he takes an interest in their welfare—affects them very rapidly, and is one of the great charms of civil employment in the East." He has to study his district, its people, its wants, its resources, its trade; to organise, to stimulate, to control. It is evident that the people of

British Burma are far more simple, more unsophisticated, and docile than those of India. The absence of caste—the best feature in Buddhism—removes a mighty barrier in the way of social intercourse and progress in every form. An English administrator may, in fact, be a splendid secular missionary.

Most English officers, our author tells us, have "some little hobby" of their own. His hobby was the cultivation of tobacco, for which Sandoway is famous—an important growth where the habit of smoking is universal, as it is in Burma. Every one—man, woman, and child—smokes. "Even infants at the breast, incredible as it may appear to those who have not seen them, are occasionally observed having a pull at the fragrant weed."

In his first charge the General threw a lattice-bridge across the river. The structure evidently combined both beauty and utility. It is of iron-wood, 600 feet long, with a roadway of fourteen feet. "The spans between the poles, where the chief strength of the current lies, are sixty-four feet in clear breadth, to allow the large trees which are washed down from the landslips in the mountains to pass through. The river, like most tropical streams, is an insignificant one in the dry season, but in the rainy one a perfect torrent, rising occasionally fifteen to twenty feet in twenty-four hours." Such works are a permanent benefit to the country. General Fytche tells us of his name having been given to a new species of partridge, the *Bambusicola Fytchii*, and a new flower, the *Dendrobium Fytchianum*. We hope that the Sandoway bridge bears the name of *Pons Fytchii*.

At Bassein he was called to assist in the settlement of a newly-conquered territory. The country was overrun by bands of dacoits, largely made up of the old Burmese officials and their retainers. General Fytche organised a native police corps on a perfectly unique principle—none but dangerous characters were admitted into it. The plan literally was to set thieves to catch thieves. Of course, such a plan required for its execution the combination of rare tact and firmness; but it seems to have succeeded. The robber bands were subjected to a double process of disintegration, being attacked from without and also gradually absorbed. The author of this idea wrote:—"The service is popular. A large number of candidates appeared for enlistment, and the corps could have been completed that month, but I rejected, from policy, men with settled em-

ployment, being anxious to absorb those that had been in employ or were professional dacoits and robbers under the Burmese rule, the majority of whom would never settle down, at any rate for some considerable period, to any honest means of livelihood, but still continue the practice of extortion and robbery for subsistence."

The following is an illustration at once of the lawlessness of Burmese officials and the apathy of the Burmese character. General Phayre rewarded a certain man by making him a Myo-ok, or head of a township. One night a Burmese woman came to the General, and told him that a year before, as she and her husband were passing the Myo-ok's village in boats, the Myo-ok came down upon them, carried them off to his house, and put all the nine men to death. She herself was married to the Myo-ok's son, and sworn to secrecy, but her conscience could bear the burden no longer. Her story was inquired into, and found true. Five of the murderers were sentenced to death. "Strange to say, one of the sons of the Myo-ok was an officer in my military police corps, and by an oversight had been told off to command the detachment that was present at the execution of his father. I was exceedingly annoyed at the discovery, but was assured that the man had shown no emotion whatever. He had looked on the execution of his father with the same apathy as he would have looked on a scene in a native play: Burmese-like, he regarded the execution of his father as a decree of fate, in which he had no part or concern." This stoic indifference, so characteristic of all Orientals—Hindus, Chinese, Turks, Arabs—is fostered, if not originated, by the fatalism which is part of their religion. Buddhism is thoroughly fatalistic.

One of the most important duties of English rulers in the East is the negotiation of treaties with neighbouring powers. This fell to Colonel Phayre's lot on his assuming the Chief Commissionership. From the days of Alompra, and even before, the English had tried to establish favourable commercial relations with Ava. Alompra was not without curiosity. "Does your king go to the wars and expose himself to danger as I do? Could you fire a cannon and kill a man at a great distance? Is there as much rain in England as in Burma? Why do you wear that thing (a shoulder-knot) on your shoulder? How much money does the company pay you a month? Why do not the English

tattoo their bodies and thighs as we do? Is there any ice in your country? Are the small creeks ever frozen over as they are here?" The Burmese ever showed themselves shrewd negotiators. To one envoy the king said, "If a treaty is made, there must be mutual advantage," requesting to be informed how the treaty would benefit him. But one attempt after another came to nothing. Envoys and residents could not put up with Burmese arrogance and trifling. "King Tharawadi is said to have been much amused at the success of his efforts to extinguish the Residency, and thought it an especially good joke that the Resident somehow always got ill." General Fytche's mission in 1867, on the other hand, was perfectly successful. "Only a year before the king had refused to conclude a further treaty with the British Government. Yet I succeeded in obtaining the king's consent to every point that could reasonably be expected or desired. The king abandoned all his monopolies, excepting earth oil, timber, and precious stones. The duties on all goods and merchandise passing between British and Burmese territories were reduced to a uniform rate of five per cent. *ad valorem*." Indeed, the cause of this sudden change of mood in the Burmese is not fully explained. The influence of the British Resident, Captain Sladen, an excellent officer, evidently had something to do with it. The mission started from Rangoon on September 20th, on two steamers, the *Nemesis* and *Colonel Phayre*, and, sailing up the Irawadi, reached Mandalay on October 7th. Directly that the frontier was crossed the change in the condition of the people was apparent. "The people in general were meanly attired, and their houses very inferior as compared with those of British Burma." At every stage the mission was received in state, the inevitable play being performed for its delectation, and war-boats joining the *cortège*. At some points the scenery was striking. "At Tsagain, the oldest capital of all, the Irawadi alters its course. Flowing from the north, it is diverted by a bold promontory to the westward, and forms numerous islands. The Shan mountains, with their lofty, irregular peaks, forming a fine background to the well-wooded and well-watered plains on the left bank; while the small serrated ridges on the Tsagain hills, crowned with monasteries and pagodas towering over the town, embowered in its mango and tamarind groves, bound the view most picturesquely on the

right. While looking up the stream, the different spurs and well-wooded little hills running from these ranges close to the windings of the great river, give the appearance as if they were rising out of its bosom, the whole forming a *coup d'œil* not surpassed perhaps by any lake or river scenery in the world."

The Irawadi itself is a noble stream, admirably adapted to carry on its bosom the commerce of a continent. It flows some 780 miles before reaching our territories, and thence has a course of 240 miles to the sea. It is navigable for river steamers 600 miles beyond our frontier, *i.e.*, 840 miles in all, to Bhamo, on the borders of China. The rise above the lowest level in the year is about 40 feet. Its source has never yet been reached. Here is the very channel we want for commerce with China from the west.

Mandalay, as we have said, was founded in 1860. It is square, enclosed by a brick wall twenty-six feet high and three feet thick, each side being about a mile long. Behind the wall is an earthen parapet twenty-two feet high and twenty-six feet broad, and outside is a moat 100 feet broad always full of water. Each side of the city wall has three gates, and over the moat are thrown five bridges. The city is divided into rectangular blocks, and the population is said to number 60,000. "The palace is in the centre of the city. It is enclosed, first, by a stockade of teak posts, twenty feet high, then at an interval of 100 feet by a brick wall, and at a further like interval by another brick wall. In the inner enclosure stands the palace, the front facing the east, and containing the great Hall of Audience, about 260 feet long, composed of teak timber, beautifully carved and gilded, erected on a terrace of brick-work ten feet high. The pleasure-grounds are well planted with flowering shrubs and fruit trees, and laid out in winding paths, with here and there artificial pieces of water, mounds and rockery work." The whole reads like a description of the palace of the great Kublai Khan, as given in Marco Polo, the modern Burmese being the ancient Tartar in another guise.

The details of the treaty were arranged with the Burmese ministers, while the interviews with the King were given to compliment and friendly intercourse. His Majesty, among other marks of favour, gave General Fyche a portion of his own superfluous merit, Buddhist doctrine allowing such a transfer. We quote some of the

King's good advice. "There is no state of life which is not made more perfect by a good friendly understanding. I wish for sincere friendship with you, Colonel Fytche. When I make a request you must not think that I wish merely for my own personal interests. I look to the interests of both countries. In return, any requests you may have to make to me should have reference to mutual advantages; our friendship will then be complete. But there are certain ways in which friendship will be utterly destroyed. No more effectual means exists than listening to the idle stories of evil-minded men. Even the most affectionate couple, as husband and wife, brother and sister, father and son, may soon be made to hate each other by reports from intriguers. Lately, for instance, before you came, there were people who told me you were a bad man, and I might expect the worst from your visit. I now see how false were these words. . . . I have every confidence in Captain Sladen. . . . A man like Sladen is rare even among foreigners. Sladen, you know the duties of a ruler: what is the first duty?" "That he should have patience, your Majesty." King (laughing): "Exactly, a ruler should never lose his temper; he should listen to all sides of a question, but never allow himself to be angry," &c. And so the envoy returned with a portion of the merit of the King, and, what he valued more, the coveted treaty.

One of the principal objects of the mission was to obtain permission to explore a trade-route through Burma to western China. Formerly considerable commerce flowed in this channel, but it ceased in 1855, on the establishment in western China of the Panthays, a Mohammedan tribe, who levied blackmail on the traders. Permission was freely given, and in 1868 the expedition proceeded under Major Sladen. But permission did not remove all difficulties. Officials professed to know nothing of it. Intrigues and tricks of all kinds were tried. "Mysterious shots were fired in the distance. Sometimes a bullet whizzed suspiciously near the head of one or the other of the members of the expedition. Spears were hurled, nobody knew by whom. Mules were often missing. Sometimes there was a strike among the drivers." But delays came to an end, difficulties were smoothed away, and mainly through Major Sladen's skill and daring the purpose of the expedition was accomplished. The "return journey to Bhamo was quite an ovation, Kakhyens and

Shans vying with each other in showing hospitality." The hill tribes bound themselves by oaths to protect traders on their way. The effect was not long in appearing. The following year the one per cent. leviable on goods declared for export to Upper Burma and overland to China increased upwards of one thousand per cent. An English steam company for a small subsidy engaged to despatch a steamer weekly to Mandalay and monthly to Bhamo. An English political agent has been established at Bhamo; but within the last few months news has come of his having been murdered, but, it is stated, for private reasons. On a subsequent expedition for a similar purpose, as is well known, Mr. Margary was murdered. There seem to have been errors in the management of the expedition. On every ground it is desirable that this route should be developed. General Fytche, indeed, anticipates a time when eastern China will be monopolised by America, and only the west will be left open to us. Our vision scarcely extends so far into the future. Apart from this, the advantages of the new trade-route in tapping western China are obvious. Our great distance from the Chinese frontier increases the difficulty of communication.

Many will be surprised to learn that the white elephant, on which the fortune of the Burmese Empire is supposed to hang, is not white at all. Brownish would be a better description. The deception is aided by contrast with a very black animal by the side of which the "white" one is placed. It is lodged in a palace of its own within the palace. Its equipage consists of red velvet, gold, rubies, and diamonds. On a golden head-plate are inscribed its titles. The vessels used in its service are of gold and silver. It ranks next to the heir apparent, and has a large retinue and lands assigned for its maintenance. The reason of this strange service is supposed to be that Gautama's last incarnation before he became Buddha was in the form of a white elephant.

Socially there are great differences between Burma and India. The Burmese appear to approximate in many respects to the Chinese, being distinguished by all the Chinese contempt of the foreigner. The following were Tharawadi's opinions of the English:—"The English are the inhabitants of a small and remote island. What business have they to come in ships from so great a distance to dethrone kings, and take possession of countries they

have no right to? They contrive to conquer and govern the black strangers with caste who have puny frames and no courage. They have never yet fought with so strong and brave a people as the Burmese, skilled in the use of sword and spear. If they once fight with us, and we have an opportunity of showing our bravery, it will be an example to the black nations who are now slaves to the English, and encourage them to throw off their yoke." Two wars and subsequent intercourse have, of course, greatly modified these opinions and hostility to "the inhabitants of a small and remote island." Tharawadi afterwards said that the English fought too "roughly" for the Burmese, and, on hearing of the flight of his general, exclaimed, "I told Bundúla how it would be." Caste is unknown. The position of woman, too, is altogether different. Indeed, women in Burma are more independent, and have more "rights" than even women among us. "The sole right in her property before and that acquired after marriage is acknowledged, and only under rare and peculiar circumstances can property left by her parents or ancestors become her husband's during her lifetime; she can hold real property in her own right, and even obtain legal possession of her husband's if he forsakes her." Marriage is free and spontaneous, a great contrast to the mercenary bargains and premature matches of India. "Women are generally married, about seventeen or nineteen years of age, to the man of their choice of about the same age, or older, the parents very seldom interfering more than to advise." "A curious custom prevails of the bridegroom's bachelor friends and others assembling on the night of the marriage round his house, and throwing stones on his roof and at the doors, and which is kept up often for many hours." This is looked upon in the light of a compliment.

The Burmese are great boaters, every large village and town district having its "Oxford and Cambridge." Football is a national game. The object is to keep the ball from touching the ground as long as possible. "It must not be struck with the hand, but foot, ankle, knee, elbow, shoulder, and any other part of the body may be used." Boxing and wrestling also are common. Curiously, as it seems to us, white is the colour of mourning, and sitting is the attitude of respect. At a feast, resembling the Chinese Feast of Lanterns, in November, at the full moon,

pieces of cloth are woven for presentation to the priests and pagodas. These cloths must be made from the raw cotton, woven and dyed within *one night*. "The looms are brought outside, and placed in front of the houses, and lines of them may be seen down each side of a street, with the women hard at work weaving, at which they remain all night, several reliefs being told off for each loom. The piece must be fifteen feet long by one and a half broad, and there is great rivalry as to who shall complete the first piece. In the evening the pagodas are illuminated from top to bottom by means of small oil lamps, and owing to these religious edifices being always built on commanding sites, the general effect is very beautiful. Opposite the door of every house is also suspended a lamp on a lofty pole, which is lighted every day at sunset, and continued until the close of the month." At another part of the feast bands of young people parade the streets, throwing water on everybody they meet; occasionally pitched battles with water occur.

The progress of Christianity among the Karens is well known; but the Karens are a hill race, scarcely belonging to the Burmese nation proper, and not likely to influence Burmese society; but we should apprehend fewer difficulties in the way of Christian missions than in India. The absence of caste and the greater general freedom of intercourse are elements on our side.

General Fytche's account of the physical features of British Burma, its minerals, animals, and vegetation is particularly glowing. The country combines the riches of the tropics with the pleasantness of a temperate climate. "An extraordinary fact connected with the flora of Burma, and which I believe has not yet been satisfactorily accounted for, is the growth of extra-tropical plants in the plains and on low hills that only appear on the opposite coast, and in India generally, on the mountains at an elevation of several thousand feet." The Sittang river is, perhaps, the most tortuous in the world. Its course has been likened to the writhings of a wounded snake. It flows into the Gulf of Martaban, through a funnel-shaped channel, widening so rapidly that it is impossible to tell where the river ends and the gulf begins. "Owing to the meeting in this gulf of the great tidal wave of the Indian Ocean, arriving from the south-west, and of other portions which come from the south-east, a bore,

with a speed of twelve miles an hour at spring tides, and a curling crest nine feet high, sweeps up the river with ungovernable fury." In the Tenasserim river is a remarkable igneous dyke, or *fault*, which runs like a wall nearly half way across the stream. It is a silicious rock, with perfect parallel sides, twenty feet above the water, five feet thick, and inclined at an angle of about ten degrees. "The surface of the country presents great variety, embracing rich alluvial valleys and fertile uplands, and, perhaps, no country in the world possesses a richer and more varied flora. There are but few deciduous trees, and owing to abundant warmth and moisture the plains are enamelled with a most exuberant vegetation and flowers of the brightest hues, while the mountains are clothed to their tops with perennial foliage of endless variety, bright with the verdure of perpetual spring." Many of the creepers are of gigantic size, some exceeding a foot in diameter. A splendid flowering tree is the *Amherstia nobilis*, which grows to the height of forty feet. Covered with large pea-blossom-shaped flowers of scarlet and gold, which hang down from its graceful arches in tassels more than a yard long, it presents an aspect of unsurpassed magnificence. The teak-tree is a mine of wealth. In one year 46,597 tons were sold by government at public auction at £3 18s. per ton. The wood is impregnable to white ants, and preserves iron from rust. It is invaluable as a backing in ironclads. The export of rice from the province in one year was 653,803 tons, of which most came to these islands.

The Burmese take pride in the manufacture of bells and gongs. The largest bell but one in the world is that at Mengoon, cast in 1796, for a pagoda built by the king. It is twelve feet high, sixteen feet three inches in diameter at the lip, and weighs ninety tons, or some fourteen times heavier than the great bell of St. Paul's.

The volumes are packed full of information and will do much to make Burma better known. Space forbids reference to the accounts of the religion of the country, and to the author's sporting adventures in pursuit of tiger, elephant, and rhinoceros. Uniformity is not always preserved in the spelling of native names. Thus on neighbouring pages we read Jehangir, Johangir and Jahangir, Guatama and Gautama (Gautama is right), Sundiva and Sandiva. The quotations we have given will also supply illustrations of a superfluous insertion of "and," which pervades the volumes.

We conclude with a curious experience. "Whilst I was residing at Maulmain I saw a ghost with my own eyes in broad daylight, of which I would make an affidavit. I had an old schoolfellow, who was afterwards a college friend, with whom I had lived in the closest intimacy. Years, however, passed away without our seeing each other. One morning I had just got out of bed and was dressing myself, when suddenly my old friend entered the room. I greeted him warmly, told him to call for a cup of tea in the verandah, and promised to be with him immediately. I dressed in all haste, and went out into the verandah, but found no one there. I could not believe my eyes. I called to the sentry, who was posted at the front of the house, but he had seen no strange gentleman that morning. The servants also declared that no such person had entered the house. I was certain that I had seen my friend. I was not thinking about him at the time; yet I was not taken by surprise, as steamers and other vessels were frequently arriving at Maulmain. A fortnight afterwards news arrived that he had died, six hundred miles off, about the very time I saw him at Maulmain." What was the nature of the warm greeting? Did it include shaking hands?

ART. III.—1. *The History of England during the Eighteenth Century.* By EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY. Two Vols. 1878.

2. *New Ireland.* By A. M. SULLIVAN. Two Vols. 1877.

THERE have always been more ways than one of writing history; Herodotus and Thucydides are both historians, but one differs from the other as much as it is possible for two writers, both discussing human affairs, to differ.

Herodotus, in fact, with his gossip about manners and customs and old traditions, is much more valuable from some points of view than his more philosophic successor. Thucydides gives us all the little details of the Peloponnesian war, and analyses the motives of the various actors on both sides; but we should not know much about Greek life in his day if his narrative were not supplemented by a host of poets, play-wrights, and others. On the other hand, the pictures which the father of history has given of life and manners in old Egypt enable us to reproduce with tolerable clearness the surroundings of that old world of the Pharaohs.

Combine Thucydides and Herodotus, the two extremes; describe manners as well as events, analyse the causes as well as stereotype the results of the course of national action, and you have the perfection of history.

To compass this has been for some time the aim of modern historians. The impulse given to faithful descriptions of the past by the greatly increased attention paid to archæology, to State papers, to old annals, to everything which can throw true light on bygone times would naturally make us long for something different from the old school of historians, who thought their work was done when they had described the vicissitudes of campaigns, the details of party squabbles, the movements and behaviour of exalted personages. The modern school of French historians led the way along the new line; the immense stores of charters, records, documents of all kinds which have been available since the Revolution were not neglected by a nation which, under a surface frivolity, possesses boundless capacities for research. The French, too, besides going to the original authorities in a much more thorough way than

had hitherto been customary, introduced that picturesque and antithetical style which was carried to extremes by its imitator, Lord Macaulay. The beauty of his history, however, was marred, and the value of his researches lessened by his glaring partisanship. He omitted no fact that came in his way (and we all know his untiring industry in ferreting out facts in the most unlikely quarters); far less did he mean to tamper with any of his materials; and yet somehow he always makes his own party in the right. He was thoroughly honest, but he was an honest Whig, and so it comes to pass that his William III., for instance, is unconsciously idealised, while his Quakers, his Irish, his Highlanders, fall into unmerited disrepute.

Few men of lively imagination (and on this depends the power of picturesque writing) can help being unfair. Mr. Froude, another great word-painter, is amusingly so, even when he deems himself most equitable. Of all our historians none, perhaps, save Hallam, has ever fairly held the balance between all parties and all opinions; and Hallam's style is certainly not so taking as that of many who are far from being such safe guides.

Mr. Lecky is eminently fair. His judicial calmness, fully equal to that of Hallam, is what we might expect from the philosophical character of his former works. But he does not sacrifice picturesqueness to fairness; he has, to a great extent, solved the problem how to be intensely interesting without taking sides. Of course, he is a Liberal, and has certain political axioms—for instance, that the change of dynasty in 1688 was a boon to be secured at all risks; but he never lets this or any of his convictions blind him to the real teaching of facts.

But his peculiarity (his special excellence, we do not hesitate to call it) is that he finally discards the traditional way of expatiating on minor events which have little or no bearing on the whole, and treats at length of matters which the ordinary historian is too apt altogether to omit—such matters as the causes, immediate and remote, of organic changes in the state of the nation, and how events combined with those causes. Hence, much of both volumes is taken up with dissertations which some critics have pronounced more suited to a volume of essays than to a history. "Not a detailed account of each year, but the growth or decline of monarchy, aristocracy, or trading interests; not a history written chronicle-wise, but a history of political ideas,

and of the influences which have modified national character"—such a work it was Mr. Lecky's aim to write. Hence, as he takes care to remark, he does not come in the least into competition with the painstaking and (from its point of view) exhaustive history of Lord Stanhope, though this covers a considerable part of the same ground. Hence, too, he even makes analysis and description of character second to the endeavour to trace how things came to be as they are amongst us. We do not think that by so acting he at all detracts from the interest of the work as a general history, for, though his portraits are not made all in all, they are finished portraits (witness those of Alberoni and Bishop Burnet), and by no means mere sketches. One thing again will strike even the most superficial reader as different from the practice of most English historians, the prominence given to Irish affairs. In this he follows Mr. Froude's lead; a large part of that author's *Henry VIII.* and *Elizabeth* is devoted to Ireland. But different, indeed, is the way in which the two deal with their subject. Mr. Froude's Irish chapters are a sad instance of ungenerous writing; the English in Ireland he is forced to confess have not behaved well, but it was not their fault. They went as civilisers, but there is something, it would seem, in the very climate which unnerves all who are subjected to it, and unfits them either for ruling or for being ruled.

Mr. Lecky's long chapters on Ireland are a protest against this kind of mischievous rhodomontade. He carefully traces things up to their causes, showing that the present is the child of the past, even as "the boy is father of the man." His sketch of Irish history and the contrast that he draws between the wise legislation which, combined with advantageous circumstances, made Scotland contented and thriving, and the unwise legislation which largely conduced to Ireland's poverty and discontent, are so masterly that we shall devote to them a large portion of this paper, and we do so for the same reason which led our author to give Ireland so unusually large a place in his book, viz., because "Irish affairs have, in most histories, been grossly misrepresented or treated with neglect."

We cannot tell whether these two volumes are only an instalment; the absence of an index, a great want, seems to mark incompleteness. If so, Mr. Lecky will find that some modern historians have dealt with Ireland in a dif-

ferent spirit from that of Mr. Froude. In Massey's *George III.*, for instance, the behaviour of the victors in the struggle of '98 is held up to deserved reprobation.

But, before turning to Mr. Lecky's very instructive chapters on Ireland, we must give some general idea of his book as a whole. This is somewhat difficult, inasmuch as, unlike Lord Macaulay, he has sketched no central figure round which everything groups itself. In Queen Anne's reign, Bolingbroke is undoubtedly the most prominent personage, though Marlborough shares pre-eminence with that brilliant but unscrupulous statesman. Soon Walpole comes to the front, and remains prominent through almost all the rest of the work.

The first problem which Mr. Lecky has to solve is how the great Whig houses managed to bring in George I. in spite of the Tory reaction of 1710; in spite of the strength of the Church which had grown more violent owing to its absorption of the non-jurors after the death of Lloyd, bishop of Norwich, and the defection of Ken. Here, of course, the main determining cause was the "heroic magnanimity" of the Pretender in strictly adhering to his religion. Hatred of foreigners was almost equally balanced; it had told immensely in William III.'s favour, when Louis XIV. recognised James II.'s son as king of England, but very soon the anger at French dictation had become balanced by dislike of the Dutch. Mr. Lecky makes such a point of the unpopularity of the Revolution that he thinks accidents rather than "the stream of tendency" secured the succession of George I.; and it is certain that the importance of what we call accidents at the crises of history is seldom sufficiently recognised. No doubt a very little would have brought about a great civil war in which the French would have been on one side, the Dutch on another; there was no reason why the Pretender should not have been king in spite of the Act of Settlement, for Elizabeth had ascended the throne in defiance of Acts of Parliament.

Perhaps our author does not give weight enough to the influence of Harley. Not only was he "irresolute, dilatory, mysterious and untrue to the Jacobites;" but he was born and bred a nonconformist, and his sympathies were with the Low Church. If Bolingbroke was the Lord Beaconsfield, Harley may in some things be called the Lord Derby of the day. The Church party, too, though violent, was not in fighting mood. It was divided; the bishops and the town

clergy were mainly Whig; and, as Mr. Lecky cynically remarks: "state churches are not schools of heroism." What might have happened had Bolingbroke proclaimed the Pretender at Charing-Cross, Bishop Atterbury heading the procession in his lawn sleeves, it is difficult to say. The whole matter is discussed, and the divided counsels of the Jacobites admirably set forth in *Esmond*. The nation was in a strait between losing the old dynasty and tolerating Popery. Had the vast power of the Church (a power which nowadays, says our author, has been replaced by bibliolatry) been put forth in favour of the Pretender, things would not have been so easily arranged, in spite of the ability with which Argyle, Shrewsbury, and Somerset had laid their plans. But Churchmen felt that the accession of James III. would have brought to Popery toleration and something more; and this they were determined not to give.*

The whole affair makes us feel how slow a thing is human progress, and how inevitably hampered by all kinds of drawbacks. Mr. Lecky speculates on the saving to France and to the world, had the Duke of Burgundy, the pupil of Fénelon, succeeded Louis XIV.; all the real gain of the French Revolution might have come peacefully under an enlightened and able prince. We cannot help saying that similar blessings might have followed the accession of an able and enlightened Stuart instead of George I. Under such a prince religious toleration would have come at once instead of being too long delayed, and the growth of civil liberty must have rapidly followed in the wake of religious toleration. That the nation was not ripe for such changes is of course the trite answer of the optimist; but it may easily be argued that the dull *laissez aller* rule of the early Georges was not the best means of preparing the nation for higher things; and, as matter of fact, some sections of the nation (the yeomanry, for instance) did not progress, but retrograded during the first half of the eighteenth century.†

One result which followed at once from the change of

* The changed position of the Church in these days is shown by the different way in which the Public Worship Act and the trial of Dr. Sacheverell have been received. Mr. Tooth tried to revive the feeling which had made Sacheverell's condemnation a triumph. We all know how he failed.

† The national conscience, however, was gradually rising; it must have been low indeed when the Assents Clause of the Treaty of Utrecht gave unqualified satisfaction.

dynasty was the decay of the monarchical sentiment; disputed successions destroy loyalty; scepticism undermines it. Hobbes did more harm to divine right by his scepticism than he helped it by his *Leviathan*. Then came party government; and the increase of wealth gave the English their marked dislike of abstraction and theories—their unwillingness to go to war for an idea. As Mr. Lecky puts it, "the funds helped the Whigs, just as the loan so long gave stability to Napoleon III." Our ideas of liberty, however, were still partial enough; they were consistent with the narrowest protectionism, with a systematic crushing of Ireland and the Colonies, and with deliberate and wholesale Parliamentary jobbing; we must never forget that "the cause of religious liberty owes nothing to 1688."

But Mr. Lecky soon leaves the realm of politics for more purely social disquisitions. The decay of the yeoman class; the harm done to the agricultural labourer by the wholesale enclosure of commons; the impulse given to the towns by the infusion of refugee blood when the Edict of Nantes was revoked; the growth of the towns and the state of town society—such matters he deems quite as important as the stubbornness with which the Whigs needlessly continued the war against Louis XIV., contrasted with the way in which during the Regency they clung to the French alliance, helping, for instance, to thwart the reaction under the Duke of Maine. He even descends to matters which some of us may think beneath the dignity of history. It is amusing, for instance, to find that the very complaints about servants which now fill the newspapers during the dull season were just as rife a century and a half ago. Defoe and Fielding and the *Spectator* are full of these complaints. Servants had their clubs and their benefit societies; they claimed free seats in the upper gallery at the theatre as their right; and, when expelled from Drury Lane on account of their constant disorders, they raised such a riot that more than a score of people were seriously injured. What tended most to demoralise them was the system of vales, which had become a serious tax on society. Foreigners were astonished at nothing in English manners so much as to see a double row of footmen drawn up, through whom the guests passed under the eye of the host, and each one of whom expected and received his fee. A poor clergyman, invited to dine with his bishop, often spent in vales what would have fed his

family for a week. Such a custom could not fail to make servants independent of their masters, and anxious to migrate to places where these perquisites were largest.

Drunkenness, again, has been by many believed to be on the increase, at any rate in higher circles. It is curious to note that just a hundred and fifty years ago an epidemic of drunkenness seemed to break out in England. The passion for gin-drinking had got hold of the masses, and the result was, in London at least, that increase in the population was almost wholly checked. Before gin became popular, the consumption of beer was enormous. Almost a third of the arable land in the country was devoted to barley. In 1688, with a population of five millions, very nearly twelve and a half million barrels of beer were brewed. Up to this time our distilleries were very insignificant, and French brandies were far too dear for the masses. But hatred to France led to the encouragement of home distilling; the trade was thrown open, and in 1689 the importation of foreign spirits was absolutely prohibited.

Then gin-drinking began; and in 1735 the British distilleries manufactured nearly five and a half million gallons. Gin-cellars, where men could get "drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence, and have straw for nothing," abounded. Hogarth's *Beer-Street* is bad enough, but his *Gin-Lane* is so horrible that, but for contemporary descriptions, we should deem it an exaggeration. Legislation endeavoured to check the evil; but laying on a heavy duty merely produced a great deal of illicit distilling. The consumption arose to more than eleven million gallons; and Fielding prophesied that, "if the drinking of this poison is continued at its present height for the next twenty years there will be very few of the common people left to drink it." The Act of 1751 had a real and very considerable effect; and is quoted by Mr. Lecky (i., p. 481) as "a striking instance of the manner in which legislation, if not overstrained or ill-timed, can improve the morals of a people." Gin-drinking declined; but it still remains the worst legacy of the Revolution.

Following the example of Lord Macaulay, our author devotes a considerable space to the social aspect of town and country. The Mohocks, the "Sweaters," and other genteel ruffians made the streets so insecure that "country gentlemen went to the theatre, as if in time of war, surrounded by armed retainers." The watchmen did little

except mischief.* Robbers, for whose capture large rewards had been offered, would ride through the streets before dusk, publicly and unmolested, amid a half-terrified, half-curious crowd. A very little effort, however, was enough to work a great change. The lighting of the streets in something like a sufficient way was begun in 1736; and the Bow-street "runners," a picked police, organised by the novelist Fielding and his brother, entirely broke up the gang of robbers which had kept London in alarm.

To Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act Mr. Lecky attributes great influence on the morals of the time. The Fleet marriages had become such a scandal that some change was needful. The Act which did away with Canon law and opened the road to future reforms, was only a palliative; and the strange thing is, that no attempt was made to extend it to Scotland, where Gretna-Green (to which Mr. Lecky makes no reference) became almost as great a scandal as the Fleet.

As to the state of the prisons Mr. Lecky gives us some curious facts, such as the sale of the wardenship of the Fleet by the great Lord Clarendon to Huggins for £5,000. Huggins, in 1728, sold it to Bambridge; and both these worthies were accustomed to exact (besides their dues) heavy fees from the prisoners, and to treat with the utmost brutality those who could not or would not submit to extortion. A brave soldier, falsely accused of theft and acquitted, was at once seized and imprisoned by the jailor on account of jail-fees incurred during his detention. Similar cases of cruel hardship were of every day occurrence; and the unhealthiness of the prisons was on a par with their moral state. In the Fleet, those who could not pay for better accommodation were kept manacled in a foul, unventilated dungeon, built over a common sewer, and in which the bodies of dead prisoners were kept to await the inquest. In Dublin things were almost as bad, as Mr. Froude has abundantly shown in his *English in Ireland*. Only here, as elsewhere in that strangely onesided book, he writes as if the atrocities of the Dublin jail were due to the Irish character, ignoring the fact that worse atrocities existed in England, and that an inquiry was set on foot in

* Horace Walpole gives an instance in which a party of drunken constables locked up six-and-twenty women, many of them decent passers by, in St. Martin's roundhouse, with results which anticipated those of the Black Hole of Calcutta (Lecky, i. 488).

Dublin, in consequence of the discoveries which had been made in England. Such unfairness is justly censured by our author (i., 501, note), between whose calm, judicial mind, and the impetuous partisanship of Mr. Froude the contrast is as great as can be imagined. In connection with prison reform Mr. Lecky brings forward the name of James Oglethorpe, whose attempts paved the way for the more successful efforts of Howard. Oglethorpe is notable also as the founder of Georgia, by the charter of which state the introduction of slaves was absolutely forbidden. Bishop Berkeley, who had unwillingly abandoned his scheme of a Christian university in Bermuda for the civilisation and conversion of America, joined heartily in founding Georgia, as a refuge, he hoped, for poor debtors. He and Oglethorpe stand out as almost the only philanthropists in a strangely self-seeking age. "The only other considerable trace of warm and disinterested philanthropy in the sphere of politics during this period was the vote of £100,000 in 1755, for the relief of those ruined by the earthquake at Lisbon. In no respect does the legislation of this period present a more striking contrast to that of the nineteenth century than in the almost complete absence of attempts to alleviate the social condition of the poorer classes, or to soften the more repulsive features of English life." The state of the army and navy was almost incredible; the evils which Lord Macaulay's lively picture would make us think were the accompaniment of Stuart misrule Mr. Lecky shows to have been perpetuated and increased in the time of the earlier Georges. One fact is enough; we read of "one thousand men penned together in a guard-ship, some hundreds of whom had neither a bed, nor so much as a change of linen. I have seen many of them brought into hospital in the same clothes and shirts they had on when pressed several months before" (i., 504, note). Pelham, who is in so many things a noble contrast to the selfish Walpole, tried in 1749 to abolish impressment, by keeping a reserve of three thousand seamen who were to receive a pension in time of peace; but the opposition was so violent that the Bill was dropped.

The decay of philanthropy (for it had flourished both in mediæval times and in those immediately following the Reformation) was accompanied by the social degradation of literature. Steele, dying in poverty and neglect, struck down by the party he had so faithfully served; Ockley

writing his *History of the Saracens* in a debtor's prison; Bingham compiling his *Antiquities* while pinched by want; Savage, Johnson, Thompson, Smollett, all condemned to drudgery for bread form a striking contrast with the esteem in which literary men were held under Queen Anne, when men like Addison, Prior, Swift, Steele, Gay, held posts under Government. French society at that time was doubtless corrupt, frivolous, and chimerical; but it was at least (says our author, i., 464) pervaded and dignified by a genuine enthusiasm for knowledge, by a noble if delusive confidence in the power of intellect to regenerate mankind. "This intellectual tone was wholly wanting in English society. Horace Walpole always speaks of literary pursuits as something hardly becoming in a gentleman. The change was at least as injurious to society as to literature. It gave it a frivolous, unintellectual, and material tone it has never wholly lost." And yet, such is the impotence, or rather the mischievousness of mere intellect, that this brilliant passion for knowledge paved the way for the French revolution, the evils of which were avoided by the steadier if slower intellects on this side of the Channel.

It is characteristic of Mr. Lecky that while despatching a battle in a single line, and a change of ministry in a short paragraph, he dilates at length on the effect upon society of music, painting, and the stage. His notice of Handel is very interesting. Handel came to England in 1710, five years after the first opera had appeared on our stage. The rivalry between Handel and Bononcini, immortalised in Byron's unappreciative lines:

"Strange that such difference should be,
"Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee;"

Heidegger's defection; the story of Handel, deserted by all the nobility and by the Prince of Wales, playing to the King and Queen and an empty house; Handel's visit to Dublin, where he met with an enthusiastic welcome, and where he first brought out the *Messiah*—all this is well told; nor is the fact forgotten that Oratorios were invented in the middle of the sixteenth century by St. Philip Neri, to counteract the attractions of the theatre.

As for painting, portraits were then the only profitable work; at a time when the Dutch Vanloo was painting them by the hundred, and the keeper of his register was getting large bribes for pushing forward sitters' names,

Wilson, our first great landscape-painter, and Barry, our first great historical painter, were both unable to earn a living. That things are so wholly different now is largely due to the liberality and discriminating taste of those "Manchester men," and other manufacturers, at whose connoisseurship it is still, in certain quarters, the fashion to sneer.

Our only home-grown art, says Mr. Lecky, is landscape-gardening; and even this the French say we borrowed from the Orientals. No doubt China and Western Asia have each of them styles of gardening far preferable to those formal arrangements which mediæval Europe had inherited from the Romans; but Bacon and Milton (both, perhaps, owing something to Tasso) seem to have set the fashion among us, though our Eastern trade and our large importations of foreign plants considerably modified it. Our deficiency is most prominent in painting; though the art had also suffered an eclipse in France and Germany, for there is no respectable painter between Holbein and Claude Lorraine, and Germany remained without a painter till the beginning of the nineteenth century. Mr. Lecky thinks Puritanism is to blame, since Charles I.'s pictures, which the Parliament in 1645 ordered to be burnt or sold, were mostly lost to the nation, and "a feeling exceedingly hostile to art was given to a large part of the English people." But Puritanism was unknown in France, and powerless in Germany. As our author remarks, "few questions in history are more perplexing, and perhaps insoluble, than the causes which govern the great manifestations of æsthetic genius" (i., 526). As to the stage, it is said that in Charles II.'s reign it was impossible to support two theatres, in spite of the new attraction of actresses, whereas ten or eleven had flourished in the time of Elizabeth. In spite of Collier's *Short View*, and William III.'s Edict about licensing, the stage continued grossly immoral; some of Fielding's comedies are little, if at all better than those of Wycherley, and, though then as now our playwrights borrowed largely from French authors, they failed to imitate their modesty and decorum. The conceit of some of our borrowers was amusing; Shadwell, a contemptible poet, borrowed Molière's *L'Avare* for his *Miser*, and actually says in his preface: "I never knew a French comedy made use of by the worst of our poets that was not bettered by them. 'Tis not barrenness of wit or invention that makes us borrow, but laziness; and this was the occasion of my making use of

L'Avare." Yet this age witnessed a great revival of Shakespeare, who during and after the Restoration had fallen into worse than neglect. Pepys snubbed him ("*The Taming of the Shrew*, a silly play; *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the most insipid, ridiculous play I ever saw; *Othello*, a mean thing," &c., i., 543, note). Dryden only dared timidly to place him as Ben Jonson's equal. Worse still, a herd of poetasters mangled him; the result being Davenant's *Law against Lovers* instead of *Measure for Measure*, Dennis's *Comical Gallant* for the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Durfy's *Injured Princess* for *Cymbeline*, and so forth. Since Rowe's edition in 1707, the interest in Shakespeare had been growing. Six or seven years before Garrick began to act, some ladies of rank formed a Shakespearean club. In 1737, *King John* was acted at Covent Garden for the first time since the downfall of the stage. In 1741, Macklin's *Shylock* took the town by storm; in the same year *All's Well that Ends Well* was acted for the first time since the poet's death, and a monument was set up to him in Westminster Abbey, and towards the end of the same year Garrick appeared in the character of "Richard III." To this great man our author devotes several pages, remarking how strong was the feeling against which he had to contend. On this subject Mr. Lecky makes observations with which we are bound to disagree. Later still, the religious feeling against the stage became much stronger among large and influential classes. "This," says he, i., 549, "is much to be regretted. It has prevented an amusement, which has added largely to the sum of human happiness, and which exercises a very considerable educational influence, from spreading anywhere except in the greatest centres of population. It has multiplied proportionately amusements of a far more frivolous and purely unintellectual character; and it has withdrawn from the audiences in the theatre the very classes whose presence would be the best guarantee of the habitual morality of the entertainment." These sentiments are natural enough to a man writing from his standpoint. But his standpoint and ours are not the same. Were it possible so to purify the stage as to make it a safe educational agent and a means of healthy intellectual recreation, the case would be different. There was a time when an experiment in that direction might have had some chance of success. But it is now too late. The stage has from the first allied

itself to buffoonery, obscenity, profanity, and it is simply impossible that after ages of such bondage and debasement it should now shake itself free and wash itself clean. We are sorry to find what we can but call a laxity of principle in this respect creeping in among some of our spiritual guides. A short time ago a Church of England clergyman, the Rev. Stewart Headlam, brought himself into collision with his bishop by a trimming lecture on theatres and music-halls. Years ago Dr. Vaughan, the Master of the Temple, then Vicar of Doncaster, sent all his Sunday-school children to a circus. But what shall we say when a man holding such a position as the Bishop of Manchester publicly commends the stage? The present is no time for compromises. The Puritans may have done wrong in their reprobation of all art, but their condemnation of the stage was just; and our protest in the present day should be as loud as theirs.

Another matter to which Mr. Lecky calls attention is the state of the country gentry, often coarse and illiterate to the last degree, but saved from total inanition by the large amount of public business which in England has always been thrown upon them. We may remark that, as culture began to bring luxury into this class, the numerous landowners with rentals of from £200 to £300 a year rapidly disappeared. Pauperism, wages, the price of food, the condition of the agricultural labourer, are all discussed. Wheat was about 42s. a quarter at the beginning of the eighteenth century; flesh-meat, on the other hand, was far cheaper than it now is. Unenclosed commons, too, gave the poor a great boon in the way of pasture and fuel. Then, as now, thinking men saw the folly of flinging alms broadcast; Defoe's *Giving Alms no Charity* puts the matter in the clearest light. "Working hard till he has got his pockets full, and then drinking till all was spent," was, according to Defoe, the English workman's practice. Parish pay, all given, till workhouses were set up in 1723, in outdoor relief, was so excessive as to be a premium on idleness; paupers would eat only fine white bread, and drink strong beer. Indeed Macaulay's picture of the wretchedness of the poor appears to be much overcharged; paupers were relatively very numerous, but even they fared by no means badly.

A very interesting chapter is that in which Mr. Lecky discusses the aristocracy, the higher members of which

carried out, in opposition to, or at least without reference to the general feeling of the country, the revolution of 1688. Ours has always been a working aristocracy, and "the existence of laborious tastes and habits among the richer classes is, by way of example and otherwise, of the utmost value to the community." England retained, what most other European nations lost, the one good thing in feudalism, viz., the connection between the enjoyment of property and the discharge of public duties. "In no other country has so large an amount of salutary labour been gratuitously accomplished by the upper classes as in England." Mr. Lecky remarks that the House of Lords, the natural representatives of the country gentry, and, at the same time, by their great wealth and town lives closely connected with those who have made large fortunes in trade or manufacture, has been a link between these two. All through the eighteenth century (and, he might have added, before and during the civil wars) the great lords were far more liberal than the gentry and the lesser nobility. An aristocracy has its evils; and our author is careful to point them out; a powerful aristocracy (rank being less local in its influence than wealth) overshadows intellectual eminence, and the land laws made to secure the preponderance of a class have caused excessive inequality in the distribution of wealth. But it is a grand thing that those who have a large stake in the country should take a share in its active administration. Mr. Lecky is particularly emphatic on the evils of government by adventurers. "When the suffrage is widely extended a large proportion of electors will always be wholly destitute of political convictions, while every artifice is employed to mislead them. Under such circumstances, the supreme management of affairs may readily pass into the hands of perfectly unprincipled men who seek only for personal aggrandisement or notoriety, who have no real stake in the country, and are reckless of its future and permanent interests." And then Mr. Lecky draws a gloomy picture of the revenue being managed by swindlers, the foreign policy directed by men who seek only to make a name or to consolidate their tottering power, home institutions, the growth of centuries, in a few months recklessly destroyed. He contrasts "the slow, undemonstrative, obscure growth of great institutions, whose founders leave no reputation and reap no harvest from their exertions," with that emi-

nently dramatic thing, the destruction of a great and ancient institution. No other political achievement usually produces so much noisy reputation in proportion to the ability it requires. As Mr. Carlyle has said, 'When the oak is felled the whole forest echoes with its fall, but a hundred acorns are sown in silence by an unnoticed breeze.' Hence to minds destitute of the feeling of political responsibility, a policy of mere destruction possesses an irresistible attraction." There is implied criticism here of French and American politics, the fairness or unfairness of which we must not pause to discuss. Ancient history teems with examples of the destruction of states by political adventurers, as modern history has undoubtedly at least one instance of a nation which has more than once "taken refuge from its own representatives in the arms of despotism." It may be that the United States has hitherto escaped these evils (deeply felt in other parts of the American continent), not owing to the superior morality of its politicians, but the elasticity which almost unlimited territorial extent seems to give to its institutions. Anyhow Mr. Lecky's words deserve careful consideration; for in England politics have for some time been too much a game between two or three men, whom many accuse of subordinating all higher considerations to personal notoriety.

Equally interesting, in another way, is our author's masterly summary of Walpole's character, and his account of the strange outburst of popular hatred which greeted his downfall. Political and historical parallels are usually alike misleading; but it is impossible to avoid comparing the downfall of the great peace minister who had kept his ground so long by means of an organised system of corruption, with that of the great modern liberal whose motto was incorruptibility. It was Walpole who, in spite of his cruelty to the Scotch Jacobites, gave its character of lenity to our modern system of administration. His fall, indeed, seemed a tribute to the national conscience; but his successors proved to be no less corrupt though more hypocritical. Never were the blessings of peace, in giving free scope to national growth, more clearly proved than during his long ministry. "Statesmen observed with concern the great force which the democratic element in the country had almost silently acquired." Constituencies actually began to issue instructions to their representatives, a thing unheard of since the Commonwealth, and wholly opposed to the principle that

"no member after he is chosen is to consider himself as a member for any particular place, but as a representative for the whole nation." Hitherto political agitation had been almost wholly confined to ecclesiastical questions; and how strong a hold these had on the public mind is shown, not only by the fall of James II. (in whose case the power of the Church has been eloquently set forth by Lord Macaulay), but also by the whole policy of Queen Anne's reign, and by the final triumph of the Whig or Hanoverian party, which certainly did not possess the sympathies of the nation, but which gained its ends, thanks to the universal dread of Popery and to the Pretender's honest determination not to do what Henry IV. of France had found so easy.

Walpole was by no means a brilliant orator, a fact which enables Mr. Lecky to refute the charge that parliamentary institutions are simply government by talking. He gives a list of statesmen, from Godolphin to Lord Palmerston, who have taken a foremost place without any oratorical brilliancy. Orators of almost the highest class, like Sheridan, Plunket, and Brougham, made no mark on public life. The ascendancy of Grey and Canning was very transient; and no Opposition since the early Hanoverian period sank so low as that guided by the oratory of Fox. "The two Pitts and Mr. Gladstone are examples of speakers of transcendent power, exercising a commanding influence over politics. The younger Pitt is, I believe, a real instance of a man whose solid ability bore no kind of proportion to his oratorical skill. He maintained an authority immensely greater than his deserts, thanks to his decision of character, the favour of the king, the magic of a great name, a great oratorical fame, and an almost preternatural dexterity in debate. But in this respect he stands alone." The elder Pitt was a great administrative genius, Gladstone is a master of finance, and has passed more measures of magnitude and difficulty than any statesman for more than a century and a half. The statesmanship of both is something far greater than the oratorical power.

One important fact which comes out clearly in these pages is that English commercial greatness grew, and was consolidated through monopoly and protection. Of this we shall see more when we come to treat of the relations of England with the sister island; but the troubles in connection with the Ostend Company, whereby the Emperor

Charles VI. hoped to make head against the Dutch and English monopoly of Eastern trade deserve attention (i., 349). And, in reply to the charge so recklessly made by a certain class of politicians, that wars are the work of aristocracies, it is sufficient to note that the constant efforts (at last only too successful) to break down Walpole's peace policy—the policy of the aristocracy of which the great Whig houses then constituted at least four-fifths, were made by the trading part of the community, and when the era of wars was begun it was ostentatiously in support of "British interests," i.e., of our trade and manufactures, that the change was made.

Another question for serious discussion is that raised by the co-existence, in Queen Anne's time, of great intellectual activity among a few with complete devotion on the part of the mass of the nation to what we might have fancied were worn out theories—the divine right of kings, culminating in the deification of Charles I. (to whom, Mr. Lecky might have noticed, more than one church in the West of England was dedicated),* the belief in touching for the king's evil, the great power of the clergy in spite of (to some extent in consequence of) their unsatisfactory social position. The church clergy were socially lower than they are now, or than they were before the Reformation; possibly this fact was a source of strength to the Church; the doctrines were unquestioningly believed, the system of church-government was held to be of divine appointment, while its ministers were not likely to excite envy or fear. Their incomes were small; Swift tells us there were at least ten bishops whose incomes did not average £600 a year, and of the clergy he says: "He liveth like an honest plain farmer, and his wife is dressed but little better than Goody. He is sometimes graciously invited by the squire, where he sitteth at humble distance. . . . His learning is much of a size with his birth and education, no more of either than what a poor hungry servitor can be expected to bring with him from his college." This was, perhaps, strictly true only of the curates, to whom, despite the care

* This is perhaps the most curious of Mr. Lecky's many quotations in reference to this subject. It is from a poem published in 1649—

"Kings are Gods once removed. It hence appears
No court but Heaven's can trie them by their peers,
So that for Charles the Good to have been tried
And cast by mortal vote was deicide."

of the bishops, scandalously small salaries were often given not by the rectors and vicars so much as by the lay impropiators, who at one time seemed likely to do in England what their brethren in Germany had long since succeeded in doing, to secure to themselves almost the whole of the revenues which early piety had left for religious and educational purposes. In those days £30 was a munificent sum for the chaplain of a nobleman who was probably lay-vicar as well as lay-rector of the parish in which his mansion stood; sometimes the sum paid was £5 or £6! And, yet, "church-feeling" (as it is called) of one kind at least, was never stronger than at that time. The Church was strong in spite of the *status* of its ministers.* No doubt (as Churchill Babington has shown) Lord Macaulay was somewhat too sweeping in his assertion that men of good family very rarely took orders; but still, on the whole, his well-known chapter on the clergy is substantially accurate.

The intellectual state of the country may be measured by the fact that "touching" was an important factor in the strength of the Stuart cause. With thousands of all parties the power of curing "the evil" and other diseases by a touch was the test of true kingship; and we know that William III. could never be persuaded to attempt it. Men like Fuller, Heylin, Sancroft, Whiston, and Bishop Bull wrote of it as an unquestionable fact. The notices which our author has collected on the subject form a startling illustration of the power of human credulity. We think of New England as the home of enlightenment; yet a petition (dated 1687) is preserved at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, praying the Provincial Assembly to grant help to one who wished to go to England to obtain the benefit of the royal touch.

That intellectual power is compatible with an amount of adulation to us incredible is proved, not only by the case of the Roman writers of the Augustan age, and by those of France under Louis XIV., but by instances at home, among which Young's dedication to Queen Anne of his poem on the *Last Day*, is as startling as can well be

* This is exceedingly well put in *Essays and Reviews*, p. 315: "The contempt for established ministers of religion was the more extraordinary, as there was no feeling against the Church Establishment, but non-conformity as a theory was less in favour. The contempt was for the persons, manners, and character of the ecclesiastics."

imagined. It is, however, only justice to the poet to say that he had good sense enough afterwards to omit this fulsome dedication, so that the later editions of his works are not disfigured by it.

What literary men talked of in measured prose or melodious verse, the unlettered many, gentry as well as commons, believed, and would have acted on but for the paralysing dilemma in which they were placed by their dread of Popery. Had this dread been less active, results must have ensued which those who believe in the blessings consequent on the accession of the house of Hanover would have held to be disastrous. Nothing is clearer than that the "glorious Revolution" was far from glorious to the English people. "It was effected by a foreign prince with a foreign army. It was rendered possible, or at least bloodless, by an amount of aggravated treachery, duplicity, and ingratitude seldom surpassed in history" (i., 16). The people had to be educated up to it almost as painfully as they were educated up to that other change which was forced on the unwilling majority by the educated minority, the reformation in religion.

This unpopularity both of the Revolution and of the final change of dynasty on the death of Anne leads Mr. Lecky to moralise (as we have already remarked) on the importance of accidents in history. "There are few streams of tendency, however powerful, that might not at some early period of their career have been arrested or deflected." This truth is one which we, who believe in a guiding Providence, ought never to lose our grasp of. The accident of a pope, Innocent IX. (Odescalchi), who was hostile to Louis XIV., and who steadily disapproved of the unconstitutional way in which James, urged by Father Petre, sought to make Romanism predominant, and the accident that Spain and Austria, the chief Roman Catholic powers, were so jealous of France that the Spanish ambassador at the Hague is said to have ordered masses in his chapel for the success of William's expedition, largely contributed to make the Revolution possible.

Some historians, notably Earl Stanhope, whose history covers the same ground as Mr. Lecky's first volume, have said that the words Whig and Tory have quite changed their meaning. It is doubtless true that the Tories of Queen Anne's reign were free traders, endeavoured to pass

a commercial treaty, and so far from supporting "a spirited foreign policy," desired to withdraw England as far as possible from Continental quarrels; yet our author is right in saying that on the whole Whigs have always been Whigs and Tories Tories. When the Whigs have been in, they have often (they certainly did throughout Walpole's ministry) multiplied places as much as the other party ever did. They, too, were of old the steady opponents of Catholic claims; but this was because of their adherence to the Hanoverian dynasty; and at that time the Tories were equally active in putting the penal laws in force.

These penal laws and their effect on society in England and in Ireland Mr. Lecky discusses at much length. They alone of the penalties on religion were not mitigated during the long course of Whig administration. The odious "Schism Act," which made it illegal for dissenters to provide their own children with education, was repealed in 1718, along with the oppressive Occasional Conformity Act. The Indemnity Acts, passed regularly every year from 1727 till the Test Act was repealed in 1828, gave considerable relief by admitting dissenters to offices and corporations. The process was a legal trick; but the result was attained nevertheless. To the Roman Catholics alone no relief was given. In England and Ireland alike they were under the ban of the penal laws; the difference being that in England the law was seldom or never put in force against them, in Ireland they were treated as if the one object of Government was to degrade and brutalise them.

Mr. Lecky, always scrupulously equitable, records the excuses for the penal laws which are furnished by the treatment of Protestants in France, in Silesia, in Hungary, and elsewhere. But he reminds us, first, how specially odious is persecution by Protestants whose theory of religion is based on the right of private judgment; and, next, that politics at that time gave no excuse for persecution: "during the struggle of the Revolution a great part of Catholic Europe was on William's side." A shameful instance of persecution occurs in the early history of Maryland. This state, founded in 1632 mainly by Roman Catholic settlers, under Lord Baltimore, accorded perfect freedom and impartial toleration to all believers in the Trinity. By-and-by the Protestants multiplied and out-

numbered the Romanists, and "the Revolution in England gave the signal for the complete destruction of religious liberty in Maryland." Romanists were excluded from office; by-and-by (1704) the mass was forbidden, and no Romanist was allowed to educate the young.

In Ireland the Treaty of Limerick had ensured full toleration to the Roman Catholics; but this treaty, signed by the Lords Justices of Ireland, and ratified by their majesties under the Great Seal of England, was most dishonourably set aside. William is far from blameless in this matter. Before the battle of Aghrim he had offered the Romanists the free exercise of their religion and half the churches in the kingdom; yet, determined as he was in refusing his assent to any English acts which he regarded as hostile to his authority, "*he never offered any serious opposition to the anti-Catholic laws which began in his reign.*"* These laws were not due to political alarm. It is a grotesque calumny to represent the Irish as rebels because they took up arms for their lawful king, whose title had not been disputed by any act of the Irish Parliament. There were no attempts at rebellion either in 1715 or in 1719 (when there was a great alarm of foreign invasion). In 1722 six regiments were sent from Ireland to England, and this was complained of, not because Ireland needed troops, but because, as the Irish had to pay for the regiments, it was but fair they should spend their money among those who were charged with maintaining them. In 1745 there was not a ripple of agitation in Ireland. The penal code was, as Burke says, "not the effect of the fears of the dominant party, but of their success. It was due to their scorn and hatred towards those whom they delighted to trample on, and were not at all afraid to provoke." The first object of these laws was to create that most odious of all tyrannies—a class tyranny. Under them the mass of the people gradually acquired the vices of slaves. "They were educated through long generations of oppression into an inveterate hostility to the law, and were taught to look for redress in illegal violence or secret combinations."

* We cannot help quoting Mr. Lecky's summary, so different from the glowing eulogy in Lord Macaulay: "William was a cold and somewhat selfish man; and the admirable courage and tenacity which he invariably displayed when his own designs and ambition were in question were seldom or never manifested in any disinterested cause."

In fact, it is to the penal laws that we must look for the origin of Ribbonism and all the other societies which have kept Ireland unsettled, and, therefore, poor and unprogressive. Where the law is a cruel enemy, men will strive to right themselves by other means; and the habit of lawlessness, thus formed, will continue long after the cause has been removed.

The next object of these laws was to bring down the Romanists to the most extreme and brutal ignorance, as the only chance of keeping them patient under a deprivation of all the rights of citizenship, nay, almost of human nature. Moreover, the law was against them at every turn; it shut them out of all office and almost every profession; it excluded them from the benefit of the taxes (in several cases double) which they paid;* industry was nearly closed to them; from the land they were wholly cut off. This last is the most foolish restriction of all, for land being immovable has always proved the best pledge for the loyalty of its possessor. In both his volumes Mr. Lecky discusses these atrocious laws; indeed, his discussion of them and the history of Ireland in general form by far the most valuable part of his work. It enables us to trace how Ireland became what she is, or rather how she fell back instead of keeping pace with the other portions of the empire. "The whole tendency of the law was to produce in the dominant minority, already flushed with the pride of conquest and with recent confiscations, all the vices of the most insolent aristocracy." At the same time, all men of ability or enterprise were driven either to leave their country or to conform outwardly to the dominant creed. "If they did not, every path of ambition, and almost all means of livelihood, were closed to them, and they were at the same time exposed to the most constant, galling, and humiliating tyranny" (i., 284). The land and trade laws "might have been safely trusted to reduce the Catholic population to complete degradation;" these laws, in fact, were "some of the most infatuated that could be conceived, unless they were inspired by unmixed malevolence, and intended to make the nation permanently incapable of self-government." But more galling still were the laws interfering

* In case of a war with a Romanist power they had to make good the damage done by the enemy's privateers.

with domestic life, laws which put a premium on filial rebellion, and enabled the undutiful wife to secure reward as well as impunity. This was far more serious in its effects on society than the persecution, atrocious as it was, of Roman Catholic priests and schoolmasters.* As an instrument of direct religious oppression the penal code notoriously failed: "the lukewarm Romanists who conformed through interested motives lowered the religious temperament among the Protestants;" the Romanists, thus weeded, became more and more fervent. Unhappily it was socially successful; it degraded and impoverished its victims, it destroyed in them the spring and buoyancy of enterprise, it "taught the Irish Catholics the lesson which, beyond all others, rulers should dread to teach, making them consummate adepts in the arts of conspiracy and of disguise."

No doubt laws corresponding to most parts of the Irish penal code may be culled from the statute books of other countries; but still Mr. Lecky is right in asserting that that code, taken as a whole, has an entirely distinctive character. "It was the instrument employed by a conquering race, supported by a neighbouring Power, to crush to the dust the people among whom they were planted. It was in force for nearly a century. Its victims formed at least three-fourths of the nation. Its degrading and dividing influence extended to every field of social, political, professional, intellectual, and even domestic life. It was enacted without the provocation of any rebellion, in defiance of the distinct guarantee of a solemn treaty." Well may Mr. Lecky add, "It may justly be regarded as one of the blackest pages in the history of persecution." Nor is Dr. Johnson less emphatic. "There is no instance," he says, "even in the Ten Persecutions, of such severity as that which the Protestants of Ireland have exercised against the Catholics." The ruin of the wool trade (ii., 209) is one of the strangest instances in all history of the deliberate crushing out of a national industry, culminating in the Act of 1699 which prohibited the Irish from exporting their manufactured wool to any country whatever. No wonder that, whereas Dr. Petty, towards the end of the seventeenth century, had found "every Irish

* For the "Castration Clause," and Mr. Froude's apology for it, see Lecky i., 297 note.

housewife a spinner and a dyer of wool and yarn," Arthur Young and others, a century later, complain of the total idleness of "the Irish ladies in the cabins."

Mr. Lecky's summary is (ii., 259) that "it would be difficult to conceive a national condition less favourable than that of Ireland to a man of energy and ambition. If he was a Catholic he found himself excluded by his creed from every position of trust and power, and from almost every means of acquiring wealth, degraded by a social stigma, deprived of every vestige of political weight. If he was a Presbyterian he was subject to the disabilities of the Test Act. If he was a member of the Established Church he was even then compelled to see all the highest posts in Church and State monopolised by Englishmen. If he was a landlord he found himself in a country where the law had produced such a social state that his position as a resident was nearly intolerable. If his ambition lay in the paths of manufacture or commerce he was almost compelled to emigrate, for industrial and commercial enterprise had been deliberately crushed." This is not the language of a demagogue, but of one of the calmest and most judicial minds among modern historians. The fact is not denied, even by Mr. Froude, whose explanation of it is certainly ingenious. According to him the English in Ireland were trammelled and hindered in their civilising work by their own merciful inconsistency. Had they been more thorough, had they shown less consideration for the native, they would have succeeded, and Ireland would probably have become a second Lancashire. But their Government, stern enough at times, lapsed every now and then into criminal weakness, and so the penal laws failed, not because they were monstrous, but because they were spasmodically and imperfectly carried out. The best way of meeting such an argument is to give, as Mr. Lecky does, a brief summary of Irish history from its first connection with England. This occupies nearly 350 pages of his second volume, and every page of it deserves careful thought.

He begins with a few words on the contrast between the effect of wise legislation, as instanced in the history of Scotland since the Union, in developing the prosperity and bettering the character of nations, and the perverting and degrading influence of bad legislation as shown in the case of Ireland. Ireland had in early times undoubtedly attained

a high degree of civilisation; how far this civilisation extended beyond the walls of the monasteries Mr. Lecky does not pretend to determine. England owed a great part (as the late Mr. Haddan showed, a very great part) of her Christianity to Irish monks. But the evils of the clan system were greatly aggravated by Danish invasions, and the Norman Conquest, protracted over four hundred years, kept the island in a state of barbarism.

For the atrocities of Mr. Froude's "Norman civilisers" Mr. Lecky makes every allowance; but to call men "civilisers" the teaching of whose clergy was that it was no more sin to kill an Irishman than to kill a dog is a ridiculous abuse of language. Less allowance, however, is due to the Tudor cruelties and to the incredible perfidy which accompanied them. The poisonings and treacherous assassinations to which the high-spirited Essex deigned to stoop, the war of extermination conducted by Carew, and Gilbert, and Pelham, and Mountjoy ("Pelham's bands killed blind and feeble men, women, boys, and girls, sick folk, idiots, and old people, while the soldiers would take up infants on the points of their spears and whirl them about in their agony" (ii., 97), secured the English ascendancy, bringing with it two lasting consequences, the proscription of the Irish religion and the confiscation of the Irish soil. The struggle was not at the outset a religious one: "the English cared much more for the suppression of the Irish race than for the suppression of its religion. . . . The chief towns, though almost wholly Catholic, remained faithful to Elizabeth; many Catholic Irish served under her banner." But the old religion was, nevertheless, proscribed; the fear of its extirpation hung as a new terror over the Irish people; and it is unfortunate that the time when the English changed their Church almost coincides with the most violent attempt hitherto made to treat the Irish as the Red Indians were being treated by *conquistadores*. As Sir John Davis confesses, it was a systematic effort "to root out the Irish." The very people who had been kept outside the pale of English law now found their titles scrutinised and their land confiscated on the ground of technical subtleties of which neither themselves nor their clansmen had any conception. Hence arose the race of "discoverers" and "undertakers" whose legal fraud was a fitting ally to the brute violence of the Tudor generals. Of course, when the chiefs were thus treated, the rights of the clansmen, all

co-proprietors with the chiefs, were wholly disregarded. No one, save Sir J. Perrot, showed the slightest wish to deal equitably with the natives. The districts so ruthlessly depopulated (especially Desmond and Ulster) were "planted" with English and Scotch, whose character is thus drawn by the son of an immigrant minister: "From Scotland came many and from England not a few; yet all of them generally the scum of both nations, who from debt, or breaking, or fleeing from justice, or seeking shelter came hither, hoping to be without fear of man's justice in a land where there was little or nothing as yet of the fear of God. . . . Going to Ireland was looked on as a miserable mark of a deplorable person, yea, it was turned into a proverb, and one of the worst expressions of disdain that could be invented was to tell a man that Ireland would be his hinder end" (ii., 109). Such was another swarm of Mr. Froude's civilisers, of too many of whom it could be truly said border ruffians they were and border ruffians their descendants continued, as the history of Tipperary and of the Orange riots in the North abundantly proves.

Among the errors which Mr. Lecky dispels none has been more mischievous than that which attributes to that mysterious entity, the Irish race, the troubles by which Ireland has been rent in pieces. The *Saturday Review* "cannot understand the Irishman," the fact being that, apart from the question, long ago mooted, as to original identity of Celt and Teuton, the typical "Irish" parts of Ireland, Tipperary above all, "are (as our author most truly says) more English than Devonshire."

The native Irishman was not lawless, but eminently law-abiding; even his defamer, Spenser, admits this, and Robert Payne, an English "undertaker," who wrote in 1589, says: "They keep their promise faithfully, and are more desirous of peace than our Englishmen. . . . Nothing is more pleasing to them than to hear of good justices placed among them. They have a common saying, 'defend me and spend me;' meaning from the oppression of the worser sort of our countrymen. They are very obedient to the laws, so that you may travel through all the land without any danger or injury offered of the very worst Irish, and be greatly relieved of the best." These were Mr. Froude's savages who needed to be coerced into comity by demons in human form like Mountjoy, and then improved off by a land-jobbing horde of "the worser sort of our

countrymen." Well may Mr. Lecky remark that "it is no slight illustration of the amiable qualities of the Irish character that so large a measure of the charities of life should have been found in Munster within four years after the great confiscation, and after a war conducted by such methods as I have described" (ii., 107).

In fact, had Ireland been governed with anything like common justice, even after Elizabeth's horrible wars and James's iniquitous colonisation, things would have gone on well. Sir J. Davis, James's Attorney-General, testifies to the general peace and good conduct. He finds fewer malefactors worthy of death in all the realm than in one circuit of six shires, viz., the Western in England. He adds: "In time of peace the Irish are more fearful to offend the law than the English, or any other nation whatsoever. . . . There is no people under the sun that doth better love equal or indifferent justice, or will better rest satisfied with the execution of it, though it be against themselves; so as they may have the protection and benefit of law when upon just cause they do desire it." That Sir J. Davis's hopes were destroyed by the rebellion of 1641, was due to the systematically unjust way in which James's plantation was carried out (his native reserves being almost all wrested from the Irish) followed up by an inquisition into defective titles, of which one method was the revival of grants made in Henry II.'s reign, in order to invalidate the undisturbed possession of centuries. Then followed the passing of "the Graces" (the Irish Petition of Right), nullified by the infamous perfidy of Strafford and Charles I., till at last "every man's enjoyment of his property became precarious, and the natives found with terror that, in time of peace and without provocation, the law could be made a not less terrible instrument than the sword for rooting them out of the soil." By one act of Wentworth [nearly the whole land of Connaught was declared forfeit to the king, because when the landowners in the preceding reign had surrendered their lands, paid their fees for enrolment, and received patents under the Great Seal of England, the officers of the Court of Chancery had neglected to duly enrol the patents and surrenders! (ii., 114). Add to this a religious persecution headed by Archbishop Usher, and we have enough to account for that rebellion, the circumstances of which have been so exaggerated, and of which Mr. Lecky is (except Mr. Prendergast

in his *Cromwellian Settlement*) the only historian who gives anything like a full and accurate picture. The whole subject has already been treated in these columns, in a review of Mr. Prendergast's book; and therefore there is the less need that we should follow Mr. Lecky through his long and painstaking narrative. The only point on which we differ with him is as to the authenticity of the King's Commission exhibited by Sir Phelim O'Neil (ii., 146). Mr. Lecky holds that this was a forgery; if we mistake not, Mr. Hill Burton (*History of Scotland*) makes it clear that a true Commission was given, *under the Great Seal not of England but of Scotland*.

Of Cromwell's war, during which, if ever, the English Government aimed at being "thorough," we fancy the general estimate is what our author expresses: "they left behind them one of those memories which are the most fatal obstacles to the reconciliation of nations and of creeds." Nor did the accession of Charles II. bring any consolation to those who had suffered for his cause. The wretched trickery of the Irish Act of Settlement must have been even more unbearable than the violence of the Cromwellians. This Act ratified the confiscation of almost two-thirds of the land; and the stand made by the Irish for James II. completed the work which the lawyers of the Restoration had brought so near completion. Then began the epoch of the penal laws; "when the eighteenth century dawned, the great majority of the former leaders of the people were either sunk in abject poverty or scattered as exiles over Europe; the last spasm of resistance had ceased, and the long period of unbroken Protestant ascendancy had begun" (ii., 196). This total breaking up of the old nobility is the distinguishing feature of the conquest—that which makes it rather resemble a Turkish conquest than the subjugation of one civilised nation by another. One important cause which has rendered Scotland more prosperous and contented than Ireland is that in Scotland the natural leaders of the people were never displaced wholesale, and their land given to aliens. This was done in Ireland more than once, not only to the greater nobles but to the whole body of landowners; and, as we have seen, one main object of the penal laws was to make it impossible for any of the proscribed majority ever to become owners of land.

On the Irish Church ("the Church of the poor in the

sense that they paid for it, but in no other") and its attendant abuses, such as those charter schools for cutting half-starving children off from their parents, and bringing them up as Protestants,* Mr. Lecky is not too severe when he says: "until the Tithe Commutation Act was passed in 1838, the Irish establishment was, next to the penal code, the most powerful of all agents in demoralising the people." We have already spoken of the commercial restrictions. In the same spirit was the legislation by which all sorts of pensions, such as no Minister would have dared to lay on the English revenue, were charged on the Irish Civil List.

Of such a state of things absenteeism was the necessary consequence; bad laws had made the country unpleasant for landlords who could afford to live elsewhere; hence the estates were left to the management of men "who were Protestants without any of the culture and position which soften the asperities of religious differences." Arthur Young, in 1770, estimates the rents alone of the absentees at £732,000. We ask why the mass of the people became cottiers? Mr. Lecky's reply is, because in most parts it was impossible to gain a living as farm-labourers or mechanics; there were so few employers, and money was so scarce. A great deal of the "Celtic love of the soil," of which we have heard so much, is simply the effect of causes long at work, and not to be summarily got rid of by legislation.

That, amid this dead level at which the Roman Catholic masses were kept by law, the town-life, not in Dublin only, but in the other great centres, was singularly intellectual, is partly accounted for by the constant stream of so-called conversions by which the Protestant ranks were replenished. Morally, this lowered the standard, for such conformity was in most cases more than doubtful; but it was a gain intellectually, for those who conformed were such as had something above the common, whether property, or culture, or gifts of mind. Whatever their gift was, in conformity lay their only hope of bringing it to the front. Those who were too conscientious to conform, and who felt they could not contentedly share the abject lot of their countrymen, went abroad, either as single adven-

* These schools Mr. Froude characteristically describes as "the best conceived educational institutions which existed in the world."

turers or among the "wild geese" who filled the ranks of the Irish brigade. The annals of the eighteenth century are full of the exploits of Irishmen. Lacy became a Russian field-marshal; Sarsfield distinguished himself at Steinkirk; Marshal Lord Clare turned the day at Fontenoy; Browne, Nugent, O'Donnell, and others became generals in the Austrian service; another O'Donnell, O'Gara, and several more rose to high rank in the Spanish army and navy. The brave and unfortunate Lally was of Irish descent, as were Geoghehan and other French officers in South India during the struggle with Coote.* Nor were Irishmen great only in foreign armies; as physicians, as divines they were equally celebrated abroad.

But this double drain could not fail to tell on the source which supplied it; "when for three or four generations the leaders were thus carefully weeded out, what but degeneracy could be expected of the residuum?" Active religious persecution was (as we have said) only intermittent; Mr. Lecky gives some strange details of "priest-hunting," but it was the social degradation, the constant sense of insecurity, which was even more ruinous than active persecution. Thus, the law forbidding a Romanist to keep a horse worth more than five guineas, and empowering anyone who fancied the law was being evaded to buy at that price any animal that he might see in a Romanist's possession, was, of course, often treated as a dead letter; but it continued on the statute book, and a well-authenticated story tells how a Roman Catholic gentleman once drove into Mullingar with a splendid pair of carriage-horses. An informer went up to him and pulling out ten guineas, tendered them and claimed the horses. Their owner drew a brace of pistols and shot them dead on the spot. An advocate in open court once said: "the law does not recognise a Papist's existence; he can only breathe by connivance of the Government." Again, by legal fictions, managed through trusty friends, a few Roman Catholic families kept their estates from compulsory subdivision; but it was only by the connivance of friends. At any moment the law might be put in force, as when Lord Kenmare's armorial bearings were effaced from his carriage in the very courtyard of Dublin Castle.

* It was a Maguire who defended Dresden against Frederick's red-hot balls and savage bombardment till help arrived under Marshal Daun.

Those who conformed, tended, we said, to raise the intellectual standard of higher society: they also strengthened the ranks of the "patriots" who, from Swift and Molyneux to Grattan, strove to get something like a fair recognition of Ireland's rights. To them is due the Dublin Society, founded in 1731, by Thomas Prior and the Rev. S. Madden—a society which, by giving numbers of small prizes for excellence of the most various kinds, anticipated for one nation what Great Exhibition Committees have of late been doing for all the world. Towards the third quarter of the century, the fisheries, so famous in the days of Ireland's independence, became smitten with sudden barrenness. The Society tried to encourage them, but does not seem to have discovered whether trawling or any human agency was in fault. More to the purpose was the impulse given to liberal views by Viscount Molesworth, who descanted on the injustice of charging the cottier with the maintenance of two churches, his own and that of the dominant caste; and who strongly advocated "levelling up" and payment of the priests as the best way of making them loyal to the Government.

In speaking of Irish Society, Mr. Lecky could hardly avoid referring to the abductions to which Mr. Froude has given so much prominence. These, like the outrages of "Tories" and "rapparees," belonged to a certain state of society; and, so far from being due to something in the Irish nature, they existed under somewhat similar conditions in Scotland. The fearfully unjust laws relating to intermarriage between Protestants and Romanists (laws which not so long ago gave rise to the scandal of the Yelverton case), no doubt had their share in multiplying such outrages; but they belong to the general lawlessness which had its parallel on the Scottish border, and which had unhappily become chronic in parts of Ireland. The contrast between Mr. Froude's bitter sectarian way of discussing them and the temperate spirit in which they are dealt with by Mr. Lecky, shows how largely he is gifted with that true historic spirit in which Mr. Froude is so lamentably deficient.

That the Irish Parliament was corrupt is no doubt true; but it was no more corrupt than the English Parliaments of Walpole. Moreover, with such a narrow constituency, and with a Government which charged all its doubtful payments (pension to the Princess of Hesse-Cassel, ditto

to Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, &c.) on the Irish exchequer, corruption was inevitable.

But it is time that we should draw to a close. One remark of Mr. Lecky deserves to be put on record. Crimes of combination, he points out, are peculiarly English, though, because they have been frequent in the English-settled parts of Ireland, they have been, as usual, laid to the fault of "the Celtic character." He might have added that Wexford, the county which was the chief seat of the Rebellion of 1798, was very early colonised by Somersetshire men. Indeed, that rebellion was almost confined to the South-eastern seaboard and to Ulster; while in "Celtic" Galway there was scarcely a trace of disturbance. Of Irish tolerance, shown in the treatment of Quakers, Mr. Lecky is naturally proud. On the whole, he has no difficulty in proving that the "Irish difficulty" is the natural fruit of English misgovernment; and his readers will feel (though he is far too calmly judicial to say so) that it is unscientific to cry out about "Celtic race," when the Irish are at least as mixed a people as ourselves, and childish to expect that evils which are the growth of centuries should at once disappear at the talisman of tardy legislation. When men like Primate Boulter, of whose "cat-like vigilance in securing Irish appointments for Englishmen" our author gives an amusing picture, were among the best of Ireland's rulers, it was but natural that she should be misruled.

The remainder of Mr. Lecky's book we must dismiss with brief notice. His estimate of Newcastle will be disputed by few; but his remarks on the elder Pitt, his histrionic poses, the character of his eloquence, his overbearing manner (he of course quotes the well-known "Sugar, Mr. Speaker," repeated thrice, and followed by, "I should like to know who will dare now to laugh at sugar"), will seem treason to some of that great statesman's admirers. Of Lord Chatham's ability, however, few ever thought more highly than our author does; he rates it (as we have seen) far above that of his son, though the latter was undoubtedly the readier debater.

To the chapter on the colonies, and to that on Scotland, we can only just call attention; they are thoughtful and suggestive. Writers like Mr. Freeman tell us that the Scotch Lowlander is a thorough Teuton. Mr. Lecky, with a truer insight, recognises the influence of the Scots on the whole nation. His view of the Highlands may well be compared

with that of Lord Macaulay; he somewhat lightens the dark shadows of his lordship's picture, but we still think he puts too much trust in the tales of travellers like Captain Burt.*

The work closes with an interesting and appreciative sketch of the religious revival under Wesley and Whitefield. However men may differ as to the importance of this movement, all must concede that he is right in holding that this revival saved us from the epidemic of revolution. At a time when the sudden start of manufactures had drawn workmen together in masses, and was breaking up the old ties of *status*, it was a happy thing for Englishmen to have passed under an influence which taught them that the mere money-tie is not enough.

Mr. Lecky, perhaps, makes too much of the disputes in which Rowland Hill and Berridge showed much deplorable want of temper; but he pays a fitting tribute not only to the permanent good effect of Wesley's preaching, but to the character of the preacher. He specially enlarges (ii., 630) on (what some of us are apt to overlook) his many-sided activity. In politics he had anticipated the Reformers of 1830, and spoke strongly of the anomaly that Old Sarum should elect two members, and Looe four, "while every county in North Wales sent only one." He deplored the costliness of English law, and the charlatanism of English medicine (he set up a dispensary, and urged the duty of inoculation). He was among the first to denounce the slave trade, and the abominable state of our gaols, and the horrible destitution in which French prisoners were left. He entered heart and soul into the Sunday-school movement; and he urged his followers to try in every way to make a stand against political corruption. That Wesley was wrong in some of his political views most of us will admit. He opposed every attempt to lessen the Catholic disabilities; he denied the right of Wilkes to sit for Middlesex; by popularising Dr. Johnson's pamphlet against the Americans he helped to embitter national feeling. To diminish suicide he proposed a strange deterrent—that self-murderers should be hung in chains.

Mr. Lecky's summary is as follows:—"Men's influence

* The power of clan feeling was strongly shown in the case of Lord Lovat in 1715.

bears no kind of proportion to their intellects. . . . Wesley was credulous and dogmatic, yet he is in the first line of religious creators and reformers. He had a wider constructive influence in the sphere of practical religion than anyone since the sixteenth century. . . . He lived to see his followers on British soil number 70,000, with 300 itinerant, and 1,000 local, preachers; and the Methodists in their different branches throughout the world are now said to be not fewer than 12,000,000."

We shall not say more on Mr. Lecky's sketch of the foundation and estimate of the results of Wesleyan Methodism.* That he discusses the matter at such length at once stamps him as different from the generality of historians. But others with a completer knowledge of the subject have written about it, while some of the other topics which he has treated of have never till now found adequate treatment. This notably the case with Ireland. As Mr. Lecky remarks, when apologising for the length of his Irish section, most writers of English history have either almost wholly neglected the affairs of the sister island, or have grossly misrepresented them. His calm and careful unravelling of the tangled net of Irish affairs, and his fair estimate of Irish character, justify the title which we have put at the head of this notice. His is a new way of writing English history, for he fully recognises the solidarity of England and her dependencies; and, therefore, he should be read by all who wish to understand how Fenianism was possible, why there are Irish "obstructives" in Parliament, and why Mr. Sullivan should have set himself to write that strange and suggestive book which he calls *New Ireland*. We also heartily recommend it to those who wish to understand "the Irish difficulty." Mr. Sullivan is a Nationalist but not a Fenian; though he admits the good which Fenianism indirectly did by forcing Englishmen to feel that, despite the optimism of newspapers, and viceroys, and chief secretaries, Ireland had cause for complaint. "The better nature of Englishmen was touched and aroused by the spectacle opened to their contemplation in this lamentable Fenian business" (ii. 249). The way in which the "Home Rule" agitation was brought

* Of his style we have said nothing. It is throughout tamer (no doubt purposely so) than in his other works. He seems to feel that quiet writing belongs to judicial fairness. Some phrases are awkward: "acidity of heart" "was given a ply," &c., but on the whole he is as lucid as he is convincing.

about by the gross conduct of the priests at the Longford election in January, 1870, is graphically described. Indeed, Mr. Sullivan nearly fell a victim to the bludgeons of a priest-led mob because he supported Mr. Martin against Greville-Nugent, the priests' candidate. Very interesting, too, is the account of that first gathering of Protestants and Roman Catholics in the Bilton Hotel, Dublin, in May, 1870, which was, in fact, the first Home Rule meeting.

The Ballot has now to a great extent put an end to priestly as it has to landlords' intimidation; and, without expressing an opinion on the question how far purely Irish matters (railway bills, gas company bills, sewage bills, &c.) might be better managed by an Irish Parliament, we fully endorse the sentiment with which Mr. Sullivan concludes, that "no happier circumstances has in our century cheered the outlook of Irish politics than the daily-increasing exchange of sympathies, and the more loudly-avowed sentiments of reconciliation and friendship between the peoples of Ireland and of Great Britain." We believe he is right in saying that the great body of the Irish people are determined to work out their national policy solely by the agencies of public opinion and the weapons of political power.

ART. IV.—*The Poems of Sir Robert Aytoun. With a Memoir from Original Sources of Information.* By the REV. CHARLES ROGERS, LL.D., &c., Historiographer to the Royal Historical Society. Two Hundred and Fifty Copies printed for the Author.

REMEMBERING the indigent lives and, in most cases, the miserable deaths of English poets and dramatists at the close of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century—that Massinger, after actually begging bread, died in want, and was buried as “a stranger;” that Marlowe was killed in a tavern brawl; that Peele struggled with a horrible disease, and died in abject poverty; that Decker for three years languished in prison for debt, and died in penury; and that all these men, besides Ben Jonson, Thomas Heywood, Greene, and, it is supposed, Shakspeare, were at times in the clutches of old Henslowe, the usurious proprietor of the Fortune Theatre—it is somewhat remarkable to find a poet living and dying in the palace of a Stuart king, and buried in Westminster Abbey. Greene, who has been mentioned, was M.A. of Cambridge and, by incorporation, of Oxford, the author of a *Groat's Worth of Wit*, *The Looking Glass for London and England*, *Never too Late*, several popular plays which were destroyed in the fire of London, and many charming poems, yet he fell into the last extremity of distress, and must have perished in the streets of absolute starvation had not the wife of a poor shoemaker in Dowgate taken him in and nursed him tenderly for a month. When he died his debt to her amounted to ten pounds; nevertheless, she placed a wreath of bays upon his head, and had him buried decently, paying for his shroud one shilling, and for his burial fee six shillings and fourpence. His sword and doublet, all the poet had to leave her, she sold for three shillings. How strikingly do the indigent condition and melancholy end of this English bard contrast with the knighthood, courtly lodgment, and royal tomb of his less-known Scottish contemporary!

Few who, in their course of London sight-seeing, pause before Aytoun's monument in Westminster Abbey have a very distinct idea of his claim to be so commemorated.

Mightier men are around him, the lustre of whose fame has "paled his ineffectual fire;" poets, kings, warriors, statesmen, the mere enumeration of whose names unrolls the scroll on which English history is written. Even the position his bust occupies tends to obscure his memory. The *Historical Description of Westminster Abbey*, printed for the vergers in 1858, remarks with admirable brevity that Aytoun, or Aiton, "in the reign of James the First was in great reputation for his writings, especially in poetry." Yet Aytoun is, says Dean Stanley, in his *Memorials of Westminster Abbey* (second edition, 1868, p. 290), "apart from the other poets, not only in his grave, but in his monument." Still there is a certain appropriateness in its position, close to the Chapel of Henry VII., and affixed to the chantry of Henry V., for Aytoun became the favourite of two kings, was appointed private secretary to two queens, and died at Whitehall Palace. Considering that he held other State offices of a more public character, and was the friend of Ben Jonson (who boasted that "Sir Robert Aytoun loves me dearly"), Drummond of Hawthornden, and other poets whose lives and works have been annotated to the minutest particulars, there are singularly few records of his career to be found in works accessible to English readers. The diaries of the time in which he lived, though full of gossip about almost every other member of the royal household, do not mention his name. Collections of State papers of his period contain nothing ostensibly from his pen, though so long in the service of the Court. Lodge, who gives several letters from William Fowler, Aytoun's predecessor, as Secretary and Master of Requests to Anne of Denmark, styling him "that ridiculous person," yet thinking it worth while to include two of his pompous and fantastic sonnets, "wretched as they are . . . as specimens of the Court poetry of that time,"* makes no allusion to Aytoun, whose poems, though few in number, and less known than they deserve to be, have too genuine a ring to become old-fashioned or lose their charm.

We find Aytoun mentioned once in the *Appendix to the Second Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission*; and even there his name is disguised by misspelling. In the list of

* *Illustrations of British History, Biography, and Manners. With numerous Notes and Observations.* By Edmund Lodge, Esq. Second Edition, 1838. Vol. III., p. 18.

manuscripts in the possession of Mr. W. Bromley Davenport, M.P., at Baginton Hall, Warwickshire, close under an original epitaph by Ben Jonson, is a "Privy Seal Warrant by Anne, Queen of James the First . . . directing a patent for Sir Robert Arton, our Secretarie of the offices of Secretary and Master of our Requests. Oct. 20, 1612." Grainger gives Aytoun but one line besides the Latin inscription from his tomb in Westminster Abbey. Even painting and sculpture when employed on Aytoun's behalf are passed over in similar silence. Horace Walpole and his editors, Dallaway and Wornum, do not give in their comprehensive list of Vandyke's works the portrait of Aytoun, from which his memorial bust is taken; and the same authorities speak of "the figure of Sir Charles Villiers and the monument of Sir Thomas Richardson,"* in Westminster Abbey, by Hubert Le Sœur, but omit altogether his bust of Sir Robert Aytoun, taken, Dean Stanley tells us, from a portrait by Vandyke, although Horace Walpole goes somewhat out of his way to mention with praise "two cumbent figures of an alderman and his wife, in the cathedral of Gloucester, evidently wrought from a design of Vandyke"—surely less interesting subjects, however worthy in their generation, than the scholar and courtier, the first Scottish poet interred in Westminster Abbey.

In 1844, Dr. Charles Rogers first published in Edinburgh an edition of Aytoun's English poems, from a contemporary manuscript in his possession. He was stimulated to produce the present fuller work by some curious misapprehensions on the part of the Scottish "historiographer royal."

Dr. John Hill Burton, in the seventh volume of his *History of Scotland*, attributes the design of Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh, to Sir Robert Aytoun, who, he says, "was thus artist as well as poet;" adding that Aytoun was a master of the art of decorative penmanship (instancing certain finely illuminated copies of the Confession of Faith); and that the author of the *Lays of the Cavaliers* was his descendant. It would be difficult to compress more blunders into so small a compass. William Wallace, master mason to Charles the First, designed Heriot's Hospital, and superintended its erection for three years, after which he was succeeded in his post by William Aiton the younger, son

* *Anecdotes of Painting in England*. By Horace Walpole. With Additions by the Rev. James Dallaway. Edited by Ralph N. Wornum. Bohn, 1862. Vol. II., p. 393.

of a Haddingtonshire master mason, settled in Edinburgh. One of these Edinburgh Aitons, not Sir Robert (at that time a Court Poet at Whitehall), was the illuminator of the Scottish Confession of Faith preserved in the Advocates' Library. And as Sir Robert died a bachelor and belonged to the Aytouns of Kinaldie, divided by three centuries from those of Inchdairnie, to which the professor of our day belonged, they can scarcely be considered as ancestor and descendant. It is only fair to add that Dr. Hill Burton publicly corrected his mistake as to the architect of Heriot's Hospital, though he repeated the other inaccuracies.

Finding so little known and so much misstated about the first Scot who wrote English poetry, Dr. Rogers went diligently to work not only among old books and family papers, but in the Public Records and Will Offices, and traced his hero's pedigree to its roots in the fine old Norman house of De Vesey, one of whose members, migrating to Scotland in the reign of Robert Bruce, received from him the lands of Aytoun, in Berwickshire. No wonder the air of courts and the strains of minstrels were sweet and congenial to one in whose veins flowed the blood of knights and *trouveurs*, though through many intervening generations of Scottish soldiers and landowners !

Robert Aytoun was born in 1570, in his father's castle of Kinaldie, near St. Andrews, Fifeshire, to which his elder brother, John, succeeded. The two sons were both entered as students of St. Leonard's College, St. Andrews, and on the father's death, in 1590, while John became head of the house and settled among his dependants, Robert departed to study civil law in the University of Paris. Returning from abroad in 1603, he won the heart of King James by a Latin poem, congratulating him on his accession to the English throne. It was long, florid, highly erudite and eulogistic, and procured the fortunate poet an invitation to Court. Robert Aytoun was not the penniless Scotch adventurer of whom douce King Jamie had such a religious dread ; but a well-born, well-taught, well-looking, accomplished man, with his solid basis of Scottish study and intelligence polished by foreign intercourse. He began his career modestly, with the appointment of Groom of the Privy Chamber, at a salary of twenty pounds a year, and " such parcels of stuffs for his yearly livery as Lawrence Marbury (his predecessor) lately held ; " but he was destined to rise rapidly.

King James, ambitious of poetical distinction himself, was willing to be the patron of poets. When, in 1609, he acknowledged his anonymously published "Apology for the Oath of Allegiance," and dedicated it to "Randolph the Second, Emperor of Germany, Hungary, &c., and to all other right high and mighty princes and states of Christendome," Aytoun was one of the two ambassadors despatched to place a copy in the Imperial hands. The Exchequer Warrant Book contains an allowance of three hundred pounds each for their travelling expenses. We have no details of how Aytoun acquitted himself on this delicate and honourable mission; but presumably to the satisfaction of his master, as he was knighted at Rycot, Oxfordshire, in 1612, and about the same time made Gentleman of the Bedchamber to King James, and, as we have seen, Private Secretary to Queen Anne. In 1619 he received a pension of £500 a year, ["For, and in consideration of, the good, faithful, and acceptable service heretofore done as well unto Us as to our late dear Consort," declares the king, in a wordy official document.

On the death of Thomas Murray (formerly of Tullibardine, Perthshire), who had been made Provost of Eton by James I., Francis Bacon and Robert Aytoun were among the candidates for the vacant dignity. "The King"—writes Lord Keeper Williams to the Marquis of Buckingham, on April the 11th, 1623, after explaining that the place is "stayed by the fellows and himself" till his lordship's pleasure should be known—"the King named unto me yesterday morning Sir Albertus Morton, Sir Dudley Carlton, and Sir Robert Aytoun, our late Queen's Secretary; in my opinion, though he named him last, his Majesty inclined to this Aytoun most. . . . It is somewhat necessary to be a good scholar, but more that he be a good husband and a careful manager, and a stayed man, which no man can be that [is] so much indebted as my Lord St. Albans."*

Aytoun, it seems, offered to resign his pension if made Provost, on hearing which Lady Carleton promised the Lord Treasurer that her husband, who was ambassador in Holland at the time, should effect an equal saving for the State by "retrenching his extraordinaries." Whereon the Treasurer "gave not promise of assistance, onely sayd he

* Hepworth Dixon, in his *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, does not seem to be aware that Aytoun was one of Bacon's opponents, see pp. 294—299.

was engaged for no man except that once when he heard some speake of Sir Ro. Ayton's offer he affirmed it was a good course of saving £500." Another contemporary letter on the same subject indulges in one of those plays upon words of which the wits of the time were so fond, their enjoyment of them never being sacrificed to a slavish accuracy in the matter of spelling. Aytoun had evidently invoked his muse to help him in canvassing. The deer-stealing episode seems curiously irrelevant. Mr. John Chamberlain is addressing Sir Dudley Carleton :

"My writing is to little purpose now that you have such and so many agents here that will let nothing escape. Yet Sir Robert Eaton's verses may be worth your reading, wherein he moves the king for Eaton; as likewise Thomas Murray's epitaph and the complaint of his own fortune. Wherein he aims at the stire and pursuit after certain bad fellowes that all the last year made an occupation of stealing the king's deare out of Tiball's parke, though y^t be walled, which has much incensed the king and moved great indignation."

Aytoun, in letters preserved in Balfour's Collections in the Advocate's Library, and supposed to be addressed to the Earl of Annandale (then Viscount Annan), explains that he desired to obtain the place for the benefit of his friend Murray's seven children, to whom he had left only £2,000; and speaks slightly of the verses on Murray's death referred to by Chamberlain :

"I have heer sent you a copie of some lines which may serve to let the world see that I care not to be thought ane bad poet, so being that I may make it appeare that I was his true friende."

He was by no means confident of obtaining the post :

"What the success will be I know not," he continues. "These that I trusted most to have proved most unprofitable unto me. My Lord of Lenox was engaged to Becher; my Lord Hamilton would not meddle to crosse my Lord of Lenox—all the rest of the Bed chamber are mainlie for me. I have not so much faith as to believe that I shall prevaile, but I thocht good to do the part of one that loved him that was gone, and wold not by his owne negligence betray his owne fortune."

The event justified Aytoun's apprehensions. There was yet another candidate, a brother poet, better known to the present generation :

"Sir Henry Wotton," says Izaak Walton, in his quaint and measured phrases, "had for many years, like Sysyphus, rolled the restless stone of a State employment; and knowing experimentally that the great blessing of sweet content was not to be found in multitudes of men or business, and that a college was the fittest place to nourish holy thoughts and to afford rest both to his body and mind, . . . did therefore use his own, and the interest of all his friends, to procure that place. By which means, and quitting the king of his promised reversionary offices" [each aspirant seems to have felt compelled to bribe James with some prospective saving] "and a piece of honest policy which I have not time to relate, he got a grant of it from His Majesty."*

Still Aytoun had no reason to complain of the proverbial fickleness of Court favour. Unlike many of his companions, a change of monarchs brought him no change of position, no lessening of prosperity. Charles I. not only confirmed Aytoun in all the offices he then held, but gave him the same appointment in the household of his wife, Henrietta Maria, as he had formerly filled in that of his mother, Anne of Denmark.

History is mute as to the relations between the spoilt beauty and bride of fifteen and her elderly Scottish secretary. We do not hear whether, when the young queen smashed Whitehall Palace windows in her ebullitions of wrath, Aytoun had to help his royal master to hold her wrists. Probably Aytoun's early residence in Paris, and his gift of propitiating a lady's favour with smoothly-flowing couplets, made him more acceptable to the accomplished daughter of the house of Medici than some of his untravelled, uncultured companions. At all events, from her hands he received his next appointment—the Mastership of the Royal Hospital of St. Katharine, a sinecure worth £200 a year. The hospital, with its collegiate church, was founded in 1148 by Matilda, wife of Stephen; and all the patronage so rigidly vested in the Queen Consort that on a vacancy occurring in the early part of the present reign Queen Victoria was found disqualified to appoint a new master, and Adelaide Queen Dowager exercised the privilege. The buildings originally occupied the site of St. Katharine's Docks, but were in 1827 removed to Regent's Park.

* Walton's *Lives*. Art. "Sir Henry Wotton." Bell and Daldy. 1864. Pp. 113, 114.

Aytoun was at this period an influential and prosperous man—Privy Councillor, Master of St. Katharine's, Master of Requests, Master of Ceremonies, Secretary to the Queen, friend and comrade of nearly all his illustrious contemporaries. Aubrey, in his letters, says that Sir Robert Aytoun was "acquainted with all the witts of his time in England. . . . Mr. Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, told me he made use of him (together with Ben Jonson) for an Aristarchus, when he drew up his Epistle Dedicatory for his translation of Thucydides." Many of Aytoun's early friends rose to yet higher rank than himself—William Alexander became Earl of Stirling, James Hay was made Earl of Carlisle, John Murray was created Earl of Arran. He belonged essentially to the circle of cultivated and scholarly Scottish favourites with whom James delighted to surround himself, and to whom Charles, familiar with them from childhood, extended the same affectionate protection. Two of these friends are commemorated in Aytoun's authenticated poems,—many of which were lost, and others only rescued from the obscurity of MS. by Dr. Rogers. But it is curious that, although in his day the exchange of poetical addresses between friends who had the gift of rhyme was as ordinary as an exchange of letters now, we can find no trace of any brother singer (except Alexander Craig) in turn immortalising Aytoun,—who must have been popular with his contemporaries, since Dempster testifies that "he conducted himself with such moderation and prudence that when he obtained high honours in the palace all held that he deserved greater." He seems to have led a quiet studious life, taking no prominent part in politics or public affairs, and, in spite of his Privy Councillorship, scarcely mentioned by historians as forming part of the machinery of Government. This almost absolute silence of contemporaries is itself indirect testimony to Aytoun's honesty in times when nearly every official was more or less corrupt, and always plotting to ruin his neighbours, and the Queen's cabinet was a focus of intrigue. Truly has it been said that one rogue makes more noise in the world than ten honest men.

Aytoun died at Whitehall Palace in February, 1637-8, in his sixty-ninth year. The Latin inscription on the monument erected to him by his executor, after enume-

rating, with some little chronological confusion, the offices he held, says :

"Carolvm linqvens Repetit Parentem,
Et Valedicens Mariæ revisit
Annam, et avlai Decvs, Alto Olympi,
Mutat Honore ;"

and concludes with the customary hyperbole of epitaphs :

"As a testimony of his devoted and grateful sentiments, John Aytoun has erected this mournful monument to the best of uncles. Here lies entombed an unrivalled example of worth—the glory of the muses—of the court and country—of home and abroad."

That a tolerably enlightened man in the age succeeding Bacon's could gravely record in marble that Aytoun in dying merely quitted King Charles and Queen Henrietta Maria to join his old master King James and Anne of Denmark, and so exchanged the honour of Whitehall for the glory of Heaven, would create astonishment, did we not remember that fifty years later the good Fathers of the Jesuits' College at Rome, at the fête to James II.'s ambassador, inscribed under the English monarch's bust that His Majesty had not only prevailed with Charles his brother to die a pious death, but given him wings and sent him as ambassador to Heaven to announce King James's accession to the crown; adding, as kings sent and received princes as ambassadors, so "it became God Almighty to receive, and James to send, no ambassadors but kings,"* Charles having brought the news of his own death and James's accession to Heaven! No wonder the wits of Rome made merry over the rhodomontade of the Jesuit Fathers, though it does not appear that it was regarded as at all absurd in England.

John Aytoun had good substantial reasons for entertaining "grateful sentiments" towards his uncle's memory, inasmuch as Sir Robert's influence had obtained for him a pension and the appointment of "usher to the Prince" (of Wales?), so that he afterwards became Knight of the Black Rod. Moreover, he inherited, by special bequest, his uncle's Lincolnshire lands, the Scottish estate being secured by entail to the nearest heir male.

In Aytoun's will we find mention of a lady destined after-

* *Welwood's Memoirs*, p. 187. Ed. 1700.

wards to do a curious service to his royal master. "Item, my will is," says the old knight, "that my French bedd with the appurtenances be given unto Mrs. Whorewood." She it was whom Charles, when a prisoner at Hampton Court, in 1647, commissioned to consult the astrologer Lilly, then living in the Strand, as to the place to which his Majesty should fly; and on whom, out of £1,000 given him by Alderman Adams, the King bestowed £500 for her mission. She saw and consulted Lilly, who, Parliamentarian though he was, having solemnly interrogated the stars, informed her that his Majesty ought without delay to retire into Essex, twenty miles from London. Mrs. Whorewood, elated with her success, hastened back to Hampton Court, but was much disappointed to find that the king had already fled—frightened away by an anonymous letter warning him against assassination. This letter was no doubt dictated by Cromwell, then at Windsor, by whose order the watch upon Charles had been relaxed, and the sentinels withdrawn from the posts they usually guarded. Mrs. Whorewood is, we believe, no more heard of.

But little as can be gathered about Aytoun the man, Aytoun the poet deserves to be remembered even in these days, when one of the brotherhood cries indignantly, "Poets, we are too many." Aytoun was essentially a Court poet. The mere titles of many of his Latin poems suffice to show their scope and aim, and that they possess small interest for general readers:—"Expostulatio cum Jacobo Rege," "Pro Nuptiis Cari et Carinæ," "Ad Regem Jacobum," "In rumorem de cæde Regis Jacobi," &c. "Compliment and love" are his prevailing themes, observes Dr. Rogers, truly enough; adding that when Aytoun smites "his sarcasm is crushing"—a dictum not so easy to establish. If the sonnet "On Mr. Thomas Murray's Fall" be a fair specimen of Aytoun's satire it was of a most mild and innocuous order:

"The other night, from Court returning late,
Tired with attendance, out of love with state,
I met a boy, who asked if he should go
Along to light me home? I answered, No!
Yet he did urge the darkness of the night,
The foulness of the way required a light.
'Tis true, good boy,' quoth I, 'yet thou mayst be
More useful to some other than to me;

I cannot miss my way, but they that take
 The way from whence I came have need to make
 A light their guide; for I dare boldly say,
 'Tis ten to one but they shall lose their way.' "

"Philo and Sophia," the solitary epigram by Aytoun handed down to us, is yet more flat and pointless:

"Philo loved Sophia, and she again
 Did pay him with her coy disdain;
 Yet when he died, he left her all he had,
 What do you think? The man was mad."

Decidedly satire was *not* Aytoun's forte, nor had he any sustained power in narrative. The long poem "Diophantus and Charidora," a story of unhappy love, told almost entirely in monologue, which established his claim to be the first Scottish poet who wrote English verse—being published (price sixpence) some years before King James's accession, while Alexander's "Aurora" did not appear till 1604, nor Drummond's "Tears on the Death of Moeliades" till 1613—is formal and tedious, though there are occasionally pretty lines, and some quaint passages, such as—

"First I attest thy name,
 And then the gods above;
 But chief of these the *Boy that bears*
The stately style of Love."

Surely Cupid was never before invoked so pompously!

Aytoun is better when he moralises, though this is very seldom. Courtly panegyric on his royal masters flows smoothly from his pen, but there is a curious absence of the didactic and religious themes which were so favoured by most of his contemporary countrymen. A sonnet entitled "False Hopes" is a good specimen of his more serious style:

"False hopes are bankrupts both of time and youth;
 The shadows which King Cephens' sons did chase,
 The pools which fled from Tantalus' thirsty mouth—
 Go hence from me, and take your dwelling-place
 With such chameleons as can live on air,
 With such as bow unto their own disgrace.
 Thurinus sought for good and solid ware;
 For me, I'd rather cherish true despair

Than entertain such hopes as do betray me.
 Yea, I would rather stoop to such a care
 As cuts me short, than such as do waylay me.
 A hopeless life is armed against all pain ;
 It doubleth grief, to hope and not to obtain."

But Aytoun is unquestionably best of all when he makes love. There is real spirit and fire, imagination and tenderness, in most of his love poems, such as place him as far ahead of the second or third rate poets of his day as he is far behind the first rank. The best known of these, having found its way into many collections, is his "Address to an Inconstant Mistress." Two of its spirited stanzas will serve as a reminder of the whole :

" Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
 If thou hadst still continued mine ;
 Nay, if thou hadst remained thine own
 I might perchance have yet been thine.
 But thou thy freedom didst recall
 That it thou mightest elsewhere enthrall.
 And then how could I but disdain
 A captive's captive to remain ?

" Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
 Thy choice of his good fortune boast ;
 I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,
 To see him gain what I have lost.
 The height of my disdain shall be,
 To laugh at him, to blush for thee.
 To love thee still, but go no more
 A-begging at a beggar's door ! "

The reply to this "Address," written at the request of King James, who had always rather tender feelings towards the ladies, is in the spirit of Coleridge's exquisite lines :

" Love them for what they were ; nor love them less
 Because to you they are not what they were."

Like most answers or sequels it is inferior in fire and music to the original. But still a fine poem, measured by the standard of the average verse of its day :

THE AUTHOR'S ANSWER.

Written at the King's Command.

"Thou that loved once, now lov'st no more,
 For fear to show more love than brain,
 With heresy unhatched before,
 Apostasy thou dost maintain.

Can he have either brain or love
 That doth inconstancy approve?
 A choice well made no change admits,
 And changes argue after-wits.

"Say that she had not been the same,
 Shouldst thou therefore another be?

What thou in her as vice did blame,
 Can that take virtue's name in thee?
 No, thou in this her captive was,
 And made thee ready by her glass;
 Example led revenge astray,
 When true love should have kept the way.

"True love hath no reflecting end,
 The object good sets all at rest.

And noble breasts will freely lend,
 Without expecting interest.
 'Tis merchant love, 'tis trade for gain,
 To barter love for love again;
 'Tis usury, nay worse than this,
 For self-idolatry it is.

"Then let her choice be what it will,

Let constancy be thy revenge;
 If thou retribute good for ill
 Both grief and shame shall check her change.
 Thus mayst thou laugh, when thou shalt see
 Remorse reclaim her home to thee.
 And where thou begg'st of her before,
 She now sits begging at thy door."

Dean Stanley (*Hist. Mem. of West. Abbey*), in noticing Aytoun as "the first Scottish poet" buried in Westminster Abbey, says that he also claims sepulture there "from being the first in whose verses appears the 'Auld Lang Syne.'" He does not, however, give any authority for this fact.

The two parts of "Old Long Syne" included by Dr. Rogers in his collection of Aytoun's poems have, he says, "been ascribed to Aytoun chiefly on the ground of the

sentiments and manner bearing such marked resemblance to his own." This seems rather too conjectural to be relied upon, especially as Dr. Rogers found neither part in the two manuscript volumes whose authenticity he has clearly established. A variation on the same theme, "Auld Lang Syne," attributed to Francis Temple, is greatly inferior. Burns' well-known song contains the pith of Temple's version in a shorter, simpler, and more effective form.

With another poem generally attributed to Aytoun, Burns has been far less successful. He has vulgarised the old poet without strengthening him. The first of the two following poems is Aytoun's, the second Burns' singularly ill-executed attempt to "improve the simplicity of the sentiments by giving them a Scottish dress."

THE FORSAKEN MISTRESS.

"I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee;
Had I not found the slightest pray'r
That lips could speak had power to move thee.
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

"I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
Which kisseth everything it meets!
And since thou canst love more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be loved by none.

"The morning rose that untouched stands,
Arm'd with her briars, how sweet she smells!
But pluck'd, and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweet no longer with her dwells.
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her one by one.

"Sach fate ere long will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile.
Like fair flowers to be thrown aside,
And thou shalt sigh when I shall smile,
To see thy love to every one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none."

"I do confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been ower the lugs in love
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, thy heart could move.
I do confess thee sweet—but find
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind,
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

"See yonder rosebud rich in dew,
Among its native briers sae coy,
How sune it tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy.
Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide,
Tho' thou may gaily bloom awhile;
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside
Like any common weed and vile."

The melancholy titles of many of Aytoun's lays—"A Love Dirge," "The Lover's Remonstrance," "The Poet Forsaken," &c.—move one to pity this constant, tender, always unfortunate and disappointed lover. It is consolatory to find him frankly admitting his wounds to be only skin-deep:

"I like a mild and lukewarm zeal in love,
Although I do not like it in devotion"—

cries Aytoun, in a Juanesque mood:

"For it hath no coherence with my creed,
To think that lovers die as they pretend.
If all that say they die had died indeed,
Sure long ere now the world had had an end.

* * * * *

"Yet have I been a lover by report,
Yea, I have died for love as others do;
But, praised be God, it was in such a sort
That I revived within an hour or two!"

Perhaps some of Aytoun's philosophy sprang from a source even more soothing than the favours of the muses, though less congenial to the tastes of his royal patrons; as we find him writing in a strain which would have charmed Charles Lamb, a "Sonnet on Tobacco."

A SONNET ON TOBACCO.

" Forsaken of all comforts but these two,
My faggot and my pipe, I sit and muse
On all my crosses, and almost accuse
The heav'ns for dealing with me as they do.
Then hope steps in, and with a smiling brow
Such cheerful expectations doth infuse
As make me think ere long I cannot choose
But be some grandee, whatsoe'er I'm now.
But having spent my pipe, I then perceive
That hopes and dreams are cousins—both deceive.
Then make I this conclusion in my mind,
'Tis all one thing—both tend into one scope—
To live upon Tobacco and on Hope :
The one's but smoke, the other is but wind."

To his pipe we leave the kindly, shrewd, worthy old knight: destined to enter upon an honoured repose before the thunder cloud of Civil War broke over the heads of the master and mistress he had loved so well and served so loyally.

ART. V.—*The Annexation of the Transvaal Territory.*
Public Prints of the Period.

On the 12th April, 1877, at Pretoria, the village-capital of the Transvaal Republic, a little ceremony was performed which had an extraordinary effect. A small knot of persons proceeded down the street to the magistrate's office, and when they had arrived at that convenient spot, one of the number produced a short document, which he read from the steps to the little crowd assembled. A few cheers greeted the close of his task; and the meeting dispersed, with no apparent alteration either in the individuals themselves or their surroundings. Yet, in reality, the words read by Mr. Osborn, Secretary to the British Commission, had had a transforming power upon them and their country almost as magical as that fabled of the spells of Eastern enchanters. They had had the effect of advancing the territories of Great Britain several hundred miles further into the interior of Africa, making its northern boundary the river Limpopo, instead of the Orange. A country as large as France, fruitful in all the products of the temperate and torrid zones, well watered, abounding in precious and other metals and minerals, and capable of becoming the happy home of millions of people, had yielded at a word to the sway of England. Without the firing of a shot the inhabitants, far and near, had become entitled to all those glorious privileges which are an Englishman's birthright. Even the inevitable native, who looked wonderingly on, had, unknown to himself, become invested with the dignity of a British subject, and a share in the glories of that empire on which the sun never sets. But the men of European descent who heard the words of Sir T. Shepstone's proclamation were well aware of the change that it involved, from chaotic disorder to just and firm government, and from constant native quarrels and dangers to the security which is everywhere guaranteed by Britannia's ample shield. To some, also, amongst the

actors of that day's work of annexation, was present the thought that England had thus decisively reversed her policy of non-interference with the Boer Republics, and, yielding to her irresistible destiny, abandoned her determination to make the Orange River the boundary of her South African possessions. New and indefinite responsibilities were assumed on that day by the act which brought her standards to the proximity of new races of warlike savages, certain to give trouble, certain in their turn to be transformed into British subjects, and in their turn to necessitate the absorption of lands and races beyond.

The country thus transformed into a British colony has been described as "the finest stretch of land in all South Africa, everywhere well watered, and adapted for both agricultural and pastoral pursuits." Its northern boundary is the river Limpopo, or Crocodile River, and the Vaal (or dun-coloured river, so called from the hue of its waters), the principal affluent of the Orange River, bounds it on the south. On the east it is bordered by the great and wide range of the Drakensberg or Lebombo mountains, the principal source of its mineral wealth. This range separates it from the territory of the independent Zulus, whose King is Cetywayo, and from the Portuguese settlement around Delagoa Bay. On the west of the Transvaal a few Bechuana tribes have their dwelling; but, as their country is approached, the land becomes dry and barren, and finally cultivation ceases on the outskirts of the vast solitudes of the Kalahari Desert, of which the line of Pringle, the poet of South Africa, is strikingly descriptive :

"A region of emptiness, howling and drear."

Within these boundaries the fertile region of the Transvaal is roughly estimated to contain 120,000 square miles of territory; and the latest estimate of its population gives 40,000 of European descent, and 250,000 coloured inhabitants. No census has ever been taken, and these figures can, therefore, only be regarded as approximations. They would indicate a distribution of about two and a half persons to the square mile. For the sake of comparison, we may recall the fact that the proportion of inhabitants to a square mile in the British Isles is over 260. At the same rate, the Transvaal should support its thirty millions of inhabitants! It is not, however, by any means intended to convey the impression that agricultural, non-manufac-

turing South Africa will ever carry so dense a population, even in its most fertile parts ; but the comparison is sufficient to show that the Transvaal is almost empty of people, and presents, therefore, a most favourable field for emigration.

When the first wanderers from the Cape Colony began to enter the Transvaal, about forty years ago, they found the country nearly uninhabited. It would appear, however, that it had been once peopled by races much more advanced in civilisation than the Kafirs or other native tribes of the present day. Rumours of extensive ruins seen by adventurous hunters at various points between the Vaal River and the Zambesi had long been vaguely reported in the colony ; and recent explorers have verified these statements. Mauch, the German traveller, has described some of these ruins, which are also illustrated in Baines's *Gold Regions of South Africa*. They are situated in latitude $20^{\circ}15'$ south, longitude $31^{\circ}38'$ north, and are, therefore, a little distance beyond the north-eastern border of the Transvaal. They are described as extensive ; "one collection covers a considerable portion of a gentle rise, while another, apparently a fort, stands upon a bold granite hill. The walls are still thirty feet high, and are built of granite, *hewn into small blocks about the size of our bricks*, and put together without mortar. The most remarkable of these walls is situated on the very edge of a precipitous cliff, and is in perfect preservation to a height of thirty feet : the walls are about ten feet thick at the base, and seven or eight at the top. From the inner sides of the walls project several beams of close-grained dark-coloured stone about twenty feet long ; but half their length was built into the walls to give them firmness. They probably supported a gallery. Zigzag and lozenge-shaped figures were carved on them, but no other ornament or inscription has yet been found." These ruins are reported to exist throughout the extensive auriferous region in various localities both within and beyond the Transvaal. Further research may reveal somewhat more respecting their character and origin. They would seem to point to the existence of a civilised race of considerable wealth and power in some unknown period of antiquity. Incredible labour must have been applied to the granite which was thus hewn and shaped into small blocks ; and this characteristic may indicate some connection with Egypt. Whoever the people were who thus lived, laboured, and

flourished in these regions, their name and fame have utterly perished; and there remains nothing to connect them with the present. Coming down from these unknown and mysterious times, we may notice that the northern part of the Transvaal may have been known to the Portuguese, since there still remain some brick buildings in ruins which may probably have been erected by traders and gold-seekers of that nation, in that more vigorous period of its action in South-Central Africa, which is now long past.

At the time when the modern history of the Transvaal commences, about 1834, the country was, as we have said, all but uninhabited. The various native races inhabiting the region between the Orange and the Limpopo had long been at war amongst themselves; but the confusion was increased by the flight of a body of Zulus from Natal under their chief, Moselikatze, who was escaping from the power of the dreaded Chaka, the conquering King of the Zulu nation. The history of Chaka and of his wars in the country east of the Drakensberg may be read in the Rev. W. Holden's *Past and Future of the Kafir Races*. He was a military genius, and a monster of cruelty; and his former general, Moselikatze, when he set up for himself in the wide regions west of the mountain range, faithfully imitated the example of his ferocity. The wars he waged were wars of extermination. The writer has heard from the lips of a Wesleyan missionary, now resident in Grahams-town (Rev. J. Edwards), a description of the state in which the country now called the Orange Free State had been left by the various wars that had been waged in it. The native villages were desolate; heaps of whitening skulls were almost the only remains of the inhabitants, whose dead bodies had been devoured by beasts and birds of prey. Some fugitives who had escaped had secured themselves in the hills. It is likely enough, and indeed it was acknowledged by these remnants of the exterminated tribes, after their conversion to Christianity, that their natural pride and fierceness had been broken by war and misery, and that they were thus the better prepared for the reception of truth and civilisation. A curious incident connected with this strange *præparatio evangelii* deserves to be rescued from oblivion. In years before the foundation of the Wesleyan Mission at Thaba 'Nchu, when the Barolongs who dwelt there were, as yet, free from wars, a lad, the survivor of some tribe further north, which had been destroyed, had found his way to

the place, and was permitted to drag out some kind of despised existence there. After a while he began to have dreams, and foretold in succession the wars and ruin that the Barolong were about to suffer. When his credit had been established by the fulfilment of several woful predictions, he had a final vision, to the effect that Thaba 'Nchu would receive another visit, but this time from a peaceful party with white men at their head, who would be dressed in black garments, with white bands round their necks, and would have words to tell, to which the tribe must attend. The prediction was in time duly accomplished in the arrival of some Wesleyan missionaries at that place, where they had considerable success in the conversion of the natives. Among the rest the youthful seer became a Christian, and received the appropriate name of Daniel, though the particulars of his history were not at that time known to the missionaries.

But white men were now about to cross the Orange River in greater numbers, and on a different errand. About 1825 the colonial farmers began the practice of driving their flocks across the Orange River in search of fresh pastures, especially in times of drought. This occupation soon became permanent, in spite of the effort of the Cape Government, who foresaw an enlargement of their responsibilities, to stop it. Thus the country between the Orange and the Vaal (the present Orange Free State) became partly settled with colonial farmers. In 1833, however, a much more decided movement took place. Discontents had long existed among the Cape farmers, even during the time when the colony was governed by the Dutch East India Company. The Government of those days was tyrannical where it had power; and there was, therefore, a stronger temptation to farmers to get farther and farther away from Capetown into the northern and eastern part of the colony, where the arm of the Dutch Governor was not long enough to reach them. Here they defied the laws of the colony, and did what was right in their own eyes, enslaving the Hottentots, shooting down the bushmen, wherever they could be found, and gradually degenerating as they receded from the influences of education and religion. The substitution of the English rule, which was finally accomplished at the Peace of 1815, was irksome to these pioneers of the country, both because it was foreign, and because it was firm enough to enforce

obedience. The Dutch farmer found his titles to land inquired into, and realised with great dissatisfaction that Hottentots were protected by law from ill-usage, and that Bushmen's lives were sacred in the eyes of the new rulers. He disliked the multiplying of laws and ordinances; and those who had long enjoyed ample elbow-room in the wide pasturages of the north and east found their quiet broken in upon, and themselves inconvenienced, by the arrival of new settlers claiming their share of the country, importing new ideas, and not only speaking the English language, but somewhat demonstrative in their loyalty to a crown towards which the Dutchman felt, to say the least, apathetic. Acquiescence in a foreign rule is not difficult; but attachment must necessarily be of slow growth. This fact is sometimes overlooked in our calculations, both in South Africa and elsewhere. In addition to these causes of discontent, great annoyance and suffering had been caused by the Kafir war of 1835, and by the emancipation of the slaves throughout the colony. Some compensation was, it is true, voted to them by the British Parliament; but they complained that it was not more than one-third of the value of their slaves. Much even of this was lost to them owing to their inexperience in matters of business, which led them to sign away their claims to agents for a mere trifle; and a considerable amount was never claimed, whether through ignorance or dudgeon, and remains unpaid to this day. The author of *Africa Past and Present* says, moreover, that many of the Dutch in the colony were led to leave it through the apprehension of heavy taxes, which it was falsely stated Government would impose. Others, again, believed that by moving northward they would reach the Promised Land, and in particular Jerusalem; and strange as this delusion seems, it is said to be believed in by many of the more ignorant of these wanderers even yet. From all these causes, therefore, there took place in 1835-6 an emigration of from five to ten thousand of the emigrant Boers of the Cape Colony. They crossed the Orange River, and sustained no mishap until they reached the Vaal, where they became involved in warfare with Moselikatze, and, after suffering some loss, and inflicting a severe chastisement upon him in return, they turned their steps towards Natal. Here they had hopes of obtaining a settlement, since Chaka, who had depopulated that fine country, was dead, and his brother and murderer Dingaan reigned

in his stead. From Dingaan, however, they experienced the blackest treachery, their commander Retief and seventy of the Boers being slain at a feast by a sudden onset of Zulus, at the king's orders. Immediately after this, Dingaan attacked the main encampments of the emigrants, and succeeded in effecting much further slaughter. The district where this latter event occurred still bears the name of "Weenen," or weeping. Rallying, however, under the command of a farmer called Pretorius, the Boers resolved to take signal vengeance on Dingaan, and shortly afterwards encountered him at the head of his army, about nine or ten thousand in number. On that occasion upwards of 3,000 of the Zulus were slain, and the emigrants followed up their successes, until they had deposed Dingaan, appointed another king over the Zulus, and taken possession for themselves of the country of Natal, the Zulus having retired northward to their present position. The Boers now established a republic in Natal, and hoped their troubles were over. They had, however, reckoned without their host. The British Government did not intend to allow of any independent States being set up by its own subjects. The Boers were informed that they would still be held to their allegiance as British subjects, and after much disputing, and even some fighting, Natal was, in 1843, declared a British colony.

Many of the emigrants at once abandoned the country, and fled into the region between the Orange River and the Limpopo, where a considerable number of their brethren had already settled. Moselikatze and his people had by this time retired to the north of the latter river, into their present territory, and the only natives left in the Transvaal were the broken remnants of tribes that had been subdued by him. It is not within the compass of this article to relate how the tract of country between the Orange and the Vaal gradually hardened into a British colony, which again, by a fatal policy, was abandoned in 1854, and now forms the Orange Free State, an independent, or semi-independent, Dutch Republic, fairly well governed and prosperous. Its career may be instructive to British statesmen, and, without offence, it may be taken as an indication of what the Dutch feeling in South Africa is towards British rule. If compelled by circumstances they will quietly, though not contentedly acquiesce; and where the power is in their hands, they will choose a different form of

government. True, there are many colonists of Dutch extraction who are thoroughly loyal to the British Crown; but, on the other hand, there is a feeling amongst many of them, the strength of which is unknown, because not openly manifested, which would gladly do away with English speech, manners, and government.

With the Transvaal territory, however, the British Government steadily declined to have anything to do. A Republic had been set up there by Pretorius and his followers in 1838, and similar institutions arose in other parts of the country. Pretorius was a determined, active man, who resolutely disputed British authority, declaring that his people had thrown off their allegiance when they left the Colony. When negotiations failed, he took up arms against the feeble detachment of British troops that occupied Bloemfontein. Thereupon he was declared a rebel, and a reward of £2,000 was offered for his capture. At the battle of Boomplaats, however, an affair which took place in the Orange River sovereignty, the Boers received a decided beating from the English troops. This was in August, 1848, and the result was that British authority was restored in that sovereignty, which was subject to no further troubles till its abandonment in 1854. Pretorius fled over the Vaal into the territory now called the Transvaal, and was not further molested. At last, in 1852, the British Commissioners appointed to settle native and other troubles across the Orange River, considering it best for the general welfare that some kind of settled government should be established in the Transvaal, came to terms with the inhabitants of that country. A treaty called the Sand River Convention was signed, in which the British Government, without exactly saying that it freed the Transvaal people from their allegiance, agreed to allow them to form a government such as they should prefer, and promised that it would not interfere with them, nor encroach upon them. The Commissioners "disclaimed all alliances with any of the coloured nations to the north of the Vaal;" and required no conditions of any great importance, except that slavery should not exist in the new State. This Convention, signed by the Governor of the Cape Colony, Sir George Cathcart, established the independence of the Transvaal Republic, or as its founders somewhat ambitiously called it, the South African Republic. It was not an unconditional release of the people and territory from British

allegiance, for when it was proposed by Pretorius to consolidate the two Republics of the Transvaal and Orange Free State into one, the Cape Government at once gave notice that such an attempt would make void the independence of both States. Still, if matters had gone well in the Transvaal, there is no doubt that they would never have been subject to any further interference on the part of Great Britain. The same ambiguous independence was bestowed in 1854, by the agency of Sir George Clerk, upon the inhabitants of the Orange River Sovereignty; and these latter, though the freedom thus conferred was as distasteful to them as it was agreeable to the Boers of the Transvaal, being left to themselves, founded another Dutch-speaking Republic, entitled the Orange Free State, which has maintained its independence, and still flourishes. The Cape Colony and the British dominion in South Africa were now bounded by the Orange River.

These changes resulted from the policy of Earl Grey, who was Secretary of State for the Colonies at that time. The colonists disapproved of all of them, especially the abandonment of the Free State; but the theory that colonies are not of much value, and should be got rid of, if at all troublesome, was rife in England in those days: and both the Governor of the Cape Colony, Sir George Cathcart, and Sir George Clerk, the Special Commissioner appointed for the purpose of arranging the relinquishment of these territories, were of opinion that the step was a desirable one. Sir George Clerk reported that the possession of these territories "secured no genuine interests—answered no really beneficial purpose—imparted no strength to the British Government, no credit to its character, and no lustre to its crown." Nevertheless, colonial opinion was correct, and the abandonment of the lands beyond the Orange River was a very great blunder. The manner of its accomplishment was also a blunder. The independence, if conceded at all, should have been complete and not limited. So far was the British Government from actually allowing the two Republics to act as independent States, that both Mr. Brand, the President of the Free State, and Mr. Burgess, of the Transvaal Republic, were warned on occasion of some disputes with the Cape authorities, in which they had held strong language, that they might yet be treated as rebels by Great Britain. The ill-feeling and irritation caused by such a bearing towards the little

Trans-Orange Republics was very great. Nor was the abandonment less a blunder in that it was never submitted to Parliament. It was an Act the legality of which was, for this reason, always doubtful; but, supposing it strictly legal, it was highly injudicious for the Crown to give up many thousands of its subjects, and nearly 200,000 square miles of territory, without taking the sense of Parliament upon the project. To the Cape Colony it was a wrong, inasmuch as it barred the natural extension of its territory, and its access to the trade of the interior, by the establishment of two unfriendly Republics on its northern border. It was a source of trouble to colonists attached to the British connection, and an encouragement to the Dutch party, who desired to have the management of the country in their own hands, and dreamed of the setting up of a universal South African Republic. The abandonment by England of the allegiance of so many subjects, and of so splendid a territory, gave these disaffected colonists the hope that she would soon abandon the whole of her South African possessions in the same manner. It was, again, mere blindness to suppose that England could derive no lustre and no advantage from the possession of these States. Their commerce, ever increasing, passes through the colony; and thus their imports are British manufactures, and their wool is carried in British ships, and sold to British merchants. As soon, however, as they were separated from the colony, they began to look in another direction, and negotiated with Portugal for the opening of Delagoa Bay, that they might be independent of England. It was a blunder for English statesmen to suppose that they could give up their intercourse with, and guardian, ship of, the native tribes over the border; or that the Boer Republics would not act towards the natives in such a manner as to compel us to interfere. Only trouble could follow from our leaving them to deal at will with the aborigines; and we might also have foreseen that little weak States can no more hold their own amid the warlike tribes of South Africa, than they can in civilised Europe.

We have spoken of the Transvaal territory as being erected, after 1852, into a Republic; but the fact is that there were at first three Republics in the region beyond the Vaal—namely, one in the south, over which Pretorius, already mentioned, was President, a second at Lydenburg, and a third in the district of Zoutpansberg, on the

northern frontier. After his death, however, they all coalesced into the so-called South African Republic. The Government was of the rudest possible character. The Boers of the Transvaal were far more impatient of restraint, of law, and of taxation, than those of the Free State. Their wish was that each man should be master in his own house; and they saw very little need of a central government which should interfere with the freedom of their actions. Almost totally uneducated, they were entirely incapable of ruling the great country confided to them; and had greatly degenerated from the noble qualities of the Dutch in the mother country. No one could behold the spectacle of their legislators, clad in round jackets and shoes of undressed hide, independent alike of the use of socks and pocket handkerchiefs, without being convinced that their labours would be a stupid burlesque on government. We are assured that for years the national accounts were kept without books of any kind; and that when, once upon a time, the Treasurer-General was suspected of peculation, he handed over a number of loose receipts and vouchers for the inspection of the Commission appointed to investigate the matter. Four or five different conclusions were come to by that and several subsequent Commissions, from the mass of documents submitted to them; and each of these was probably as correct as the rest. The administration of the various departments of Government was utterly corrupt; and neither black man nor Englishman could hope for justice in the courts. It was found that there were more serious errors in the treatment which the various native tribes in the Transvaal Republic received. Practically they were deprived of their rights and of their territory, and reduced to a species of slavery. Under the obscure leaders who swayed the Republic in succession, the Boers extended their borders on all sides until they became involved in serious disputes with their native neighbours on the north, east, and west, and with the Free State on the south. Some of these difficulties were settled by the arbitration of the British Government, others continued to fester. Matters were in this state when the discovery of diamonds across the Orange River attracted large numbers of colonists in that direction, and the Cape Government saw itself compelled to interfere. The territory now called Gugarland West was proclaimed to be British by Sir Henry Barkly in 1871, a step which

gave great umbrage to both the Republics, who were much displeased to see British authority cross the Orange River once more.

The energetic life of this new English settlement, however, was the means of rousing the Transvaal into something like activity. Those of its inhabitants who took any interest in politics, weary of the "Scholmans, Rensburgs, and Jouberts" who had successively held the first place in the government, resolved on having an educated President, and made choice of the Rev. Thomas Burgers, an ex-minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, who had ceased to hold his living on account of heterodox views. Mr. Burgers, the last President of the Transvaal, was born in the Cape Colony; he was clever, plausible, ambitious, but deficient in sober judgment, and little conversant with business. He belonged to the "South African" party, a section of the Dutch inhabitants of the colony and the Republics, who dream of, and desire a South African Republic independent of England, and speaking a language neither Dutch nor English—for they do not greatly love either Holland or England—but a mixture of both. To aggrandise the Transvaal was one step towards the accomplishment of this dream. He set himself to reform its internal government; and in order to the construction of a railway from Pretoria to Delagoa Bay, which, it was thought, would make the Republic practically independent of Great Britain, he negotiated a treaty with Portugal, and set out to Europe, to arrange a loan in Holland. The Dutch, though naturally cautious, were delighted with their eloquent visitor; and a small sum was subscribed, ridiculously out of proportion to the magnitude of the undertaking. He returned to the Republic to find his popularity somewhat impaired, his railway scheme questioned, the civil disorders of the country much increased, and a small war on the point of breaking out with a petty chief in the north-east, the since famous Sikukuni, head of the Amaswazi, a race akin to the Kafirs. The war revealed the entire rottenness of the whole social system of the Republic. The Boers would neither fight nor pay the moderate taxes imposed upon them by the Government. Sikukuni gained several advantages, and the perilous spectacle of white men beaten by the natives excited the alarm and indignation of all South Africa. It excited also the cupidity of a dangerous

neighbour of the Transvaal, Cetyways, King of the Zulus, a numerous and warlike tribe; and his demonstrations became so threatening, and the collapse of government in the Republic so complete, that the British Government resolved on resuming the gift of quasi-independence which they had bestowed in 1852. Sir Theophilus Shepstone (son of a well-known Wesleyan missionary), a government official in Natal, well known and respected throughout all those regions, having received instructions from Earl Carnarvon, made a visit to Pretoria, held interviews with the President, the legislative body, and the people generally, and finding himself thoroughly warranted by the necessity of the case and the consent of the more sensible portion of the inhabitants, issued a proclamation declaring the country a British territory, and proceeded to administer the government. Since then the Transvaal has had a prosperous, though quiet, existence. Reforms have been introduced into the civil service, and into the courts of law; credit which was at the lowest ebb has steadily revived; and if a portion of the country Boers are still disaffected, they will be held in check by the more sensible inhabitants, who fully appreciate the blessings of British rule.

Thus, without the employment of the slightest force, for the small detachment of soldiers designed to keep order in the Transvaal did not arrive till long after the annexation, was a great and fertile country gained to the British Empire. The justification of this measure is abundant. It may be argued that the Sand River Convention had been broken through the maltreatment of the natives by the Boers; and, again, that the gift of independence was never intended to allow a hostile government to spring up on our frontier capable of involving us in complications with other European powers who might wish a footing or an interest in South Africa; but the real reason must be sought in the common danger arising from the warlike nations of Kafirs and Zulus on the colonial frontier. It has become a pressing necessity that a uniform policy should be adopted, and a united front presented towards these tribes; and it could not be endured that the action of the Transvaal Republic should give rise as it had done, and was threatening still to do, to native wars, which, once commenced, might involve and imperil the whole of the colonies. For the Kafir is no gentle negro,

but in spirit more like an Arab or an Afghan; he fights whenever he "feels like" fighting, from pure appetite for it, just as he eats when he is hungry. A wave of unrest passes over the whole region of independent Kafirland and Zululand at uncertain intervals, and then it will be strange if there is not war on a less or greater scale. The prudence of colonial statesmen will consist in foreseeing these disturbances, in keeping the colonial militia well prepared, and in being able to prevent the attack from spreading by the delivery of sharp and sudden blows against the first insurgents. The arts of civilisation and good government must be plied, the progress of Christianity facilitated; and these influences will gradually make good subjects of the wild races with whom Europeans in South Africa have to do. This work would be greatly aided by a large flow of emigration into the South African colonies, and especially into the Transvaal and Natal. The climate of South Africa cannot be surpassed, if it can be equalled, for healthiness; and it extends over so many degrees of latitude that it affords suitable soil and climate for raising all the products of the temperate and torrid zones. But the emigration which should take place should not be by mere haphazard. Intending settlers in the Transvaal must be duly cautioned against buying land before they have seen it, or before they have in some way become assured of its existence and suitability. In the palmy days of recklessness and trickery, under the Boer Republic, many a Government title was issued for farms which did not exist; and many such titles may be now on sale at very cheap rates in the offices of land-jobbers and others. It is to be hoped that the Colonial Government will take the matter in hand, and by a well-considered plan introduce a stream of emigrants into the country, and provide them with farms on fair terms. Land can still be obtained very cheap, though not as in the old bad times, when a farm of some 6,000 acres might be sold for £50, or perhaps less. Care must be exercised in making a selection; a small piece of land well watered, and near any town or village, will abundantly supply the needs of the industrious settler, while "dry" lands will only be suitable for sheep or cattle. Other trades and professions can also find room in due proportion; but, as in all new countries, there is less demand for the sedentary classes.

Emigration will greatly strengthen the European population of South Africa, and the scheme of confederation

proposed by Earl Carnarvon will erect the scattered colonies into a strong and growing dominion—the future home of millions of prosperous British subjects. South African colonists are grateful for the increased interest which is felt in England in the struggles of these nascent communities, and they feel satisfaction in the thought that the care and help of the mother country cannot but be richly rewarded. The warmth of the climate, the agricultural character of the country, the large native population south of the Zambesi, render this part of the world the most fitting complement and amplification of the British Isles that could be desired. It will never be a great manufacturing country; but it will produce the tropical and semi-tropical materials which England requires, while absorbing in return enormous quantities of her simpler manufactures. Here, too, English philanthropy will find its fitting task in elevating nation after nation of the coloured races into freedom and Christianity. The annexation of the Transvaal carries the English flag to a distance of 800 miles from Capetown into the interior of Africa, and the fringe of her humanising influence will extend beyond that, nearly as far again. Rightly managed, England's latest acquisition of territory will be no increase of burden to the "vast orb of her fate;" but a source of perennial advantage, and a gateway for unlimited enterprise.

- ART. VI.—1. *Biblical Commentary on the Book of Job.* By F. DELITZSCH, D.D. Second Edition, Revised. T. and T. Clark.
2. *Commentary on the Book of Job.* By REV. A. B. DAVIDSON, M.A. Williams and Norgate.
3. *The Speaker's Commentary.* Vol. IV. John Murray.
4. *The Book of Job Explained and Illustrated.* By REV. C. P. CAREY, M.A. Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.
5. *The Expositor.* 1876-8. Hodder and Stoughton.

It is not our intention to attempt to decide the question of the probable date of the composition of the Book of Job. In the opinion of some it stands, in point of time, at the head of Biblical literature; in the opinion of others it is the most brilliant result of the literary activity that characterised the age of Solomon. It is not necessary for the purpose of this article that we should attempt to range opposing theories and judge between them, as the critics are agreed on the point on which we intend to take our stand. It is admitted that whatever the date of composition may be we have in this book a wonderfully accurate description of the remote age in which Job is supposed to have lived. Those who argue for the later date of composition express their amazement at the wonderful skill with which the poet has preserved the unities of time and place. They confess that he has planted himself completely in the midst of the circumstances of antiquity, and has written his poem as if he were almost absolutely free from modern influences. Now, this admission grants us the point of view we seek to obtain. We wish to gather from this book the character of the patriarchal age, and especially to learn from it the social condition of the people to whom its records refer.

It will be necessary, first, to obtain some "local habitation" for the scenes which we shall try to depict. Of course, in the midst of disputing authorities, it is difficult for us to pronounce an opinion on the vexed question as to what country is meant by "the land of Uz." We gladly avail ourselves of the shelter which is afforded by a

great name, and announce our adhesion to the theory propounded, amongst others, by Delitzsch. He points to the country south of Damascus, therefore on the east side of Jordan, as the scene of the chief events of this remarkable story. Journeying from Damascus and crossing the river Pharpar, we come to the regions of the ancient Auranitis, the modern Hauran. This, say the most reliable authorities, is the Biblical "land of Uz." This theory certainly does receive confirmation from the traditions of the neighbourhood. If any one speak of the fruitfulness of the whole district, or of the fields around a village, he is always answered, "Is it not the land of Job? Does it not belong to the villages of Job?" "The summer palace of Job," "Job's pasture ground," the monastery erected on the scene of his sufferings, all may be visited. If particular inquiry be made for the part of the country in which Job himself dwelt, the traveller is directed to the central point of Hauran, the plain of Hauran, and more exactly to the district which is accounted its most fertile portion. It is now covered with the ruins of villages, monasteries, and single courts, and is still well cultivated. The modern traveller rides through luxuriant corn fields, and fields lying fallow, but decked with a rich variety of flowers in gayest blossom. Taking his stand on some mound he looks out on fields of wheat covering a large tract of country, on a volcanic chaos stretching for three miles to the west to a long mountain range that bounds the north, and on the magnificent expanse of plain that slopes onward to the eastern horizon. The eye rests for a moment on some hill dwarfed by the distance, on the dark line that suggests a rift in the rocks and a "most dismal valley," and on the sheen of the river that lies like a silver thread in the midst of the haze. Of this country Dr. Wetzstein, who was for many years Prussian Consul at Damascus, says, "If this district had trees, as it once had, for among the ruins one often discovers traces of vineyard and garden walls, . . . it would be an earthly Paradise, by reason of its healthy climate and the fertility of its soil. . . . The inhabitants of Damascus say there is no disease whatever in Hauran; and as often as the plague or any other infectious disease shows itself in their city, thousands fly to Hauran and to the lava-plateau of the Legâ. This healthy condition may arise from the volcanic formation of the country,

and from the sea breeze which it always has in connection with its position, which is open towards the west. Even during the hottest days when, *e.g.*, in the Ghûta, a perfect calm prevails, this cool and moist sea breeze blows refreshingly and regularly over the plain; and hence the Hauranitish poet never speaks of his native country without calling it the 'the cool-blowing Nukra.' As to the fertility of the district, . . . nowhere is the farming, in connection with a small amount of labour, more productive or more profitable."

In this healthy fertile land we must place the scenes of this book, which speak so plaintively of sickness and suffering.

Having indicated some of the modern aspects of the "land of Uz," we must now proceed to emancipate ourselves from the ideas of to-day, and project our thoughts through the ages until we come upon that remote period in which the events of the life of Job occurred. In the midst of conflicting opinions it will be best for us not to attempt to fix the precise moment of Job's existence. We think, however, that we may safely say that somewhere between the times of Abraham and Moses there did live, in this world of ours, this man whose name and experience have become the heritage of the human race.

The readers of Kingsley's *Alton Locke* will remember a strange dream that visited the fevered brain of his hero. In that dream the migrations of a mighty nation are pictured. It sweeps onward from the rising sun, pierces valleys, swarms over spreading plains, and, at last, hews a way for itself through the heart of the almost invincible mountains. The careful student of the Book of Job will often be reminded of these wilderness wanderers. Job was a son of the East, one who had come from the land of the morning; and the people who surround him are also immigrants who, in some great swarming of the nations, had settled down in the land of Uz, and had wrested it from the hands of its primitive inhabitants. The country was originally peopled by the Horites; Job and his contemporaries were Idumeans. We have to deal with the fortunes of an immigrant race; which fact, being well remembered, will help us to understand much that would otherwise be obscure.

Let us try to place the scenes of this book before us. Standing in the plain in which the village of Job is built,

we see, at some distance, on the hill-side, a city surrounded by thick walls and full of bustling life. This city, in which the original immigrants dwell, plays an important part in the history. Looking around us we see Job's village, and spreading out from it, gardens, vineyards, olive-yards, meadows, fallow ground, arable land, and beyond all the blue infinity of the desert, ridged with its mountains and lighted with the sparkle of its river. To us it seems clear that the village is of much more recent date than the city. We ask the question, How came it here? which question we will try to answer.

In such a country we judge that, in the past as in the present, there is no private possession; that is, that each person was at liberty to take up his abode in it, and to cultivate the land and rear cattle at his own risk, where and to what extent he might choose. Journeying from the rising sun through the deep solitudes of the steppe we see the caravan of Job wandering, even as that of Abram wandered, in search of a home. At length he emerges on the plain of Hauran, and sees the city crowning the hill top. Spreading around that city are miles of turf that have never been furrowed by the plough nor become yellow with golden harvests. Job lifts up his eyes, takes in the possibilities of the country, and determines that here shall his abode be. We can see him leaving his family in the plain and approaching the gate of the city. There he is met by the princes and nobles. With them negotiations are entered into, a bargain is made, and they go forth to define the boundaries of the domain allotted to him. Such a transaction reminds us of the experiences of Lot in the plain of Sodom; and, indeed, if in Hauran, we should see its counterpart to-day. After finishing his negotiations with the men of the city, Job rides out to make treaties with all the nomad tribes from which he has reason to fear any attack. With them he makes a stipulation to pay a yearly tribute of corn and garments—the blackmail of the period—in consideration of which payment they engage to abstain from offensive operations against his property. On this journey, perhaps, he met with Eliphaz, the Temanite, that spiritual seer whose eyes discerned the invisible things of the creation of God; Bildad, the Shuite, that worshipper of the past, full of wise saws, ignorant of modern instances; and Zophar, the Naamathite, that harsh, repulsive, “unpleasant truth” teller, who liked to

speak out his mind to a man's face whatever the consequences might be; which mind, when spoken out, seems to us to be of the despicable order. In this expedition it is very clear that Job did not go far enough into the Eastern desert, or else that he failed to purchase the friendship of the Sabeans and Chaldeans who afterwards harried his herds. His arrangements being complete as far as possible, he returns to the encampment which is pitched under the city walls.

We judge that at the time when Job took up his residence in Hauran he must have had a family, or, as the Arabs say, "men," *i. e.*, grown up sons, cousins, nephews, sons-in-law; for one who stands alone, the "cut-off one," as he is called, can attain no position of eminence among the Semites, nor undertake any important enterprise. So much light we borrow from the present to illumine a dim and uncertain past. With some nucleus of a population he next proceeds to erect a village, small at first, but gradually enlarged to meet the requirements of the great household which his growing prosperity drew around him. What was the population of this village at the time when the Bible narrative opens? We can only hazard a conjecture. He had seven sons and three daughters, and the seven sons had each a separate establishment, containing, of course, its full complement of servants. Then we know that his ploughmen numbered at least five hundred, that is, a man to each yoke of oxen. This is a low computation, for, in examining the Egyptian monuments, we find sketches of ploughing in which two men are attached to each yoke of oxen, one holding the stilts of the plough, the other wielding the goad. Many of these ploughmen would have families. Then, we must include in our calculation the shepherds who took care of the seven thousand sheep that wandered hither and thither through the pastures, and out into the wilderness. In addition, three thousand camels and five hundred she asses, used for draught purposes and commerce with distant countries, would require the services of a large number of drivers and guards. Taking all into consideration, we cannot put down the population of Job's village at less than three thousand souls. The Biblical statement is that he possessed "a very great household; so that this man was the greatest of all the men of the east." Over this population Job reigned as "lord." The relation existing between Job and his servants may be

gathered from the state of things that obtains in Syria at the present day ; for we must remember that we are dealing with the "unchanging East." Now, there are among village workpeople two classes. First, the "sowers," who are also called "participating husbandmen," because they share the produce of the harvest with the lord of the soil, thus : he receives a fourth, while they retain three-fourths. Out of the three-fourths they live, take seed for the following season, give their quota towards the demands of the Arabs, the village shepherds, the field-watchmen, and the scribe of the community ; they have, also, to provide the farming implements and the yoke-oxen. On the other hand, their "lord" has to provide for the dwellings of the people, to pay the land tax to the Government, and, in the event of the failure of the crops, murrain, or other fatal misfortune, to make the necessary advance, either in money or in kind, at the market price and without any compensation. This relation, which guarantees the maintenance of the family, and is according to the practice of patriarchal equity, is greatly esteemed in the country, and may with ease exist between a single "lord" and hundreds—indeed, thousands—of country-people. The second-class of village workpeople are called "quarterers." They take their name from their receiving a fourth part of the harvest for their labour, while they have to give up the other three-quarters to their "lord." He must provide for their shelter and board, and, in like manner, everything that is required in agriculture. As Job provided the yoke-oxen and means of transport (camels and asses), so we suppose he also provided the farming implements and the seed for sowing. We judge, therefore, that the labourers of Job were "quarterers." We must not think of them as day-labourers, receiving money for wages. In the desert the hand that toils has a direct share in the gain ; the workers belong to "the children of the house," and are so called ; in the hour of danger, they will risk their life in defence of their "lord" and his property. Most likely the ploughmen and camel-keepers were slain in their gallant attempt to defend the property of Job against the rush of the bitter and hasty Chaldeans, and the onset of the fiery Sabeans. But what are ox-goads against swords and spears ! That they fought desperately is manifest from the fact that, with the exception of two, all these splendid servants were slain. We will be careful to distinguish them from the "hireling," who

received wages. He was generally not a labourer, but a soldier. The spirit animating him is finely contrasted with that of the servant in the words :

"Like a servant who longs for the shade,
And like a hireling who waits for his wages" (vii. 2).

The servant, labouring in the broiling sun, longs for the evening shadow that shall shelter him from its rays ; the "hireling" keeps up his heart by thinking of the wages he will get when his watch is over. When Job wishes to suggest a life of vanity and ignoble aims he asks :

"Has not man a warfare upon earth ?
And his days are like the days of a hireling" (vii. 1).

Perhaps the "hirelings" lived in the city, but the labourers, "the children of the house," without doubt, occupied the buildings surrounding the residences of Job and his sons. Over them Job ruled, and of their disputes was sole judge ; and yet so carefully did he administer justice that it appears he allowed an appeal against himself to be heard in the gate of the neighbouring city. Thus, at the opening of the narrative, he presents himself to us, surrounded by his very great household, "a perfect and an upright man, one who fears God and eschews evil."

In trying to form a conception of the village in which Job lived, we must banish from our mind the idea of a desert encampment formed of tents. Job and his children dwelt in houses. These houses apparently were built of stone. The fall of a tent would not have involved the sons in the disaster recorded in the first chapter, and, in addition, the statement that thieves "dig through houses" (xxiv. 16) gives out the idea of a wall that solidly resists attack. Of course, tents are mentioned in the book. The word is frequently used figuratively, and we see, actually, before our eyes, a desert encampment in the question :

"Where is the house of the tyrant,
And where the pavilions of the wicked?" (xvi. 28).

But we must dismiss tents from our mind when we wish to picture to ourselves the village in which Job lived. We can say very little about the shape of the village. Most likely an attempt was made to imitate the construction of the neighbouring city. At any rate, the records enable us to discern the main street through which the

principal traffic ran, and we can see that it communicates at either end with the gates that pierce the walls. Of this thoroughfare Job says :

"The stranger did not lodge out of doors,
I opened my door towards the street" (xxi. 32).

Outside the walls of the village there rises a strange mound, that immediately arrests our attention. This heap is referred to as that on which Job sat down in the days of his misery. It is the *mezbele* so commonly met with outside Syrian towns to-day. It appears that, once a month, the stable-refuse of the village is brought and burnt on this heap. If the village has been inhabited for a century, the *mezbele* reaches a height that far surpasses it. The winter rains make the ash heaps into a compact mass, and gradually change the *mezbele* into a firm mound of earth, in the interior of which those remarkable granaries are laid out in which the wheat can lie completely preserved against heat and mice, garnered up for years. The *mezbele* serves the inhabitants of the district as a watch-tower; and on close, oppressive evenings as a place of assembly, because there is a current of air on the height. There the children play about the whole day long; there the forsaken one lies, who, having been seized by some horrible malady, is not allowed to enter the dwellings of men, by day asking for alms of the passers-by, and at night hiding himself among the ashes that the sun has warmed. (Wetzstein's note in *Delitzsch*.)

Outside the village walls Job's domain stretches. It must have been of very considerable extent. We know that at first he employed five hundred yoke of oxen to till the arable land he possessed. If we add the land lying fallow to that under cultivation, we shall gain some idea of the size of this portion of his territory. Then there is the pasture ground, and, near the walls, there are the gardens and vineyards. He must have been the owner of many square miles of land. Allowing our eye to roam over the expanse, our attention is arrested by a curious structure that rises in the distance. It is the booth that the keeper makes (xxvii. 18). The watchman's hut for the protection of the vineyards and melon and maize fields against thieves, herds, or wild beasts, is either slightly put together from branches of trees, or built up high in order that the watcher may see a great distance.

The latter is the more frequent. At harvest it stands in the midst of the threshing-floors of the district, and it is constructed in the following manner:—Four poles are set up so as to form the corners of a square, the sides of which are about eight feet in length. Eight feet above the ground four cross-pieces of wood are tightly bound to the four poles with cords; on these cross-pieces planks, if they are to be had, are laid. Here is the watcher's bed, which consists of a litter. Six or seven feet above this cross-beams are again bound to the four poles on which boughs, or reeds, or a mat forms a roof. Between the roof and the bed three sides of the structure are hung round with a mat, or with reeds or straw bound together, in order to keep off the cold night winds, and also to keep the thieves in ignorance as to the number of the watchers. A small ladder frequently leads to the bed-chamber. The space between the ground and the chamber is closed only on the west side to keep off the hot afternoon sun, for through the day the watcher sits below, with his dog, upon the ground. When the fruits are gathered in, the hut is removed (*Delitzsch*, ii., 74, 75).

We will now return to the village, and try to learn more exactly the condition of the people who dwell therein. If our visit is timed at sunset, we shall find the street crowded. Then Job will be standing on the roof of his house, announcing the work that has to be done on the following day. How strange it is to look upon these Arab men, their brown faces lighted up by their wildly gazing eyes. See them in their sweeping garments of lambs' wool (xxxi. 20) peering upward from under their shady hoods, listening as the voice of their "lord" sounds out on the still evening air. Little does he know, as the red sky glares with the fierce sunset, that he is sending them out to dye the desert with their blood. But invincible courage and loyalty is in every heart, and for such a master who would fear to fight! Gaze at this village chieftain for a moment. Let us take up his own challenge:

"And now be pleased to observe me keenly,
I will not indeed deceive you to your face" (vi. 28).

He does indeed lift up his face "without spot" (xi. 15). Of all the men who look out upon us from the pages of the

Old Testament this is the most truly honest man we know:

"Is there wrong on my tongue,
Or shall not my palate discern iniquity?" (vi. 30.)

How those sincere eyes look through us. We need to be true to endure their gaze. But what of his outer man? how is he clothed? In the days of his misery he describes his piteous condition thus:

"By great force my garment is distorted,
As the collar of my shirt it encompasses me" (xxx. 18).

Here we have two vestments mentioned; the "shirt" being the sleeveless inner garment, at the top of which a hole is cut for the head, and the "garment" proper being the rich, flowing, gaily ornamented outer robe that falls in magnificent folds to the ground. On his head is a turban, probably made of thick cotton cloth, fastened with a cord of camels' hair (xxix. 14). In his hand, on which we see his signet-ring, he holds a spear, the symbol of his lordship; and there he stands, a chief and as a king in the army (xxix. 25). Near him are grouped his sons, all richly arrayed; for a love of beautiful garments is one of the oldest surviving instincts of our race—indeed, so lovely are these garments that the Most High likens the landscape that unfolds itself under the light of the morning sun, spreading out into waving hills and valleys, decked with the varying colours of trees and flowers and grasses, and shining with glistening mists and waters, to the gaily decorated outer robe of a chief. When the "eyelids of the morn" are lifted, "everything fashioneth itself as in a garment" (xxxviii. 14). And perchance there stands one there whose sombre attire contrasts strangely with these gay robes. It is the mourner who has sewn sackcloth on his skin (xvi. 15), and who goes about in the black linen garment which is typical of his sorrow. So far into the dim past do our own customs reach. But the sunset glare is shadowed over by the swiftly-falling night, and the crowd disperses to rest.

Let us visit the village at noonday. Over all the deep blue sky bends. A word about that blue sky. How often we have looked up to the seemingly infinite vault of heaven and wondered what it meant, and what was beyond the azure curtain. The eyes of men in Job's day also searched

those deeps, and their minds pondered similar questions. And this was their answer. That blue sky is the reflected splendour of God's throne, a splendour so dazzling that the Most High has to veil its radiance by spreading over it the clouds which are led forth by Him :

"He enshroudeth the face of His throne,
Spreading His clouds upon it" (xxvi. 9).

In the evening light those clouds, fretted thin by the piercing glory, shall not hide the splendours of His seat. As the sun dips under the horizon red flashes of lurid fire and a blaze of quivering golden light shall burst from the skies and proclaim that He is not far from any one of us. But as we walk into the village it is broad noonday; in those blue deeps one little white cloud sails, and as it floats the gentle wind tears it into filmy streaks and it fades away even as man goeth down into the grave and cometh not again (vii. 9).

Like a servant we also desire the shadow, so let us enter one of the houses and find shelter from the sun. If we stray into the women's quarter there we shall see brown loveliness and a due appreciation of adornment. Is it not said of Job's daughters in his latter days, "In all the land were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job," and may we not judge that they were beautiful by looking at their names—Jemima, she who has dove's eyes; Kezia, sweet as cassia; Keren-happuch, lovely as though all the treasures of the paint-horn had been lavished on her? And does not the "paint-horn" suggest something to us of valiant attempts to become more bewitching, and do not the brazen mirrors (xxxvii. 18) and the nose-rings and the earrings (xlii. 11) of which we read speak to us of the charms of graceful Idumean maids? But we are intruders here and must hasten away.

Let us pass on towards Job's house. There it stands with the lances at the door. We enter the hospitable portal, and find ourselves speedily in a shaded courtyard. Let us watch the scene. First, look yonder at Job's confidential servant. There he stands watching every glance of his master's eye, obeying silently every beck of the hand, every inclination of the head. So stood Eliezer of Damascus, in the presence of Abraham. Will a time ever come when forsaken Job will cry :

"I call to my servant and he answereth not,
I am obliged to entreat him with my mouth" (xix. 16).

Near him, and engaged in many ways, are the household servants and maidens. These are of various grades; some "born in the house," and others who have come from far countries and have been received on the footing of slaves. These are the "strangers" within the gate with whom the Bible reader is so familiar. How they all watch the eye and the hand of the master! If the confidential servant is the very emblem of obsequiousness, surely these will find a still lower depth of humility in which to crouch and wait. And lowest of all must surely stand those slaves who, as outcasts and strangers, have been received, clothed, and fed by the beneficent hand of their master. Alas! that he should have to cry:

"The slaves of my house and my maidens,
They regard me as a stranger;
I am become a perfect stranger in their eyes" (xix. 15).

Let us turn away and follow Job into the chamber where the wearied traveller sits who has lodged during the night under the hospitable roof. Last evening we might have heard the greeting, "Come in; wherefore standest thou without? for I have prepared the house, and room for the camels." In response to which greeting the man came into the house, and ungirded his camels, and there was given him straw and provender for the camels, and water to wash his feet and the men's feet that were with him. And there was set meat before him to eat (as in Genesis xxiv. 31—33). Now, refreshed by his night's rest, he sits on the mat that is placed on the divan that runs round the room. Job sits down by his side, ready to listen to his story; with many of the incidents of which his own days of wandering have made him so familiar.

"Have ye not asked those who travel?
Their memorable things ye could surely not disown."

So cries Job (xxi. 29), as if he lived in the nineteenth century and had not yet grown weary of "travellers' tales." Let us listen to some of these "memorable things."

We hear the record of extreme sufferings in those vast

and awful wastes in which the bands of Tema and the caravans of Saba wander searching for the water-brooks. In the spring, the torrents rushing down from the mountains or through the forests, bearing from wintry summits huge blocks of ice, had gurgled, and groaned, and roared as if they would rush on for ever; upon their black bosoms the snow flakes twirling and streaming had fallen, hurrying the rush and swelling the flood. Surely such magnificent promise cannot fail! But the sun has shone upon them and they have vanished away. And the Temanites and the Sabeans are disappointed on account of their trust; and, as the young men look into the faces of their veteran guides who have buoyed them up with hope, those brown faces, hardened by a hundred storms, are red with shame (vi. 15—20). If the traveller is a moralist who has suffered at the hands of those who should have befriended him, the tale is no doubt adorned with the sighed-out reflection:

"My brothers are become false as a torrent,
As the bed of torrents which vanish away."

And are there not tales to be told of perils from robbers; especially those who haunt the gloomy hills that guard the sources of the swiftly descending Jordan; those hills, scored with "most dismal valleys," and honeycombed with "holes in the earth and rocks?" (xxx. 6.) Let the richly laden caravan beware as it drags its slow length along under the shadows of those hills! The twang of the bow-string and the hiss of the "poisoned arrow" (vi. 4); the scream of the sling-stones, and the wild whoop of the frenzied band of robbers, are sounds which strike terror into the stoutest heart. Happy for the traveller who scans the cave-pierced cliff, if his search assures him that he has not the robber-troglodyte to deal with, but only the peaceful pastoral cave-dweller! With him converse can be held and sympathy shown. For a hard life has this storm-beaten man. The tent-herdsman, searching for pasture, can follow his cattle further and further into the wilderness; but that cave-home cannot be quitted, and must be the centre round which the flocks and herds must be gathered. And the pastures fail, and the plague devastates, and the floods overflow, and the avalanches fall, and the freebooter harries, and starvation stares in

the face! With such a man a man's heart can speak, and such a man a man's hand can help.

And has not the traveller to tell "memorable things," of deserted villages and towns that lie in disordered wretchedness, overgrown with nettles and weeds, in the midst of wild wastes?—

"Desolated cities,
Houses which should not be inhabited,
Which were appointed to be ruins" (xv. 28).

At the present day such deserted villages and towns are frequently to be met with in the desert. According to tradition they have been overthrown by the visitation of Divine judgment. They are places, the modern traveller is told, where the primary commandments of the religion of Abraham have been impiously transgressed. Thus the city of Babylon will never be colonised by a Semitic tribe, because they hold the belief that it has been destroyed on account of Nimrod's apostasy from God, and his hostility to his favoured one Abraham. In Arabia Petrea there is a remarkable city which consists of thousands of dwellings cut in the rock, some of which are richly ornamented. The desert ranger hurries through it muttering prayers and without looking round; and so widespread is the tradition of its sin and doom that even the great procession of Moslem pilgrims to Mecca hastens onward after the same panic-stricken fashion for fear of incurring the punishment of God by the slightest delay in the accursed city. The destruction of Sodom, brought about, say the Arabs, by the violation of the rite of hospitality, may be mentioned as a typical instance, and the manner of its destruction may perhaps be suggested by the words:

"Brimstone is strewn over his habitation" (xviii. 15).

And, then, what "memorable things" are to be related about the wonderful progress of the arts and sciences! Perhaps the gleam of some gem, or the glitter of some metal ornament, attracts the traveller's eye, and furnishes him with a text that leads him to the recital of his visit to the mines which lie far away among the mountains. Let us listen to the description of the miner's work contained in chap. xxviii. First let us present Delitzsch's translation of verses 1—11:

- " 1. For there is a mine for the silver,
And a place for gold which they fine.
2. Iron is taken out of the dust,
And he poureth forth stone as copper.
3. He hath made an end of darkness,
And he searcheth all extremities
For the stone of darkness and of the shadow of death.
4. He breaketh away a shaft from those who tarry above :
There, forgotten by every foot,
They hang and swing far from men.
5. The earth—from it cometh forth bread,
And beneath it is turned up like fire.
6. The place of the sapphire are its stones,
And it containeth gold ore.
7. The way, that no bird of prey knoweth,
And the eye of the hawk hath not gazed at,
8. Which the proud beast of prey hath not trodden,
Over which the lion hath not walked.
9. He layeth his hand upon the pebbles ;
He turneth up the mountains from the root.
10. He cutteth canals through the rocks ;
And his eye seeth all kinds of precious things.
11. That they may not leak, he dammeth up rivers,
And that which is hidden he bringeth to light."

What a vivid description is this of the miner's toil We see the cutting of the shaft, and watch him, deep down in the earth, sitting in the loop of his rope, swinging to and fro as he strikes the sides of the rock. And cannot we see the lights glancing through the mirky gloom as the adventurous men delve deeper and deeper, until they make an end of darkness, and the flash of their candles sparkles in the gem-cluster that their eager hands seize ! See how the courage and skill of man are indicated towards the close of the description. In the heart of that stubborn mountain lie possible treasures. How shall they be reached ? The rocks frown grim defiance ; not a link of their girdle shall burst at the stroke of any tool devised by man. Indeed ! The miner lays his hand on the rock, on the hard quartz rock. With great pains he bores a hole, and prepares for blasting. Then, retiring, he waits the result. The mountain smiles on—but shortly there is a groan, a shudder, a ghastly rent—with a loud crash the mountain is turned up from the root. Into this ghastly rent the miner steps, and is met at his advance by a flood of water that has been set loose by the shock. See how it swirls on !

The miner does see it, and begins to cut his canals; at last the rushing flood owns his sovereignty, and abides in the channel he has prepared for it. Then the lights quiver and flash hither and thither, and his eye is greeted with a sight of the precious things for which he seeks. Enter that mine! Can this be the cave in which, only a few days ago, we heard the echoes of the dripping water sounding cheerily in the far-off distance! We listen, but not a sound do we hear save the gurgle of the flood that rushes in the canal at our feet. Why, this old-world miner has stopped the "weeping"* of his mine, and, we need hardly say, he has gone down into eternity, bearing with him a secret that nineteenth-century colliery-proprietors and miners would give much to possess. The problem how to stop a mine from "weeping"—for that old-world word is used in the South Yorkshire coal-fields to-day—is a problem most difficult of solution, but it had been faced and met in the times of Job. The miner, having thus guarded himself against the drowning of the shafts, works with success the rich lodes of metal which his skill and daring have brought to light. In the presence of which description our nineteenth-century science should observe a modest tone.

If Job's guest is a warrior or a hunter he will have many "memorable things" to record. To Job, who carried on his warfare after the manner of Abraham, who gathered together his household servants and pursued into the desert the captors of Lot, fighting a fierce battle, and snatching a hasty victory, the stories of Egyptian warfare must have been full of interest; especially the stories of long and difficult sieges. That such stories were told in Job's village, and that they were listened to with absorbing attention, we may be sure, because the boys had them by heart, and practised their details in sport. We have said that the *mezbele* is the playground of the children of a Syrian village to-day; so it was in the times of Job. This is his description of the way in which his young persecutors tormented him in the time of his misery:

"They let loose the bridle recklessly,
The rabble presses upon my right hand,
They thrust my feet away,
And cast up against me their destructive ways.

* See margin A. V., xxviii. 11.

They tear down my path,
 They minister to my overthrow,
 They who themselves are helpless !
 As through a wide breach they approach
 Under the crash they roll onwards" (xxix. 12—14).

Here we see them rearing their earthworks, assailing them, and pouring in at the breach they have made. In another passage Job likens himself to the wall of a fort that is first assailed with arrow-flights, and then thundered into ruin with battering-rams (xvi. 13, 14). Nor are descriptions of battles in the open plain wanting. We hear the blast of the trumpet, and the neighing of the war-horse (xxxix. 19—25). We see the whirlwind charge, the broken ranks, flying warrior and his doom. Escaping from the "iron weapon," "the brazen bow pierces him through;" the metal-tipped arrow tears its way right through his body, and "the terrors of death come upon him" (xx. 24, 25).

Is the traveller a hunter? Then Job and he can exchange experiences. And what "memorable things" they have to tell! Of long nights spent in the wilderness; the fire leaping in the centre of the circle, the air filled with "the sons of the burning coal," that lift themselves up to fly. What strange sounds come over the steppe! The yelp of the jackal, and the voice of the lion with its strange variations of tone, the yell of the whelps, the roar of the prowling and hungry beast seeking his meat from God, the howl when he strikes down his prey, the savage growl when disturbed over his feast; each note known to the hunter, who can tell you, "That is the voice of the old lion; and that of the young lion lashing himself with his tail, putting his muzzle close to the earth and brooding until every deer quakes in its thicket and rises to fly; and that the mingled music of the lioness and her cubs" (iv. 10, 11). Wonderful desert nights! Yonder, overhead, in the north, glitters the bier with its mourners; "the daughters of the bier" standing a little way off from the square. On that bier the corpse of their father lies—their father, killed by the cruel Pole Star. And there, in the south, stretch the giant limbs of Orion, struggling to break his belt, struggling towards the Pole Star to avenge the murderous deed, struggling, but not with sufficient energy. The Pole Star shines on untouched by his club of sidereal flame. And yonder, in the east, the star-cluster shines, and who will, with skilful fingers, tie its knot. And in their seasons the

constellations of the zodiac (Mazzaroth) gleam out; and the "night-wanderer," the moon, floods the hills and fills the valleys with stealthy shadows (ix. 9, xxxviii. 31, 32, xxxi. 26). And what stories are told of fearful nights spent on wild mountain-tops when the showers of God's "mighty rain" deluge the shuddering peaks and lash into whitest rage the flashing cataracts! How fearful, then, to stand in the mouth of the cave and look out towards the tortured sea! Behold, God covereth Himself with light! Out of the pitchy darkness He has risen as in a moment, and the blazing of His garments fills heaven and earth with splendour. Even the restless waters yonder have become a sea of glass mingled with fire. See, like a mighty slinger He takes the streaming flashes of the lightning and hurls, with unerring aim, the bolts that crush the groaning rocks (xxxvi. 32).

"Yea, at this my heart trembleth
And tottereth from its place.
Hear, O hear the roar of His voice
And the murmur that goeth out of His mouth."

But if the night be terrible, how lovely is the morning when the storm is gone! The mists roll away from the valleys, trailing themselves slowly over the mountain crests, chased by the light winds and scattered by the sun. All nature rising from her baptism of suffering strengthened and purified shines out in vigour. Yonder bound the wild goats of the rock, and there, with their antlers thrown back, troop the leaping stags (xxxix. 1). See the hawk spreading its wings to the south (xxxix. 26), and the eagle soaring aloft towards its nest in the crag (xxxix. 27, 28). Far away in the plain the wild ass, scorning the tumult of the city and hearing not the voice of the driver, hastens towards the salt-licks or the mountain pasture and "sniffeth at every green thing" (xxxix. 5—8); the ostrich, her wing vibrating joyously, lashes herself aloft and derides the horse and his rider (xxxix. 13—18); and deep down in the valley the haughty challenge of the cock (xxxviii. 36) rings out and proclaims the advent of the day.

How eagerly would Job listen to the heart-stirring stories of the hunting of the gigantic animals that wallowed in the Nile and lay on its banks, and that haunted the dim recesses of the wilderness. There is the hippopotamus, "with bones like tubes of brass, like bars of iron," and the

crocodile, and the "unicorn." But what is the unicorn? (xxxix. 9—12). Its name, of course, denotes some animal that is distinguished by wearing one horn. We are all familiar with that extraordinary creature that forms part of the royal arms, strange compound of horse and antelope, wearing its narwhal-like horn in the middle of its forehead. We do not think that that complex quadruped is referred to in the Book of Job. After consulting several authorities we are inclined to adopt the theory of Canon Tristram (*Natural History of the Bible*) and Rev. W. Houghton (*Bible Educator*) that the unicorn of the Bible is not a one-horned animal at all, but the immense primitive ox, now extinct, but whose remains are sometimes brought to light from the depths of the old-world forests, to fill with amazement all who look upon them. The Septuagint is responsible for the translation "one-horned." In Deut. xxxiii. 17, the inconvenience of this rendering is apparent:—"His glory is like the firstling of his bullock, and his horns like the horns of a unicorn." Now, our translators, in order to save themselves from a solecism, have put the word in the plural number—"the horns of unicorns." The marginal reading, "an unicorn," is undoubtedly correct so far as regards the singular number. The remainder of the passage clearly indicates that a two-horned animal is alluded to:—"With them (the horns) shall he push the people together to the ends of the earth, and they are the ten thousands of Ephraim, and they are the thousands of Manasseh." Cæsar's description of the "ox of yore" is interesting. He says:—"These *uri* are scarcely less than elephants in size, but in their nature, colour, and form are bulls. Great is their strength and great their speed: they spare neither man nor beast when once they have caught sight of them. The hunters are most careful to kill those which they take in pit-falls, while the young men exercise themselves in this sort of hunting, and grow hardened by the toil. Those who kill most receive great praise when they exhibit in public the horns as trophies of their success. These *uri*, however, even when young, cannot be habituated to man or made tractable." How much light does all this cast on the description of the "unicorn" in the Book of Job.

"Will the urus be willing to serve thee,
Or will he lodge in thy crib?"

Canst thou bind him in the furrow with a leading rein,
Or will he harrow the valleys, following thee?
Wilt thou trust him because his strength is great,
And leave thy labour to him?
Wilt thou confide in him to bring in thy sowing,
And to garner thy threshing-floor?"

But our travellers' tales must come to an end.

Let us now visit the village, for the last time, in order that we may go from it, with Job, to the neighbouring city. Walking through the street towards the gate we hear familiar sounds proceeding from some of the houses. That must be the rattle of the loom! Look in, and you will see the weaver at his work. What a symbol of life's restlessness is that shuttle darting to and fro (vii. 6). And is not that the clash of the balances? Yes, see the merchant lifting his scales, and with critical eye watching the poise of the beam; writing, too, in his book; having, also, his simple arithmetic to help him; which arithmetic is founded, apparently, on the decimal system, which founds itself ultimately on the ten fingers of the human hands. When Job wishes to express to his friends that they have reached the full limits of censure he cries, "These ten times have ye reproached me," ten being the number of perfection. Familiar sounds ring out from the smith's shop, in which weapons for the chase and battle are being forged with clanging strokes; nor is the sound of music wanting, the harp, the pipe (xxx. 31), and the timbrel (xxi. 12) blend their voices, and to their merry measures the little ones dance (xxi. 11). As we go along the street we see the physician (xiii. 4) hurrying to succour some sick person, and as we look at him our ears are filled with the tramp, and rush, and loud shoutings of a knot of men who skim by us in swift pursuit of one who, with wild bounds, is seeking to escape them. As they dash on their headlong way we understand what is meant by the sentence, "They cry after them as after a thief" (xxx. 5). Slowly sauntering towards the gate we meet another runner (ix. 25); the traces of fatigue are on him, and as he passes us we hear his short and catching breathing. He has covered many miles of ground since the breaking of the day. There, in his belt, is a letter which he brings from the far-off world. He is the village postman. If we could see that letter very likely we should find that it is written on the prepared pith of the papyrus reed (viii. 11), and

that it bears the signature of some Egyptian merchant. Would that it could tell us all the incidents of its journey! Should we not hear of the Nile, with its closely watched and guarded banks (vii. 12); of the treasure houses of Egypt; of the swift ships made of reeds (ix. 26) in which it has been borne—those wonderful canoes that could be taken out of the water, folded together, and carried past the cataracts? Would it not have to tell us of those huge monuments in the wilderness where kings and counsellors sleep the sleep of death, their sepulchres filled with gold and silver (iii. 14, 15); of lonely desert graves over which the sculptured effigy of him who rests beneath keeps watch, looking with fixed, stony eyes over the infinite plains (xxi. 32)? What a wonderful story that letter might tell! But now we have reached the gate. Looking back we see Job, surrounded by his chosen friends, preparing to go up to the council in the market-place of the city. He walks there resplendent in gorgeous attire, and with his crown, or richly ornamented turban, on his head. We follow him as slowly he ascends the hill. As soon as his approach is perceived the young men loitering outside the walls of the city disappear, and the aged men, who have been sitting on the ground, rise up and remain standing. He enters the gate, and occupies his throne in the deeply-recessed wall. Princes, keeping a respectful silence, lay their hand upon their lips, and the "speech of illustrious men" hides itself, their tongue cleaving to the roof of their mouth. Well may we ask the reason of the hushed reverence that is paid to him who came, not long ago, a stranger and pilgrim, into a foreign land. The answer is very simple. Here, once more, is an illustration of the might of goodness, and a proof that in those dim ages of which we treat "a good name was rather to be chosen than great riches." Let us listen to Job's explanation of the matter:

"I rescued the sufferer who cried for help,
And the orphan, and him that had no helper.
The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me,
And I made the widow's heart rejoice.
I put on justice, and it put me on;
As a robe and turban was my integrity.
I was eyes to the blind,
And feet was I to the lame.
I was a father to the needy,

And the cause of the unknown I found out,
And broke the teeth of the wicked,
And I cast the spoil forth out of his teeth " (xxix. 12—17).

Thus it came to pass that those who gathered around him listened with the utmost deference to his decisions; nay, they waited for them

" As for the rain,
And they opened their mouth wide as for the latter rain " (xxix. 23).

As we watch the proceedings of the council we learn much. For instance, here is a labourer or household servant who conceives that he has a grievance against Job himself. The utmost attention is paid to his case, and the strictest justice is meted out. In the sight of God Job and his servant are equal, and so must they be in this court of law, which is the earthly symbol of His judgment-seat (xxxi. 13, 14). And is not this recognition of the claims of God indicated in this next case that comes before us? Here is one who has been guilty of the only form of idolatry we find mentioned in this book. He has seen the sunlight when it shone and the moon walking in splendour, and his heart has been secretly enticed, and he has thrown them a kiss by his hand (xxxi. 26, 27). This is a punishable crime, and is severely dealt with by the judges. And is not the equality of men in God's sight manifested by this further proceeding? There sits the tyrant who has carried away the ass of the orphan and distrained the ox of the widow, who has thrust the needy out of the way, and obliged the poor of the land to slink away together (xxiv. 3, 4). Can justice reach him? Yes. The oppressed one has made Job her vindicator, and he takes up the cause and contends for her in the gate. And contends successfully too. "The cheek bones of the lion are broken, and the prey is delivered from his teeth."

These legal proceedings are carried on with the utmost solemnity and order. We have first the summons of the defendant:

" When He passes by and arrests
And calls to judgment, who will oppose Him?" (xi. 10).

Then we see the framing of the indictment, that is, "the writing which the opponent writes" (xxxi. 35), the reply of the defendant, vouched for by his signature (xxxi. 35), then the solemn act of the defendant, who takes up the indictment, lays it on his shoulder, and prepares to plead (xxxi. 36), and finally the pronouncing of the judgment, which is written on paper and put into a sealed bag (xiv. 17), and handed to the officer of the court for execution.

Before we quit the council let us watch this final trial. That cry after the thief has been successful, for here, guarded by hirelings, the wretched man approaches the judges. His aspect differs widely from that of those who stand around. Who can he be? What is his life-history? Perhaps he is one of the "poor of the land." If so his life has been a hard one. Driven out of his home by these invaders who are now his judges, he has been leading a vagrant gipsy life. It is true that now and then he has been hired to cut fodder for cattle and to gather in the straggling grapes that ripen late and are left at the vintage season; but generally he has made his home in the desert, clinging to the rock at night as the rain poured down and the savage winds howled. Rising in the morning, benumbed from want and hunger, he has gnawed the steppe, plucking up mallows in the thicket and feeding on the root of the broom (xxx. 3, 4). Driven further and further away from his former home he has been compelled to dwell in the most dismal valleys, in holes of the earth and rocks, lurking under bushes when he has ventured forth from his cave, and lying with his companions huddled together under nettles. A hard life surely! What wonder that the thief-cry has filled his ears (xxx. 5—8). Or is he one who has fallen under the oppression of the tyrant; who has been seized, forcibly dragged from his home and made a serf? Here is a description of the pitiable condition of his fellows:

"Naked, they shrink away without clothes,
And hungering they bear the sheaves.
Between their walls they squeeze out the oil;
They tread the wine-presses and suffer thirst.
In the city vassals groan,
And the soul of the pierced crieth out (xxiv. 10—12).

Be he what he may there he stands for sentence; and as it is pronounced he is led away by his guards, and in some dismal dungeon (xii. 14) he is shut up or his feet are made fast in the stocks (xxxiii. 11). And then the council rises, and with renewed marks of respect Job descends the hill to his house.

Such scenes as these rise before our eyes when we attempt to form a conception of the social aspects of this most remarkable book.

ART. VII.—1. *Health and Life*. By BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S., &c. London: Daldy, Isbister, and Co. 1878.

2. *Diseases of Modern Life*. By BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, M.D., M.A., F.R.S., &c. London: McMillan and Co. Fifth Edition. 1878.

3. *Education, Intellectual, Moral, and Physical*. By HERBERT SPENCER. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

THE present age is one which strives to reduce everything to order; nothing within reach of the aided senses evades the curious scrutiny of our *savants*. Yet at no time were Pope's well-known lines on the infinite range of knowledge more evidently true than at the present. New fields are opening out before us on all sides, whilst old fields, where during centuries past one and another have laboured almost unobserved, are found to be rich in ore which, though rough, needs but working to make it useful. Hitherto men have paid more attention to the cure of disease than its prevention, preferring the removal of the effect to the avoidance of the cause. Fortunately in our day Carlyle's restless cause-seeking animal has directed his attention to this most important subject, and has attempted to link cause and effect in laying before us the laws of sanitary science. That the development of this science should come so late in the order of knowledge may seem wonderful, considering that the health, wealth, and might, mental and physical, both of nations and individuals, depend on the observance of its precepts. Of course, its laws are natural, and, sustained by the power of the Almighty Lawgiver, they have worked for men's good from the creation downwards. Their subtleness and complexity, however, necessitated the development of certain allied sciences prior to their discovery and statement in scientific form, as well as the evolution of several branches of knowledge which have but lately appeared above the

scientific horizon. The truly practical aim of this branch of knowledge is shown by the fact that the works before us are professedly popular. They contain truths of which no one should be ignorant, and we heartily recommend them to the notice of our readers. Mr. Spencer's masterly essays should be read by every one who has anything to do with the training and education of children. Those who undertake the responsibility of a household would do well to make themselves acquainted with such practical suggestions as are contained in this volume. It is pleasant to read, easy to understand, and deeply interesting, and, while differing from Mr. Spencer on certain points, we cannot but wish that his book may find its way into the hands, as it merits the perusal, of every thoughtful conscientious parent. No doubt he is right in saying, "It is a truth yet remaining to be recognised, that the last stage in the mental development of each man and woman is to be reached only through a proper discharge of the parental duties" (page 143). Dr. Richardson's works, though different in style, are equally interesting, and as eminently practical. Speaking generally, he takes up the thread where Spencer lays it down. Given well-educated children, where and how are they to live? What departures from health do the customs of modern society tend to produce, and how are they to be avoided? These and other questions he seeks, in a candid manner, to answer. We wish him all success in his further investigations, and though he acts on the suggestion of Plato, that the very existence of physicians in a republic is a proof of the vice of the people, we have no doubt that his medical brethren will do all in their power to aid him in his attempt to diminish their practices. It would be quite impossible in such an article as this to criticise the above-named books. Our aim is to direct attention to the important subjects discussed by these writers, so that their works, and others like them, may obtain more general entrance into our households.

For the perfection of the individual there must be perfect health of every part of his nature, body, mind, soul. No doubt there once existed perfect man, but he has degenerated in his whole being, and the object of the science of health, used in its broadest sense, is to attempt a return to that primeval perfection. In many respects it works at a disadvantage, for, in addition to the difficulty

experienced in ascertaining its laws, it meets with opposition where it should least expect it, namely, in the wills of those whom it seeks to benefit. As far as the soul is concerned, we are all born imbued with a disease incurable by man as man, but for which God has provided a free and perfect remedy. The State recognises it; communities called churches work and legislate for its administration, and as individuals it lays upon us duties both to ourselves and our fellow-men. As regards the mind, we are born with the germ of tendencies peculiar to the individual, tendencies often leading in the wrong direction. Like the soul it has its inherited and acquired complaints. The State recognises its necessity for health, as shown by proper development—for a stunted mind is no more natural than a stunted body—in providing schools where it may receive instruction and be put in the right way towards self-culture. Communities by their numerous general and special educational establishments, and in our day by public lectures and social gatherings, bear like testimony; whilst as individuals we are urged by the possession of mental power to the duty of using it for our own and others' advantage in the ever-widening study of nature and nature's God. In popular parlance the science of health is usually understood to refer to the body, and that this should receive so large a share of attention is not surprising when we remember that in this life at least the higher elements of our nature are almost absolutely dependent on it for their manifestation. However startling the assertion, we affirm that there are comparatively few born without some actual bodily defect or germ of imperfection waiting only for evolution. Rightly we attribute some of our ailments to ourselves, as rightly others to our fathers, and no doubt posterity will pay us the compliment we pay our ancestors. Thus the science of health has not only to deal with prevention of disease from without, and the quality of all our actions with respect to health, but also with the hereditary transmission of disease.

This science may be divided into two departments, Public and Private. Though both tend to the same end, improved individual health, there is an important practical distinction between the means used to attain that end. The former is in the hands of the community which expresses its will in law, the latter is in the hands of the individual,

and though "ought" should be as strong as "must," the experience of each one of us proves it is not so. Of the former we have little to say, except to thank heartily all who have taken part in its advancement. To the enforcement of its laws we trust for the purity of our foods and drinks, and, in part, of our atmosphere; for the removal of sewage and everything that would contaminate earth, air, or water; for the prevention and stoppage of the epidemics of disease, which in former times wrought such havoc in our towns; and for many other things, including the improvement of the dwellings of the lower classes, which science has shown to be conducive to public health. Nothing displays the advance which has been made more strikingly than the treatment of epidemics. In olden times, when a plague-spot appeared, people fled before it, carrying in many cases its poison with them. Now, as soon as our medical officer of health hears of a case of infectious disease he provides as far as possible for its isolation, and attempts to ascertain and remove the source of the poison, sometimes tracing our fathers' evil spirits to our milkman's pail. So far, indeed, has the State made use of the science of health that Dr. Richardson affirms that some of the most perfect examples of its laws in action are to be found where once—let Howard speak—the science of disease could be studied in perfection. Our prisons are our cities of health! No wonder the tribe of evil-doers fails not! Far from a collection of prisons, however, are the houses in Dr. Richardson's Hygeia. But these, with their garden-tops and upstairs kitchens, we leave to the householders of the future, and turn to the discussion of a few practical points which must affect us for good or evil every day of our lives. Let us take in turn, following Dr. Richardson's nomenclature, "Air and life," "Alimentation," "Work and play." The laws of individual health are built up upon the results of physiological research, and can only be explained by reference to physiological laws, so that it will be necessary to introduce some of the latter for the sake of clearness. As in all nature nothing stands by itself, but influences and is influenced, so the physiological processes which go on in the different departments of the animal economy are interdependent. Let alimentation go wrong, and the whole body sympathises. Therefore, though we discuss each separately, it must ever be kept in mind that an infringement of one part makes the observance of the rest of the law to a certain extent void. Too

often those who are most careful what they transmit to the residence of the Chinese soul, treat their lungs, day and night, to anything but wholesome food. Few of us, perhaps, realise the importance of the meal of oxygen we are constantly, though unconsciously, taking in by our lungs. It is as necessary for life as the more sensuous part of our food, and, indeed, without it the latter would fail to nourish, and all the activities of the body would come to a standstill for want of energy. Wonderful, indeed, is the way in which this energy is generated; but before tracing its history reference must be made to the other great function of the lungs. We not only take in oxygen at each inspiration, but breathe out carbonic acid gas, water vapour, and organic decomposable substances, with, some say, a trace of ammonia. In a single day a man will give out as much as sixteen cubic feet of carbonic acid, and, with the aid of his skin, about twenty-five or thirty fluid ounces of water.

In short, for practical purposes, all the excretions of the body may be regarded as consisting of ammonia, carbonic acid, and water, or substances which can, by further oxidation, be reduced to these; and here we have the chief food of the vegetable world. We see trees and other vegetable structures springing up rapidly around us, and hardly ask ourselves whence they obtain the large amount of charcoal and other food required for their growth. They are, in truth, the sanitary officers of the air, and amongst the wonderful providences of the Great Creator, few are more striking than this interdependence of the animal and vegetable worlds. In the sunlight plants use up solar energy in freeing the oxygen of the carbonic acid, and building up with the carbon, ammonia, and water the compounds which we know as albumen, oils, and starch or sugar. Here we have just what man requires for the production of his bodily energy, oxygen free in the air, and organic matter with its stored-up sun-rays. Cows and sheep are but storehouses and condensers of vegetable food, the plants are man's main food-producers, and man theirs; but the energy comes from the sun, plants storing it whilst men use it. All the energy that is set free by the meeting of the lung-food and elaborated stomach-food in the tissues leaves the body in two ways. About four-fifths, including that which in passing does the internal work of the body, goes out as heat, whilst one-fifth is expended in mechanical work, as lifting weights, walking, or performing the ordinary duties of every-day

life. Here, then, we should have as exact a credit and debit column as can be found in any ledger, and it is the object of the science of health to balance accounts so that there is waste neither of work nor material, actual nor potential energy. To attain this end, we must have pure lung-food and pure stomach-food, bearing a suitable relation to each other in amount and kind, and just sufficient to perform the total work of the body. When we live in the open air the organic matter we exhale undergoes oxidation, and with the carbonic acid, is conveyed away to the plants by diffusion and winds, so that the atmosphere retains its purity. We need only visit crowded public buildings to discover how impure and unfit for breathing the products of respiration render confined air. Not only does the oxygen become diminished, but, according to Dr. Richardson, so changed in properties that it is useless as a food, whilst the excreta, themselves poisonous, accumulate so as to become actually unpleasant to the senses. Beyond a certain point we cannot go, as the oft-repeated terrible story of the Black Hole of Calcutta vividly shows. Nature must have her rights, or she will cease her work. Although all cry out against this acute form of self-poisoning, many daily tolerate it to a less extent in their dwellings. Continued exposure to bad air, if not directly inducing disease, always tends to lower the tone of the body, and so renders it more susceptible to any contagion to which it may become accidentally exposed. It is to be ranked as one of the most common and sure predisposing causes of disease, and Dr. Richardson says (*Diseases of Modern Life*, 377), "The consumptive are specially injured, and many of the most intensely developed examples of pulmonary consumption are induced in this manner." Many parents, in mistaken kindness, shut up their children, not to speak of themselves, in small rooms with closed windows and doors for a night of ten or more hours long, and that week after week. No wonder those who are half-poisoned by night should be without appetite and indisposed for work by day. Homely and trite as it may seem, no person, sleeping or waking, should ever live in a room without provision for ingress of pure and egress of foul air. In this lies the vital point of every system of ventilation. Let us briefly consider what is meant by ventilation, and how it may be carried out in our houses. In perfection, it is a constant change of air occurring at such a rate that, while there is no perceptible

draught, every part of the room shall contain air as pure as the free atmosphere outside. This is rarely accomplished, and the difficulty increases with the smallness of the room and the number of persons it contains. According to best authorities, each adult man requires about three thousand cubic feet of air every hour, and the result of sanitary investigation shows that, with ordinary conveniences for ventilation, one thousand cubic feet of living room are necessary to obtain the required amount of fresh air without draught. We have but to measure our rooms to discover that this state of things does not usually exist, and it must not be forgotten that all our furniture takes from the cubic space, and by its surfaces interferes with the equable distribution of the fresh air. Owing to the diffusion of gases and movements of air dependent on its varying temperature, exchanges take place between the air inside and outside through the doors, windows, and fireplace.

This last is the great egress shaft for the foul air of the apartment, and the custom which prevails of closing this valuable outlet when not in use for warming purposes, cannot be too strongly condemned. Especially in bedrooms is this to be deprecated, as there the chief value of the grate is its ventilating power. Where there is no provision for warming the pure air before its entrance into the room, the cold air should enter near the ceiling and be directed towards it, whilst to avoid draught the stream of air should be broken into minor currents by perforated bricks or some kind of double-walled ventilator. The exits should be as far as possible from the inlets, so that all parts of the room may be subjected to the change of air. They, too, should be near the ceiling, as to that place all the warm impure air from lungs and gas ascends. Considering its unsuitable position the fireplace answers fairly well when in use for warming purposes; but it would be of the greatest advantage to the inmates of the room if the gaslights, which rapidly poison the atmosphere, were also made to act as ventilators. This obtains in some modern houses, and the change once felt can be well appreciated. Receiving tubes, which may be made ornamental as well as useful, placed above each light and connected with a special or the general exit shaft, would carry off all the products of combustion, cause the latter to be more complete, and act as most efficient ventilators just where they are most needed. In addition to the ventila-

tion of the several rooms, a general change of air throughout the whole house should be effected as often as possible. Let the morning light and air permeate all the rooms and passages, and you give in truth new life to the inmates, driving away those twin enemies of health, damp and darkness. Why do our physicians so often endeavour to send us into the country and to the seaside when out of health? Because they know that, with other changes, the lungs will have fair play, and be able to transmit to the red blood corpuscles more oxygen, so that the nutrition of the tissues generally will be improved, and the oxidation and elimination of excretionary products hastened. So important is this that they significantly designate the whole series of changes included in change of residence by the one phrase, "change of air." Confined air in towns is more impure than free air, and the latter has been proved by analysis to contain more of the noxious elements than country air. No doubt this is partly due to the purifying action of vegetable life. Not only to purity of air, however, but to the presence of an active modification of oxygen called ozone must this exhilarating power be attributed. In towns and other sources of impure air ozone cannot be detected, as it is rapidly used up wherever it finds oxidisable matter.

Dr. Richardson is inclined to attribute some of our head and lung colds to an excess of this substance in the air, but, as in all his other statements, he is most careful to distinguish what is yet but probable theory from fact. Taking into consideration the ease with which ozone is produced by electricity, &c., and its active properties, he becomes almost prophetic as he closes the chapter. "In ozone another generation may actually see an article of commerce, and even now an 'ozone company' might prove itself not merely a useful, but, as a sequence, a paying concern. Such a company could deodorise, disinfect, and give sea air to every household that required it. The 'supply' could be as manageable as coal gas and as cheap as water. With due precaution the lieges might make use of the agent as safely in their households as men of science make use of it in their laboratory" (*Health and Life*, 92, 93). We must now leave air, in the hope that our readers will make its influence on health a subject for personal investigation, and let Dr. Richardson open the few plain remarks we have to make on alimentation.

"Altogether there is an exaggerated importance attached both to eating and drinking. Everybody seems as if he carried about with him a spoon with something in it to put into somebody else's mouth. 'Wont you take something?' is the first expected word of common hospitality and good nature. If a great event of any kind has to be signalised, it must be distinguished by what is characteristically called a feast, which means the supply of certain articles of food and drink beyond what is taken in the ordinary rule of life, and beyond what is in any rational point of view commendable. If a friend be invited to dinner the immediate object is not to give that friend what will be good for him and for his health, but may be doubtful for him and extravagant for the giver. In the exuberance of generosity he is asked to eat what is no longer food, but so much money, which he cannot digest, and which would not help him if he could" (*Health and Life*, 129, 130). This tirade against the eating customs of modern society is not altogether uncalled for. Our social gatherings are becoming as valueless as our visits of etiquette, nay, actual wastes of time, health, and money. The body is taking the precedence of the higher parts of our nature, bodily feasts being too often mental fasts. The pleasures of the table are not to be decried; they are right in their place, but perhaps if these customs were simplified more of those who are able to supply mental feasts would be found in "society," and the animal part of man would be put in its proper place.

Nature prompts the rest of the animal kingdom what to take and what to avoid; but man has added so many acquired to his natural tastes that we have to be careful in questioning his nature with respect to the food best adapted for him. The sure criterion of a natural diet is an energetic body and mind. By experiments on animals science has discovered what kinds of food are necessary for life. Water, saline matter, iron, sugar and starch, oils and fats, though necessary for health, cannot support life, and experiment proves that proteids alone in the form of lean meat will not suffice for health. To obtain the greatest external energy with least expense of internal work a mixed diet is necessary, and of this, according to Ranke, rather less than a quarter of the solids should be proteids, an equal amount fats, about one-eighteenth salts, and the rest amyloids in the form of sugar, potatoes,

rice, &c. Animal food should form part of the diet of all, especially those who do much mental or bodily work. Most of the Carnivora are active and powerful, whilst the Herbivora do not as a rule display much vivacity. There are, however, notable exceptions, and remarks on these, with further illustrations of the effect of food on energy, will be found on reference to pages 157—159 of Mr. Spencer's work. Variety in food for the body, as for the mind, is a *sine quâ non* for perfect health. No one food supplies all the demands of the system, except milk in the case of the infant. Change is desirable for the sake of palate, stomach, and system. Spencer, going to nature, observes, "The satiety produced by an oft-repeated dish, and the gratification caused by one long a stranger to the palate are *not* meaningless, as people carelessly assume; but they are the incentives to a wholesome diversity of diet. . . . Not only, however, is periodic change of food very desirable, but for the same reasons it is very desirable that a mixture of food should be taken at each meal" (160, 161). Dr. Richardson seems hardly to agree with himself when, in summarising his rules for alimentation, he states that food should be made neutral to the palate, like milk to an infant. The imperfectly developed organs of sense and sensorium of infants do not call for gratification, but hunger, the cry of the whole system, is the one incentive to food. As we grow our senses develop, and it cannot be supposed that any of them are given to us to be useless. Certainly the demands of the palate should be made subservient to those of the system, as Dr. Richardson advocates; but if we satisfy the latter there can be no objection to our ministering to the former, as in that way alone will the salivary glands receive the proper stimulus for secretion. This by no means implies that ". . . the art of cooking has but one object, that of making a huge excess of food find agreeable entrance into the body" (*Health and Life*, 131). Highly-seasoned dishes do not necessitate excess; our organic conscience informs us when the stomach is satisfied, and if its warning be not heeded the fault does not lie with our food, but with us. It is to be feared that Mr. Spencer is right in his quotation—"Excess is the vice rather of adults than of the young, who are rarely either gourmands or epicures, unless through the fault of those who rear them" (page 149). The more nearly we approach infant life the more likely is nature to be an unbiassed

guide to appetite. There is, therefore, much truth in the homely but practical words of a father with respect to his rosy, robust son of five years, reproduced by Mr. Spencer, "I can see no artificial standard by which to mete out his food. If I say, 'this much is enough,' it is a mere guess, and the guess is as likely to be wrong as right. Consequently, having no faith in guesses, I let him eat his fill" (page 152). Children need proportionately more food than adults, for they have not only to live, work, and think, but also to grow. As a rule, in the upper classes the amount of nutritious food taken is quite out of proportion to the exercise, whilst in the lower much work has to be done on food often innutritious and badly cooked. It cannot be too earnestly insisted on that full meals imply full work, if health is to be maintained. No wonder those who spend their time indoors, and are constantly eating this and that little luxury, should be languid and dyspeptic. An active life with regularity in meals—for the stomach needs rest as much as the brain, and will not brook the constant irritation of food—would do more to cure such cases than all the medicines in the pharmacopœia.

This subject must not be dismissed without a few passing remarks on two of our chief luxuries, which Dr. Richardson discusses very fully—alcohol and tobacco. An indiscriminate condemnation of alcoholic drinks would be injurious to the cause of temperance, as they differ materially not only in the amount of alcohol they contain, but also in the diseases they induce. Few things, however, have proved so great a curse to our country as alcohol. Stripped by science of all its pretensions to be a food in health, proved not to increase but diminish the heat of the body, known by experiments on man and animals seriously to interfere with the working power of the individual, and acknowledged to be one of the most fruitful causes of crime, misery, and disease, this substance, which excites man's brain at the expense of his will, has nevertheless such a hold upon our country that the most enthusiastic philanthropist may well despair of ridding England of the pest. Dr. Richardson, however, does not despair, and thinks the time has come for attempting the process of exorcism. When individual excess becomes so general that it threatens to undermine the vital power of the nation, it is high time the Government of the country took the matter into its hands. No doubt, as Dr. Richardson

suggests, much might be done without limiting the freedom of the individual. He says, "In this case, in fact, the State has only to withdraw its protection to place the drug alcohol in the same position as other chemical bodies of the same class, to recognise that death produced by alcohol is the same as death produced by any other poisonous agent, and to leave the use of this agent in the hands of those who are learned enough to know how to use it, if it be at any time a warranted necessity" (*Health and Life*, 333). The alcohol trade of England, like the opium traffic with China, cries out to those who are responsible in our realm for redress. Dr. Richardson says, "I advocate that every person should abstain from alcoholic drinks" (*Health and Life*, 143), and that is the dictum of science. The proper place for alcohol is the shelf of the chemist, beside belladonna, strychnia, and other drugs. We do not banish it from the list of our remedies; but as such it should be under the control of the physician alone, for the great complaint people employ it to cure is the desire and disorder of system which it creates—alcohol to cure alcoholism! The best advice which can be given to those who have not commenced a course of alcohol, is never begin; it will neither aid digestion nor strengthen the system, and bodily and mental work will be better both in amount and kind without it. To those, especially young men, who take their spirit as regularly as their meals, and assert they feel no worse for it, we would prescribe a course of Dr. Richardson's *Diseases of Modern Life*, beginning at page 209, and remind them of Lord Bacon's words, "But it is a safer conclusion to say, this agreeth not well with me, therefore I will not continue it; than this, I finde no offence of this, therefore I may use it. For strength of nature in youth passeth over many excesses which are owing a man till his age." Unfortunately there are many in whom the craving for alcohol has become truly organic, and the will is completely at the beck of the passions. To them, and to all who for health's sake hesitate to break off this evil habit, we commend the words with which Dr. Richardson closes this section of his book: "I have failed, so far, to obtain a single instance of the origin of any known and definable disease from the process of enforced abstinence. No one, I believe, has ever pretended to write out the history of a disease induced by that process. On the contrary, the generally expressed opinion is that

enforced abstinence promotes health, and that it tends, when the appetite for the stimulant is subdued, to promote the after-sobriety of professed inebriates more effectively than any other measure that has been tried for the prevention of intoxication" (*Health and Life*, 153).

Dr. Richardson devotes fifty pages of his *Diseases of Modern Life* to tobacco. This is significant. Like alcohol it should take its place amongst our drugs, being an active poison, smoking as well as the internal administration of it having caused death. Nevertheless, Dr. Richardson candidly admits that smoking does not produce any organic disease, and here smokers take their stand. Numerous functional disorders, however, are produced by tobacco, affecting notably the digestive and nervous systems, so that the smoker can rarely be said to be in a state of perfect health. "The effects of this agent, often severe, even on those who have attained to manhood, are specially injurious to the young who are still in the stage of adolescence. In these the habit of smoking causes impairment of growth, premature manhood, and physical prostration" (*Diseases of Modern Life*, 322). Smoking too often involves waste of time, energy, and money, whilst its physiological effects tend to produce drinking habits. Rightly is it excluded from our drawing-rooms, and it is to be hoped the time may soon come when society will set its veto upon it.

"To work for his own health and means of subsistence; to work from the first working times until the close of life; to work for those who are young and dependent upon him until they too can work, as he has done, for health and life; to work a little in advance for those of his own who may continue to demand from their own weakness more care and aid;—these are true duties belonging to every man. Pressed far beyond this bound the effort becomes unjust, and injustice in natural things has its certain rectification. The law is absolute. Man shall live by the sweat of his brow, and no man shall work for another who can work. The surplus of work which a man can expend for more than his own wants is but sufficient for the helpless who rest on him. That is the natural law" (*Health and Life*, 203, 204). Dr. Richardson evidently does not believe in idleness; indeed, he regards it as an infirmity—"a paralysis of the will, which in its completest development ignores recreation as much as it ignores labour." Every part of our system for the sake of development and health must

have its stated times of exercise and rest. Just as the heart rests between its beats, so the mind and body rest by night between their daily toils, and the quality and quantity of work done by them greatly depends upon the amount and kind of this rest. The short chapters on "Getting up" and "Going to sleep," in *Health and Life*, are both moderate in tone and instructive in character. Nature tells us that night is the time for sleep, and we cannot borrow from its hours without paying heavy interest. It is true that the practice of most young men, especially students, is opposed to this. The evidence, however, seems convincing that those who desire to make the best use of their powers, and at the same time preserve health, will accomplish their end by following Dr. Richardson's advice. For an adult a rest of eight hours in winter and seven in summer is amply sufficient. But how are we, who have been accustomed to regard with Charles Lamb, "rising with the lark" as a popular fallacy, to get up at six o'clock every morning? "Where there's a will there's a way," and in truth few good habits are more easily acquired than that of waking at a fixed hour. We can no more explain why the brain should suddenly regain its functional activity than why the many "sensitive plants" of our gardens should

"Open their fan-like leaves to the light,
And close them beneath the kisses of night."

It is a law of our nature, and one that, as regards time, can be varied very much by habit. When the call to rise comes it should be at once obeyed. Dr. Richardson will allow us no "second naps," "no reading in bed," but adds by way of encouragement, "To get up briskly is to be sharp and sure till it is time to turn in for another night" (*Health and Life*, 266). To obtain refreshing sleep the mind should be freed from all anxiety. Forgetful of this students often work hard up to the very time for retiring, and then are surprised that their excited brains will not let them sleep. A light supper and cheerful talk are the best preparation for an undisturbed night.

During our waking hours both mind and body are always active, though in very varying degrees. It is necessary for their health that each should have a proper share of the bodily energy to make use of. Fortunately the lungs and other organs of animal life work without the aid of voluntary

stimulus. If it were otherwise, all our time would be absorbed in the effort to live. It is their function to minister to the wants of the muscular and nervous systems, by means of which we are brought into objective and subjective relations with the world without.

Just as different groups of muscles are used in singing and walking, so science now teaches that in mental operations the brain does not work as a whole, the mind making use now of this and now of that convolution. No student can have failed to remark the great relief and pleasure experienced in turning from one branch of knowledge over which he has long been poring to another totally different. This should be remembered, for want of variety often leads to idleness. The weariness of one small part of the brain does not necessarily indicate that there is a general deficit of energy, but that the attention should be directed into another channel. Mental effort, however, exhausts the energy of the system as surely as mechanical work. Though this appears to be self-evident, it is a common mistake to act as if mental fatigue could be relieved by bodily exercise. The brain calls for rest; therefore, it is said, let us bring into action the other parts of the body. The call is often not for rest merely, but nourishment, renewed energy, and the working power of the system will not be increased by expending the little that remains.

Bodily exercise is essential to mental vigour, and should not be relegated to those odd half-hours when the system is thoroughly exhausted. One of the most imperative demands of nature is that the brain and muscles should have alternate lulls in their daily work. It is impossible that the effect of constant mental strain for weeks together should be counteracted by a day or two devoted to muscular exercise. To be beneficial the latter must be regular, and not carried to excess. The daily "constitutional" being too often regarded as a waste of time, the mind is not allowed to leave its toil at home, though as a matter of form the legs take the body out for an airing. Thus the very object of the walk, which is not only to bring the muscles into action but also to give comparative rest to the mind, is defeated. For the student, who may be companionless, few things will so completely call away the mind from work and make a walk pleasant as a practical study of natural history. It will cultivate habits of observation, draw the attention away from self, and

soothe the somewhat irritable state which long study often induces. A mind thus refreshed will do in a given time more work both in quality and quantity than one that has failed to meet the just demand of nature.

Just as money in commerce, and "outward and visible signs" in religion, are often regarded as ends instead of means, so in work, and even in recreation, the true goal is frequently lost sight of, and University graduation and the outrivalling of compeers take the place of a true and conscientious self-culture. The competitive examination system of the present day is severely criticised by Dr. Richardson. He charges it with wholesale "intellectual destruction," with the production of beings who are "nurtured imbeciles," compared with those who are to come from our board schools armed with the "three R's," and with the practical prohibition of all recreative pleasures. Grave as this accusation is Dr. Richardson's remarks on the University where "the process of intellectual destruction is most scientifically and systematically carried out" fail to show where the fault lies; unless indeed he would abolish all public examinations. "The examiners look purely for the direct efficiency of those who come before them for examination." Certainly they do; and the "disqualifying hereditary influence" under which candidates may labour is not a question for the University, but for the family physician, to deal with. Examinations are tests of knowledge, and they must be regulated as if "every student had the same stamina and the same capacities." The University in question, ever since its establishment, has proved a stimulus to learning, and though its tests are difficult, they are not compulsory. Happily our own experience differs from Dr. Richardson's. We have seen many students pass successfully through the higher and lower examinations in every branch without detriment to health. Those who availed themselves of the whole of the time allowed for preparing for them found abundant opportunities for recreation, and many of these are now making their mark in the literary and scientific world. No doubt, in the struggle for distinction, the mind is sometimes led to attempt more than it can do without anxiety and strain. The deterioration of health resulting from intellectual "fast living" is examined in detail in the *Diseases of Modern Life*, and, as exemplified in our schools, is treated of very fully by Mr. Spencer.

Dr. Richardson has been called an enthusiast. It would be well if all enthusiasts had as good a cause to support! Though knowledge of the maxims of health will not insure a practical regard for them, it is an important factor in the process, and it may be confidently expected that, as education advances, the simpler laws of our physical well-being and leading facts of human physiology will form part of the programme of every child's studies. It is an astonishing fact that, at the present day, so few, even of our advanced scholars, know anything about the constitution of their own bodies, especially when there exists so excellent an introduction to the science of physiology from the pen of Professor Huxley. In the words of Mr. Spencer, "Men who would blush if caught saying Iphigⁱⁿia, instead of Iphigenia, or would resent as an insult any imputation of ignorance respecting the fabled labours of a fabled demi-god, show not the slightest shame in confessing that they do not know where the Eustachian tubes are, what are the actions of the spinal cord, what is the normal rate of pulsation, or how the lungs are inflated. . . So overwhelming is the influence of established routine! So terribly in our education does the ornamental override the useful" (page 17).

For the general acceptance of the laws of health there must be the consenting will, as well as the enlightened intellect. To most persons this means self-sacrifice; and every one knows that men are slow to sacrifice themselves even for their own benefit. To some the care of the body may seem to be a duty beneath them. It is true the laws of health, however perfectly they may be carried out, will not add to its prescribed duration. At the same time there can be nothing undignified in caring for it; indeed it becomes a duty to do so, if we regard it as the gift and workmanship of God.

It is through the body alone that our higher nature can manifest itself; and an oracle from heaven affirms that no temple has a sanctity comparable to that which belongs to the physical nature of man. As matter of fact all true experience and all sound philosophical theory concur to suggest that the perfection of man is only to be found in the complete and harmonious development of his tripartite constitution of body, and soul, and spirit.

ART. VIII.—*The Acts and Monuments of John Foxe.* Fourth Edition: Revised and Corrected, with Appendices Glossary, and Indices, by the REV. JOSIAH PRATT, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Vicar of St. Stephen's, Coleman Street, London; also an Introduction, Biographical and Descriptive, by the REV. JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D. London: The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row, 65, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 164, Piccadilly.

THE name of John Foxe will ever be dear to the Protestant heart. No book, always excepting the Bible itself, did so much as his *Acts and Monuments* to establish the principles of the Reformation in this country. Those principles were very far from being firmly rooted at the date of its publication. The ease with which the vast majority of the clergy exchanged the supremacy of the Pope for that of the sovereign at the bidding of Henry VIII., returned to their former allegiance under Mary, and threw it off again upon the accession of Elizabeth, is a sufficient proof that many of those minds which of all others ought to have been governed by principle were swayed by interest alone. Changes in doctrine were accepted with equal facility. Men who had professed to work a miracle every time they said mass, now admitted that they did nothing of the kind. The laity, if not quite so supple as their spiritual guides, were, generally speaking, even more undecided. A large proportion of them were ignorant of the real merits of the question of the day. The throes of the great movement that had convulsed all Europe for half a century were scarcely felt by an insular population still bound in the immobility of a traditional feudalism. In the large towns, centres of commerce as they were and homes of freedom, the new views made progress, and nowhere more rapidly than in the metropolis. But the masses of the people were stolid as the steers they ploughed with, and their lords did not care to enlighten them. There was no sturdy champion like Luther to do battle for the right of private judgment, and to direct and control the

spiritual forces just beginning to awaken into life. There was no Calvin to formulate the new doctrines into a system, and to build new bulwarks for the city of God. There was no John Knox to denounce priestcraft, and to band men together against the immoralities and usurpations of the Church of Rome. England had but one Wycliffe, and he belonged to an earlier age. Nor was the lack of ecclesiastical leaders supplied by men of lofty principle and vigorous action in the political world. No such name as that of Coligny or William the Silent adorns the critical period of the English Reformation. When once thoroughly established, it was followed by an outburst of mental energy the like of which the world has seldom seen: the long struggle developed powers and resources which rank the sixteenth century here as elsewhere among the heroic ages. But at first the movement was more political than religious, and was governed as much by considerations of civil liberty, national independence, and even dynastic succession as by concern for the spiritual well-being of society.

Elizabeth herself, the idol of the Protestants, by her wavering policy frequently disconcerted her only real friends. In England as in France, in Scotland as in the Netherlands, it was soon found that any advantages accruing to Protestantism from her favour and help must be paid for in such coin as the recovery of Calais, the union of the English and Scottish crowns, the weakening of Philip II., or the furnishing of the means by which these objects might be effected. When the time came that dalliance would no longer serve her turn, she threw in her lot decisively with that spiritual movement in connexion with which she could alone expect to achieve and maintain independence. But had not the short-sighted fulminations of the Council of Trent precipitated the crisis, there is some reason for supposing that the stand taken against Popery at the beginning of the reign would hardly have been maintained to its close. It was not likely that the daughter of Anne Boleyn would throw herself at once into the arms of that Church which had refused to sanction the divorce of Catherine of Arragon, and which could therefore only consistently regard herself as an illegitimate pretender to the throne. A natural instinct must have taught her, even if education had not thrown its weight into the same scale, that her interests were bound up with the party whose

sufferings under her sister had roused the indignation of all who had any manhood left. But if a fawning instead of a browbeating policy had been adopted towards this high-minded but susceptible princess, England might soon have been doubly enslaved, politically to Spain and spiritually to Rome.

The character of Elizabeth seems to have been stamped upon the ecclesiastical system to which she put the finishing touch. In her leanings toward the more mystical interpretations of the sacrament and in her love of ritual, in her oscillations between the liberty she loved and the tyranny she wielded, in her conflicts often ending in compromise between serious conviction and worldly indulgence, she is the very image of the Anglicanism she has handed down to us. The strength and weakness of the English Church are mirrored in the coquettish Queen who finally constituted the reigning monarch its spiritual head.

To speak of a book produced by an humble Marian exile as one of the agencies which wrought out this settlement may seem to be the language of exaggeration. But the work was issued under auspices exceedingly favourable to a wide and rapidly increasing influence. That such a book was in preparation was well known in every Protestant circle. And the year of its publication was remarkable as that in which the Council of Trent wound up its proceedings with solemn anathemas upon all heretics, and in which the Convocation of Canterbury replied by the adoption of the Thirty-nine Articles in the form which thenceforward became the doctrinal basis of the Anglican Church.

"The moment of the publication of this book," says Dr. Townsend, "was that era in the religious history of man which decided the question whether the power of the great dragon should be restored or destroyed. It enlisted the reason of the people on the side of free inquiry, by submitting to them the facts and reasonings by which the leaders of the two great Churches which were dividing the Christian world, appealed to that great tribunal, the public mind of Europe. Up to this time the opponents of the errors which had gradually crept into the paradise of the Catholic Church, enveloped in the mist of the ignorance and darkness which resulted from the prevalence of formalism and the suppression of the Scriptures—as Satan is represented to have obtained admission into the Paradise of Eden—had appealed to senates rather than to the people. But Liberty is as uniformly the hand-

maid of Truth as Slavery is the companion of Error; and one blessed result of the re-establishment of the ancient Christianity of the apostolic age, in the reformation of the Catholic Church from the apostasy of its Romish member, has been the raising up of that unbribable tribunal—the mass of thinking, reading, religious persons, whose frown constitutes censure and oblivion, and whose approbation is praise and earthly immortality to the politician, the statesman, the historian, and the writer. This great tribunal is the true law-giver. It was now in its infancy. The work of Foxe gave it strength; raised it into activity and, more than any other human work, created its now undying energy. The value of the work consisted not merely in its vast accumulation of knowledge and materials, but in its solemn appeals to the intellect and souls of its readers, as men responsible for those souls; and whose bounden duty it consequently became to seek truth and to commend themselves to God, by loving priesthood but hating priestcraft, and valuing the ministers of religion as their useful directors, but not as their infallible teachers. Its value consisted in the unintended but inevitable enforcement of this great truth—that an individual Christian may be right, when the great body of the priesthood of the Catholic Church might be wrong; and, therefore, that each individual must hold himself responsible to God alone, and not to any human power, political or ecclesiastical, for his religious conclusions. Its value consisted in this mighty service also—the unavoidable though still slowly learned and unintended enforcement upon all the governments of the world, that every system of laws must be founded upon the conviction of their usefulness and truth, or they cannot be made permanent by the most unrelenting persecutions of the most formidable power. Its value was, that it began the more universal reception of the axiom—that conscience must be governed by conviction and not by authority alone; and, therefore, that governments must rule for the happiness of the people, and not merely for the advantage of the governors. All these conclusions, which are now so common that they are almost unquotable because of their triteness, have been only gradually received as undeniable axioms since the publication of that book, which the tame elegance or the degenerate weakness of the present day which places the happiness of churches and communities in retrogradation rather than in progression, is beginning to depreciate and decry.”

We quote these paragraphs as illustrating the work which Foxe's book was destined to perform; but we would not be understood to concur in all the sentiments contained in them, any more than to admire the turgid style in which those sentiments are expressed. The opinion that “liberty

is uniformly the handmaid of truth" is one that it would be hard to assign to any year of grace within our cognizance, if the period of its utterance had not been already fixed for us at somewhere about 1836. So sweeping a statement seems too antiquated for any generation subsequent to the French Revolution, and too modern for any earlier age. It might have suited the views of Henry Vincent or Thomas Cooper forty years ago—though by both of them it would now be repudiated—but it sounds strange from the lips of a grave and thoughtful Anglican divine. The whole passage is taken from the edition of Mr. Pratt; in this last, with which Dr. Stoughton's name is connected, it is expunged. But to return to the book. What proves at once the high value set upon it, and the extraordinary influence it was able to wield, is the resolution passed by Convocation in 1571, directing "that the edition of *Foxe's Acts and Monuments* lately printed at London (the second edition) should be placed in the churches, and in the halls and houses of the bishops, archdeacons, and others, to be read and studied by the people." This resolution was carried out, and remained in full force until the days of Laud, who strove, with more success than he merited, but not so much as he desired, to blot the faithful witness out of existence. By that time, however, its work was done. A sort of bill of attainder had been drawn up both against Popery and its evil genius, the persecuting spirit; and for two generations the big black-letter volume, whose pages made good the counts of the indictment, stood open for all men to read. Every parish church became a court of inquiry into the principles and practices of Romanism, and the result was the emphatic condemnation then pronounced and ever since maintained by the quickened conscience and sound common sense of the nation. Germany had its *Theses*, and Geneva its *Institutes*, to England belongs the *Book of Martyrs*.

A short sketch of Foxe's life may prepare us for a more critical estimate of his work. Born at Boston in 1517, the year in which Luther threw down his gauntlet to the Church of Rome, of parents described as "well reputed and of good estate," he was sent at the age of sixteen to Oxford, where he manifested "good inclinations and towardness to learning." In 1543 he obtained a fellowship in Magdalen College. Hitherto he must have been

counted among the orthodox, but for the next twelve years the history of his mind is far from clear. It was evidently a time of deep heart-searching. "He would leave his study or his bed," says his son, his first biographer, "and retire to a neighbouring grove, where the students delighted to walk, and spend some hours of recreation, and there, amidst darkness and solitude, ponder deeply over what he had been reading, so that he might confirm his mind in the truths he had embraced." As to the origin of his changed views, the same witness remarks, "I have often heard him affirm that the first matter which occasioned his search into the Popish doctrine was, that he saw divers things, in their own nature most repugnant to one another, thrust upon men at one time to be both believed; so that the same man might in matters of faith be superior, and yet in his life and manners be inferior to all the world besides. Upon this beginning, his resolution and intended obedience to the Romish Church were somewhat shaken, and by little and little followed some dislike thereto." The influence of the old Aristotelian logic has often been denounced as cramping to the intellect, but it has often done good service in discovering inconsistencies that might otherwise have borne unchallenged sway over the minds of men. It was a weapon equally fit for the assault upon error as for the defence of it, and served Foxe as good a turn in his day as it did Abelard and Occam in the times of the schoolmen. If inconsistencies in doctrine were hard to swallow, inconsistencies in practice were still harder to one who had learned the meaning of "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Meantime, events were moving on rapidly. "The divorce of Catherine occurred in 1533; Papal supremacy was abolished in 1534; and Convocation, with the Universities, took the new oaths to Henry, His Majesty being recognised as Head of the Church of England. Monasteries had been dissolved; the Six Acts had passed; burnings for heresy had become common; and in 1536, Tyndale had died at the stake at Vilvorde, near Brussels." The head of the church was changed, but the body had not been purged. With the translated Bible in St. Paul's, Popery was still the law of the land. Foxe was no timeserver, and his habits being as described above, we are not surprised to learn that at Popish ceremonies he soon began to be conspicuous by his absence, nor

that in 1545, resigning his hopes of preferment, he left Oxford.

After residing for about a twelvemonth as tutor in the family of Sir Thomas Lucy, near Stratford-on-Avon, he married a lady from Coventry, and went to live with her under his father-in-law's roof. At Coventry his Protestant convictions became established, with the usual consequence of a somewhat unenviable notoriety. To escape persecution, he repaired to Boston, and afterwards to London. The following passage shews the extremities to which he was at this time reduced :

"As Master Foxe one day sate in St. Paul's Church, spent with long fasting, his countenance thin, and eyes hollow, after the ghastly manner of dying men, every one shunning a spectacle of so much horror, there came to him one whom he never remembered to have seen before, who, sitting down by him and saluting him with much familiarity, thrust an untold sum of money into his hand, bidding him be of good cheer, adding withal, that he knew not how great the misfortunes were which oppressed him, but supposed it was no light calamity ; that he should, therefore, accept in good part that small gift from his countryman which common courtesy had forced him to offer ; that he should go and take care of himself, and take all occasions to prolong his life ; adding that within a few days new hopes were at hand and a more certain condition of livelihood."

Foxe never knew the name of his benefactor. It is evident, however, that he had secret friends as well as open foes ; and, in no long time, he became tutor to the three children of the Earl of Surrey, who was beheaded by Henry VIII. shortly before the death of the latter. Foxe continued to discharge the duties of this office until the accession of Mary, an event that cast long shadows on his path. Gardiner was soon upon his track, and his flight was arranged by his eldest pupil, now become Duke of Suffolk. In common with many other Marian refugees he took up his residence at Frankfort, where protection was afforded to the exiles.

It is curious that the first dissensions in the bosom of the Anglican Church commenced among its representatives casually collected in a foreign city, years before its own principles were formally defined, and at a time when, a Romanist being upon the throne, the chances were that they might never need to be defined at all. Into the merits

of this controversy, waged with all the warmth of the controversies of that day, and particularly of those in which so redoubtable a personage as John Knox was a champion, we cannot now enter. Suffice it to say that Foxe's policy was uniformly one of conciliation. In a letter to the brethren at Strasburg who advocated the use of the English prayer-book, he expressed sympathy in their views, but added that he and those who thought with him were not ready to lay down their lives on behalf of forms. He joined Knox and others in drawing up a form of service afterwards known as "Knox's liturgy." When this proved unacceptable, he proposed arbitration, and, on the failure of this last attempt at union, retired to Basle.

At this celebrated city he laid the foundations of his *opus magnum*. It is remarkable that the first to suggest to him that he should write a history of the martyrs was no other than Lady Jane Grey. During the Marian persecution, he was incessantly employed in gathering all the information he could respecting the victims. The undertaking was not a light one. "Great must have been the difficulties with which the author had to contend in the accomplishment of his design. The material of his work came from beyond the sea, and travelled far over land, when there were impediments and restrictions innumerable to prevent the safe transit of such letters as he required. Those who sent them, as well as those to whom they were addressed, would be exposed to constant danger. There was then no free press. An *imprimatur* was necessary to give currency to every publication. As one edition of the work in Latin was being printed at Basle, another edition, in French, was in the press at Geneva, so that the burden upon him was very great. In addition to such impediments in the way of rapid progress, it must be remembered that the popes exerted themselves to prevent the circulation of books published by the Reformers. Leo X. had issued an ordinance forbidding any work to be printed until it had been subjected to examination, and this decree was confirmed by the Lateran Council in 1515. Paul IV. issued a prohibitory index in 1559—the year of the publication of Foxe's *Rerum in Ecclesia Gestarum*—forbidding by name, Oporinus, Stephens, and others, from printing any book whatever."

The work now referred to was but an instalment of Foxe's great undertaking. He remained on the continent

a full twelvemonth after the death of Mary, in order to see it through the press. This accomplished, he bent his steps homeward, and reached London in October, 1559, shattered in health, and in a state of pitiable destitution. In these circumstances the friendship of the Duke of Norfolk, his former pupil, was of great service, and enabled him to prosecute with vigour the work on which his heart was set. "That most bounteous, charitable, and princely lord," says Richard Day, minister of Reigate, "gave him free entertainment and dwelling for him and his, at his manor of Christ's Church, by Aldgate. From that his house he travelled weekly, every Monday, to the printing-house of John Day. In that, my father's house, many days and years, and infinite sums of money, were spent to accomplish and consummate his English 'Monuments,' and other many excellent works in English and Latin." The magnificence in which the duke lived may be illustrated by the following statement of John Stowe. "I find the said duke, anno 1562, with his duchess, riding thither to Duke's-place, through Bishopsgate-street, to Leadenhall, and so to Cree Church to his own place, attended with one hundred horse in his livery, with his gentlemen afore, their coats guarded with velvet, and four heralds riding before him, viz., Clarenceux, Somerset, Red Cross, and Blue Mantle."

In 1563, the first English edition of the *Acts and Monuments* saw the light. Its curiously-illustrated title-page bears the following inscription, "Acts and Monuments of these latter and perilous dayes, touching matters of the Church, wherein are comprehended and described the great persecutions and horrible troubles, that haue bene wrought and practised by the Romishe Prelates, speciallye in this Realme of England and Scotlande, from the yeare of our Lorde a thousande unto the tyme nowe present. Gathered and collected according to the true copies and writings certificatorie as wel of the parties themselues that suffered as also out of the Bishops Registers, which were the doers thereof, by John Foxe. Imprinted at London by Iohn Day, dwelling over Aldersgate. Cum priuilegio Regie Majestatis." It was in one volume. That the matter which now occupies eight closely printed octavo volumes, ranging from four hundred to eight hundred pages each, should have been packed into one seems hardly credible. Books must have had some limits, even in those days of huge folios. The one volume, however, contained 1700 pages. It ap-

pears to have been substantially the same book as we have now before us. It is spoken of as "a rare and estimable volume, with numerous very fine woodcuts: a fine and complete copy would be worth £100." That is, such a copy would now fetch that sum, but no perfect copy is known.

In the following year appeared a specimen of Foxe's loyalty in a Latin epistle to the Queen on occasion of her visit to Oxford. It is couched in the adulatory language of the period, and recalls in some of its expressions a certain famous dedication to her successor, "the most high and mighty Prince James." In it he commends especially her "care and protection of religion," and intimates his purpose to become the historian of her reign, having "great collections serving thereto." This purpose he was destined not to carry out. His public announcement of it, however, to the Queen herself, accompanied as it was by a request for "her own commentary," clearly marks the esteem in which he was held.

If disappointed in this respect, he did not suffer his energies to flag, as will be seen by the following extract from a letter, in which he reclaims against the burden imposed on him, in common with other divines, of occupying the pulpit at St. Paul's Cross. The letter quaintly expresses what many more have felt whom duty or interest incites to embrace the avocation of a scribe. "Consider in fairness," he says, "how unequally this will press upon me, when, as I believe, there never yet was ass or mule who was so weighed down and overdone by carrying burthens, as I have long been by literary labours; every day employed investigating and drawing forth the contents of writers, reading copies, and reading them again, and putting together materials which may be of public benefit to the Church. By these labours I am almost worn out, not to speak of ill-health and want of books. Yet amidst all these labours and defects which I have narrated I am summoned in addition to St. Paul's Cross, that celebrated spot, where, like an ape among cardinals, I shall be received with derision, or driven away by the hisses of the auditory."

His modesty was doubtless genuine, but his protestations were in vain. He was dragged forth from his retirement, and compelled to face the multitude whom his fame as a writer had gathered together, on Good Friday, 1570. The sermon was afterwards published: it was, of course, to some extent controversial, but not by

any means lacking in evangelical truth and unction, by which indeed even the controversial part was pervaded. The following noble sentences show the spirit of the man as well as the style of preaching current among the much-abused Reformers. "Seeing," he says, "our justification and remission of sins stand consummated by Christ, free by promise, and assured by faith, declare, then, I beseech you—you, who so magnify the religion of Rome—declare unto us, how standeth with God's religion your auricular confession for loosing of sins—your satisfaction for the same; your works of perfection and supererogation, masses, trentals—your propitiatory sacrifice—praying of saints, and to saints departed—your pardons, purgatory for cleansing of sin—building and entering into monasteries for the remission of sins; pilgrimages; stations of Rome; jubilees; straitness of orders; with an infinite number of such like? All which implements of your Church, to what use now do they serve? or how can they stand with Scripture, but either they must derogate from Christ's passion, or else the passion of Christ must needs make them void. For the same Christ crucified, I desire you, therefore, if ye see these evidences true, then, be reconciled to the truth; and, as St. Paul desireth you, be reconciled to God. Let the religion of God stand simple, as He left it Himself. In other matters add what ye list; but in matter and cause of salvation, Christ left nothing behind Him to be added any more, either by apostles, or martyrs, or bishops, or any other. He consummated the perfection thereof fully by Himself, leaving nothing therein imperfect. Whereunto he that addeth, blasphemeth; and doth no less than infringe the testament of our Lord."

Shortly after the preaching of this sermon appeared in two volumes the second edition of his *Acts and Monuments*, to which we have already adverted as having been placed by command of Convocation in all the parish churches. In accordance with the fashion of the day, it was encumbered with a multitude of prefaces. The first is addressed to Christ, and is styled by the author an *Eucharisticon*. The second is to Elizabeth, and racily describes the reception of his former issue among those "of the contrary part."

"When I first presented these *Acts and Monuments* to your majesty, which your majesty's rare clemency received in such gentle part, I well hoped that those my travels in

this kind of writing had been well at an end : whereby I might have returned to my studies again, to other purposes, after my own desire more fit, than to write histories, especially in the English tongue. But certain evil-disposed persons of intemperate tongues, adversaries to good proceedings, would not suffer me so to rest ; fuming and fretting, and raising up such miserable exclamations at the first appearance of the book, as was wonderful to hear. A man would have thought Christ to have been new born again ; and that Herod and all the city of Jerusalem had been in an uproar ; such blustering and stirring was there against that poor book, through all quarters of England, even to the gates of Louvain. So that no English papist almost in all the realm thought himself a perfect Catholic unless he had cast out some word or other to give that book a blow."

His next performance was a reissue, under the title of *Reformatio Legum*, of a body of rules on ecclesiastical matters, originally drawn up by Archbishop Cranmer and others as a substitute for the old canon law which prevailed under the Roman tyranny. The book was printed, and placed in possession of the members of the House of Commons. But Elizabeth, jealous of their supposed encroachments on her supremacy, commanded them to desist ; and the project of a complete ecclesiastical code for the Church of England fell to the ground. Here as elsewhere the jealousy of the sovereign was a safeguard to the liberties of the people. Though not drawn up with Draconian severity, the proposed code was out of harmony with the new spirit that was abroad among the nations, and would not long have been submitted to by the English people. It has been disputed whether in its pages heresy was regarded as an offence punishable with death. Collier and Lingard assert that it was, and the latter gloats over the idea of a reformed Church imitating the foulest transactions of the community from which it had separated. Burnet asserts the contrary. The following passage leans very much toward the less creditable view of the case. The language is vague, but not more so than that in which the Romish Church was wont to veil her meaning when she delivered over her victims to the secular arm. "Cum sit penitus insederit error, et tam alte radices egerit, ut nec sententiâ quidem excommunicationis ad veritatem reus inflecti possit, tam consumptis omnibus

aliis remediis, ut extremum ad civiles magistratus allegetur puniendus."

But though employed in the editing of the work that contained it, Foxe must not be accused of sympathising with the spirit of such an enactment. The supremacy of the Pope was gone, and the supremacy of the sovereign had taken its place. The obedience which had formerly been paid to the one was now supposed to be due to the other. In holding this doctrine Foxe did not advance beyond his age. Yet with a happy inconsistency, which even his keen eye could not detect, he maintains in the preface to his *Reformatio Legum*, "The word of God is alone to be taken as our guide in matters of religion." Nor was his catholicity confined to a general expression of opinion. When, a few years later, certain Anabaptists were condemned to the flames, he penned the following appeal to the Queen:—"I have never been annoying to any, but now I am compelled to be importunate, even to the Queen herself, not on my own account, but on that of strangers. I understand there are in this country, not English, but strangers, Belgians, brought to judgment for wicked opinions. They have been condemned to death by burning. In this case there are two things to look at, one pertains to the heinousness of their errors, the other to the rigour of their punishment. They ought to be restrained; but to consign them to the flames is more after the Roman example than a Christian custom. I would not countenance their errors, but I would spare their lives, because I myself am a man; and that they may repent. There are other modes of punishment into which their condemnation can be commuted—banishment, close imprisonment, bonds, perpetual exile, reproaches, stripes, or even gibbets. But this one thing I deprecate, that the fires of Smithfield, which have slumbered so long under your auspices, should now by you be rekindled. Wherefore, spare them a month or two, so that means may be tried for their conversion."

The intervention appears to have been without effect. Fuller remarks in reference to it, "that though Queen Elizabeth constantly called him her Father Foxe, yet herein was she no dutiful daughter, giving him a flat denial."

The greatest sorrow of Foxe's life now overshadowed him in the trial and execution for high treason of his

friend and patron the Duke of Norfolk. Of the criminal schemes of that nobleman there can be no doubt, nor of his having descended to every depth of ignominy and dishonour in order to compass them. A Protestant by birth and training, and if we are to believe his last words, by conviction also, he secretly assumed the guise of a Catholic in order that he might effect a marriage with his sovereign's foe and rival, and conspire with her to overturn his sovereign's throne. Foxe wrote him an expostulatory letter when the rumours of this strange courtship and conspiracy were first set afloat. But the Duke was blinded by passion and ambition, and, being brought to justice by Burleigh and accused of high treason, was found guilty and condemned to death. On the 3rd of June, 1572, Foxe witnessed the shameful and disastrous close of a life with whose earlier and brighter scenes his fortunes had been so intimately bound up.

Of Foxe's own life little remains to be told. His ecclesiastical preferment was small. One or two prebendaries were all the reward he received for the noble service he had rendered to the Church of England and the nation at large. And some of these emoluments he resigned on account of his scruples about vestments. He died April the 18th, 1587, at the age of seventy years.

We have dwelt the more willingly on the story of Foxe's life, not only for the illustrations it affords of the genius of the times, but also for the light it sheds on his own character and on the work to which he devoted his best days. It has been too much the fashion in some quarters to depreciate his labours. Even the old High Church party, though staunchly Protestant, branded him as a fanatic and a puritan because he refused to conform to all parts of the ritual which the Church of England thought fit to retain. Much more has the modern Romanising faction cast out his name as evil. He has shared in the opprobrium heaped on the emancipators of England by unworthy successors, who employ the liberty thus secured to them only to rivet upon her, if possible, still more disgraceful bonds. He has been charged, if not with wholesale falsehood, yet with wilful exaggeration in matters of fact. His zeal has been maligned as rancour, and his unweariable activity, in common with that of his whole party, as a mere scramble for power. The spirit of Henry VIII. has been declared to pervade the whole body of those

with whom, for purposes of his own, that monarch reluctantly sided. Spoliation and slaughter have been asserted to be the favourite weapons of the Protestant heresy: communism and rationalism its political and ecclesiastical creed.

But the very opposite of all this is the truth. There were of course, as there always will be in times of widespread agitation, exceptions to the general rule. There were weak men whose enthusiasm would carry them to extremes, wily men whose ends were served by other men's destruction. But the leaders of the movement which raised England to greatness and empire no more deserved to be denounced as demagogues than William Gladstone or John Bright, and no more deserved to be contemned as courtiers than Earl Beaconsfield is to-day. Of all such slanders, so far as John Foxe is concerned—and we take him to be a sample—his life is a sufficient refutation. At the very outset of his career we see signs of the tremendous struggle which in most minds preceded the turning away from the religion of their fathers. Romish doctrines are always in themselves flattering to the pride and soothing to the frailty of human nature; and adherence to them, though in outward seeming only, would, even in the days of Henry VIII., have brought emolument and honour. But he forsook all that he might follow Christ. How touching that picture of John Foxe sitting famished and desolate in the old St. Paul's, willing to want the bread that perisheth, but unable to forego the chance of being fed with the manna that came down from heaven! Who can but feel that here was to be seen the true heroism that exalts the possessors of it above mere human praise, and confers on the cause they espouse, whether it speed or fail, a glory that no scrutiny can imperil and no lapse of time wear away?

It has been objected against Foxe that he feared the face of danger, that he forsook his country in the hour of need, and found it easier to collect accounts of martyrs than to imitate their prowess. But he did his country better service by the course he took than he could have done by an uncalled-for surrender of his head to the block, or his body to the flames. Had he held high office in the Church, or had he been thrown into the clutches of his adversaries, his duty would have been plain, and no man would have been less likely to shrink from it. He betrayed no trust, he stifled no convictions; and the honours of confessorship are his, if not of martyrdom.

The purity of his motives is undeniable, and well accords with the simplicity of his habits and the gentleness of his life. His preferment was small, as we have said, and what he could not keep with a good conscience he resigned. If he accepted for a time the hospitality of a duke, it was only in furtherance of the undertaking to which he had devoted his life. Associated with the rich and great, he spared not to point out to them their duties and to tell them of their faults. His addresses to royalty, if complimentary, were faithful; his appeals to Catholics were tender, though stern. In private life he was greatly beloved and much sought to for advice. He made fast friends, and retained them. Grindal and Cox, whom he knew in his adversity, remembered him when they became, the one the Bishop of London, and the other the Bishop of Norwich. Burleigh the Lord Treasurer was among his intimates, and so were the Earls of Bedford and Warwick, Sir Francis Walsingham, the brothers Heneage, Sir Francis Drake, and Sir Thomas Gresham. From these and others he received large sums of money to distribute to the poor, and to these he added contributions of his own. "Nothing so much won to Master Foxe the love of people as the pity he usually showed to all sorts of men in distress; and some affirm that he not only gave away to the poor his money, but his clothes, and household stuffs also, without his wife's privity, which modesty forbiddeth me to maintain for the truth." The root of all was a lively faith in Christ, a personal participation in the benefits of His passion, and a personal experience of the renewing of the Holy Ghost. This kindled his zeal and sustained his labours; this gave him the victory over the blandishments of the world no less than of that corrupt Church whose evil deeds he brought to light. This made it possible for his son and biographer to say of him with all simplicity that "he had lived in the deliberate and resolved contempt of all things which are in the greatest esteem among men."

When we are told then of the uncharitableness of Foxe's spirit and the untrustworthiness of his narrative, we feel that the statement is invested with an air, to say the least, of very great improbability. Even were it not the custom of Rome and Rome's partisans to decry the spirit and assail the character of her antagonists, imputing to them the malignity and artifice she practises herself, we should pause before we entertained such a charge against

one of the meekest men that ever lived. But when we remember how zealously she has always anathematised those who differ from her, and how unscrupulously she has forged documents and falsified history in order to bolster up her monstrous claims, we are but little discomposed in the presence of small murmurs against the first historian of the Reformation. The question is, we feel, one that is not to be carried by mere clamour, but to be determined by impartial investigation.

Were we to commence such an investigation, we should be met at the very outset by the fact that Foxe's *Acts and Monuments* was placed by Convocation in all the parish churches of the land. An opinion was thus expressed in high places by men not given to enthusiasm, and many of them by no means favourable to Foxe's moderate views, on a work that was not now published for the first time, but had run the gauntlet of hostile criticism for a period of seven years. By placing it within everybody's reach they extended the range of that criticism, so that if any solid objections existed, opportunity was offered for bringing them forward. And what was the result? Why that though a great outcry was raised against the author by the Romanist party, not a single charge of any importance could be successfully maintained. The most desperate of his opponents was Nicholas Harpsfield, himself a persecutor, who under the pseudonym of Alan Cope attacked Foxe with great virulence in a pamphlet published at Antwerp in 1566. His language is most abusive, but he invalidates no one of Foxe's facts. The following brief summary of the contents of his forty-six sections will show the nature of his accusations and their weakness:

"1. The cause, not the fortitude of the victim, makes the martyr. In what true fortitude consists. 2. Foxe enrols criminals among his martyrs, as in the case of Lord Cobham and his followers. 3. The pseudo-martyrs commit themselves to death to obtain the praise and glory of martyrdom. 4. They ought not, therefore, to be called martyrs. 5. But to be detested. 6. They are not conscious that they are heretics. 7. Why one error makes a heretic. 8. Though Cyprian might err without heresy. 9. The folly of the declaration of the Reformers that the whole world began to see the true light. 10. On the causes of the multiplication of sects. 11. They will decline as the Manicheans and others in former times. 12. The martyrs and pseudo-martyrs contrasted. 13. Why the title of martyrs ought not to be given

to the opponents of Rome; and whether the ancient prophets, the Manicheans, and the Innocents are entitled to that name. 14. Sectarians mutually opposed to each other cannot call each other martyrs. 15. The absurdity of denying the greatness of the differences between the Zwinglians and Lutherans. 16. Yet Foxe blends all opponents of Rome in one mass, and eulogises Lutherans, Zwinglians, other heretics and criminals, in one indiscriminate mass as martyrs. 17. Falsehood of Foxe in the case of Cowbridge. 18. The Lutherans cannot be martyrs, because Luther recalled from the bottomless pit many ancient heresies. 19—25. The follies, &c., of Luther and of Lutherans. 26. Foxe is ridiculed for his respect for Erasmus. 27. And for including Mirandula among his martyrs. 28—30. Foxe's account of Wycliffe condemned. 31—35. Attack on Luther and the foreign reformers. 36. Credulity of Foxe condemned. 37. Eulogy of Foxe on Cobham condemned. 38. Some improbabilities in the accounts of the martyrs censured. 39. On the story of Baynam. 40. Comparison between the martyrs of Foxe and of antiquity. 41. On the Husaites. 42, 43. On the controversies respecting the headship of the Church. 44. On the martyrs for the Church of Rome. 45. That true martyrs are found only in the Church of Rome. 46. On the true Catholic Church. Arguments from Augustine to strengthen the weak and confirm the wavering. The manner in which heretics are to be treated."

The only serious charge is that concerning Cowbridge, and is easily dismissed. "For acting as a priest without a license to teach, he was apprehended, sent to Oxford, and imprisoned. Famine and loss of sleep, in the Bocardo, deprived him of his reason. 'In his insane moods,' says Foxe, 'he uttered many unseemly and indiscreet words.' " Among other peculiarities he could not bear to hear the name of Christ. He was sent to London and condemned to death. The articles on which he was condemned Foxe could not obtain. They are, however, produced by Harpsfield. "Foxe replies to them all by saying 'that as the man was mad, if the articles were so horrible as Cope in his dialogues doth declare, he was more fit to be sent to Bedlam than to be led to the fire in Smithfield.' Foxe does not canonise the madman. He does, however, tell us, that 'when he came to the stake he called upon the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and with great meekness and quietness he yielded up his spirit into the hands of the Lord.' " The story of Baynam is that he boasted of feeling no more pain in the fire than if he had been on a bed of roses.

If this is the strongest impeachment that could be laid.

against Foxe's accuracy by contemporaries interested the most deeply in his confutation, we think little more need be said upon the subject. The greater part of his work is occupied with transactions fresh in the memory of the generation then living, and yet no serious attempt was made to call his statements in question. The attack of Harpsfield shows that if a refutation was not undertaken, it was for want, not of the will, but of the power to effect it. Foxe is condemned by his assailant for praising Wycliffe and Cobham, Luther and Zwingli, and in our opinion the condemnation on this one head is a virtual acquittal on all. If he erred, he erred in good company.

But in order to establish Foxe's reputation, it is not enough to answer objections raised upon mere points of detail. An objector might be unable to establish specific charges of falsification, and yet find reason to suspect a general looseness and untrustworthiness in regard to sources of information. This would in fact be as weighty an accusation as the other, for carelessness respecting facts that affect men's characters is hardly less culpable than deliberate fabrication. On this point the book speaks for itself. It seems to be one mass of documents. Legal processes, civil and ecclesiastical records, epistolary correspondence, testimonies of eye-witnesses, are cited on every page, and the originals were all in existence to be appealed to if the copies were found incorrect.

"John Foxe first made generally known to the public the value of the historical manuscripts, which he consulted before they were printed. The first English edition of Foxe was printed in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth. He makes constant use of Matt. Paris, which was first printed in 1571; of William of Malmesbury, William Huntingdon, R. Hoveden, Ethelward, and Ingulphus, which were first printed in 1596; and of Matthew of Westminster, which was printed in 1567. He quotes from manuscripts the epistle of Boniface or Winfrid, the letter of Charlemagne, the letters of Alcuin, the laws of Athelstan, the laws of Egelred, the oration of Edgar. . . . Foxe printed from the records in the Tower the charters of King William. He confirms his statements from the registers of Hereford. He analyses the manuscript account of the miracles of Becket. He refers to the manuscript account of the pacification between Pope Alexander and the Emperor Frederic, and to letters printed from the Tower. . . . He has collected and printed numerous original documents from the registers of the Bishop of London, from those of the Bishop of Lincoln, from those of the Archbishop

of Canterbury, and what are more valuable still, from the registers of the Archbishop of St. Andrews. No one episcopal register of that period is to be found in all Scotland, so complete has been the devastation of such records in that part of the empire. When Foxe wrote, that devastation had not destroyed the registers. . . . Many other records of the same date are cited by Foxe alone, which are essential to every student of history, and which assist in making his work what our fathers esteemed it to be—the completest ecclesiastical historical library we possess. Among these may be enumerated the conferences between the Cardinal and the almoner of Queen Catherine, the oaths of Gardiner, Stokesley, Lee, Tunstal, &c., renouncing the papal supremacy. These are printed from the originals, and were probably taken from the proceedings of the convocation, which are now lost. Foxe prints, too, many letters of Henry VIII. and Wolsey, which would have been otherwise lost. . . . Tindal's letters to Frith, Bonner's letters to Cromwell, the characteristic conference between Brusierd and Bilney on image-worship, the highly-important document from Bonner's own handwriting against Gardiner, and the letters of Lambert, were all in the possession of Foxe, and all were printed from the originals. The story of Garret, of Barber, of Brown, were all printed from the affecting narrative of eye-witnesses. . . . Burnet, Strype, and all our best historians have derived their principal information and documents from John Foxe; and many hundred letters, all from authentic sources, and only now to be found there, illustrate the period of which he writes, and prove his work to be indispensable to every one who desires accurate knowledge of the painful subjects of his history. Raw-head and bloody-bone stories are supposed to be the subjects of his *Acts and Monuments* by the thoughtless and ignorant alone. Those who have studied his pages will never dispense with his book.

The name *Book of Martyrs* by which it is generally known gives an inadequate idea of the contents of this voluminous work. Its proper title, *Acts and Monuments*, more fittingly describes its province. The whole work is divided into twelve books. The first of the present eight volumes contains two books, of which the first describes the persecutions of the early Christians during the first three centuries, and the second narrates the establishment of Christianity in Britain, bringing the history down to the end of the sixth century. The second volume contains the third and fourth books and part of the fifth, the third book extending from the reign of Egbert to the Conquest, the fourth from the Conquest to Wycliffe, and the fifth, “containing the last three hundred years from the loosing

out of Satan." This last general title is prefixed to each of the sixth and seventh books, which occupy volume three and part of volume four. With the seventh book commences the history of the reign of Henry VIII. The fourth volume includes part of book eight, "containing the history of English matters appertaining to both states, as well ecclesiastical as civil and temporal." The fifth volume concludes book eight, and with it the reign of Henry VIII., and commences book nine, "containing the acts and things done in the reign of King Edward the Sixth." This is finished in the sixth volume, which also contains book ten, "beginning with the reign of Queen Mary," and commences book eleven, "wherein is discoursed the bloody murdering of God's saints, with the particular processes, and names of such godly martyrs, both men and women, as, in this time of Queen Mary, were put to death." The same book occupies the whole of the seventh volume, and part of the eighth; and the twelfth book concludes the work, with an account of similar transactions in the last year of the persecuting Queen.

Foxe has sometimes been charged with credulity because he has given a place in his work to marvels which the intelligence of modern times pronounces unworthy of belief. But he was not a whit more credulous than the age to which he belonged. He does not himself give credence to all the wonders he records. He does not believe in "the miracles of Helenus, bishop (as the story saith) of Heliopolis, how he carried burning coals in his lap, and how he adventured himself to go in the burning fire, to repel wicked Zereas, a pagan, remaining in the same unburnt." A miraculous operation of an herb touching the hem of Christ's image he refers to the reader, whether it be true or false, cautioning him, if he accept the story, not to impute the virtue to the image. The "prodigious miracles" said to have attended St. Alban's death, the first British martyr, he deems "more legend-like than truth-like." Of the history of the martyr Katharine, and the appearance to her of the Virgin Mary, he writes, "I have oftentimes before complained that the stories of saints have been powdered and sauced with divers untrue additions, and fabulous inventions of men, who, either of a superstitious devotion or of a subtle practice, have so mangled their stories and lives, that almost nothing remaineth in them simple and uncorrupt, as in the usual

portasses wont to be read for daily service, is manifest and evident to be seen; wherein few legends there be able to abide the touch of history, if they were truly tried." Constantine's cross he deals with more leniently, but only because "Eusebius Pamphilus in the first book of his *De Vita Constantini* doth witness that he had heard the said Constantine himself oftentimes report, and also to swear this to be true and certain, which he did see with his own eyes in heaven, and also his soldiers about him." So also he says of Maxentius that he was "much addicted to the art magical, which to execute he was more fit than for the imperial dignity." But on the efficacy of his incantations Foxe passes no opinion. The prophecies of Hildegard (A.D. 1146), he relates with evident satisfaction, because she is "holden of the papists themselves to be a great prophetess," and, being so regarded, "doth most grievously reprehend, not only the wicked and abominable life of the spiritual papists, but also the contempt of the ecclesiastical office, and the horrible destruction of the Church of Rome." But of her qualifications for the office of a prophetess he says not a word. So likewise of the appearance of Grostete after his death to Pope Innocent IV., and his smiting him on the side with his pastoral staff a blow from which he never recovered. "In this story," he says, "is to be noted, gentle reader, that although in *Cestrensis*, Matthew Paris, and *Flores Historiarum*, it is expressly testified and reported, that the pope was smitten with the staff of Robert, the aforesaid Bishop of Lincoln, yet thou must wisely understand, that, howsoever God's hand dealeth here in this world in punishing His enemies, or howsoever the images of things not seen but fantasied offer themselves to the secret cogitation of man (his senses being asleep), by the operation or permission of God working after some spiritual influence in our imaginations, certain it is that no dead man materially can ever rise again or appear before the judgment day to any man, with his staff or without his staff, to work any feat, after he have once departed this life."

We do not of course claim for Foxe's work the dignity and regularity of history composed according to the refined canons of modern criticism. It is not conceived upon a comprehensive plan, nor executed with artistic skill. There is no connected line of thought, no grouping of the main incidents of the story around its chief personages, no

investigation and exposition of the principles which actuated those personages. But history of that sort did not then exist, except in the pages of Thucydides and Tacitus. It was an age in which history was made, not written. The only unity of the work is its broad and general notion of the true spiritual church militant against Antichrist in every form, but especially in the form of the great apostasy. The succession is purely chronological. The story hurries us abruptly from one part of the stage to another. Just as the brave leader of some embattled host is always to be found where the fight is the thickest, so John Foxe is drawn as by a secret spell to that spot at which bigotry and tolerance, superstition and faith, might and right, authority and conscience, impotent fury and invincible meekness, meet in deadliest conflict. The unabashed front and patient constancy of the persecuted for righteousness' sake kindle his warmest enthusiasm: their ready retort upon their persecutors in the midst of dangers on which they look with cool disdain calls forth his admiration. The struggle is not in his eyes for the mere ascendancy of party: no hankering after selfish advantage disturbs and befouls the current of his sympathies. It is the triumph of humility over pride, of a heavenly zeal over an earthly, of charity over malice, of truth over error, that he rejoices in: this sheds for him a halo of glory over circumstances otherwise too painful to dwell upon, and transforms what some would have called the miserable fates of deluded visionaries into Elijah-like ascensions to the realms of light.

In fine, the struggle whose various fortunes through so many centuries it was Foxe's endeavour to depict, bore for him all the characters of that inward one which he had himself experienced in the depths of his Oxford seclusion. It was the testimony of the human conscience to its need of some better panacea than penance and confession could yield it: it was the demand of the human heart for some better hope of eternal life than masses and absolutions could afford. The hands that guided the English Reformation to its ultimate destiny were the hands of patriots and politicians, of sovereigns and senators; but the soul of the movement was a spiritual force which no intrigues of policy could create and no history of enthusiasm could explain. A more ample liberty and a more general respect for order, a keener patriotism and a more cosmopolitan philanthropy,

a quickened intellectual energy and an enlarged moral sensibility, a deepened sense of the dignity of man springing from profounder views of his relationship to God,—these are the fruits of the spiritual life whose tribulations Foxe describes, and whose victory he thankfully commemorates. And the parent owes much to her offspring, and they should as loving daughters tend and nourish and protect her. But it must never be forgotten that she did not owe her existence to them, but they owed theirs to her.

Foxe, as we have said, was not a mere partisan. But we do not mean by this to assert that his position was that of a cold and uninterested observer of what was passing around him. A foremost figure in the strife, an actual sufferer to the extent of loss of health and wealth and honour for the part he chose to take, a witness of the horrible massacres which Popery was willing to perpetrate in order to accomplish her designs, it was not to be expected that he would extenuate her faults or feel much respect for the great qualities occasionally exhibited by her devotees. It is quite possible that personages appeared to him comely or the reverse according as the light that fell upon them was the mild radiance of the Gospel of peace or the lurid glare of the abyss from which he believed the great dragon to have emerged and which now yawned to receive it again. Valour would hardly seem so genuine when it set on with thumb-screw and faggot, as when it fought with no other weapons than those of invincible meekness and a blameless life. Constancy was likely to be confounded with obstinacy when it met Scriptural argument by human authority, and to be suspected of selfishness when displayed in the maintenance of monopolies or the defence of profitable corruptions. On the other hand, attachment to the Reformation was but too likely to be identified in his eyes with the faith that overcomes the world and the charity that hides a multitude of sins. In these respects it does not become us to imitate him. The battle between Protestantism and Popery rages still. The ancient feud between Saxon and Gael has so completely died out that Burns's "Scots wha ha' wi' Wallace bled" is sung as heartily on this side of the Border as on that. It is not so with the religious controversy: that warfare, as long as Popery remains unaltered, must continue to be waged. But the loyalty to truth which condemns principles is not inconsistent with

a liberality which admires some of the persons who have professed them and laid down their lives for their sake. We do not wish to imitate the narrowness of Harpsfield, nor of the Church to which he belonged, in the enunciation of the axiom that the cause makes the martyr. We admire the fidelity to their convictions which brought More and Fisher to the block, and we do not think we shall therefore be supposed to sympathise with the sophistry of Lingard or the ravings of Cobbett. It will be said, no doubt, that Protestants have persecuted as well as Catholics. The answer is, They did not persecute first, they did not (with rare exceptions) persecute to the extent of burning, they have not continued to persecute down to the present day.

This article would be incomplete without at least one sample of the touching narratives which crowd the pages of this work. The martyrdom of Ridley and Latimer at Oxford, perhaps of all others, has made the deepest impression on the English mind, both from the character and position of the sufferers, having been bishops, from their manful bearing and the dramatic style in which the tale is told. The whole story, we may say in passing, including letters, sermons, examinations, and treatises, occupies about one hundred and eighty pages. We make no apology for selecting incidents so well known. They can hardly be reprinted too often.

"THE BEHAVIOUR OF DR. RIDLEY AND MASTER LATIMER, AT THE TIME OF THEIR DEATH, WHICH WAS THE 16TH OF OCTOBER, 1555.

"Upon the north side of the town, in the ditch over against Balliol College, the place of execution was appointed; and for fear of any tumults that might arise, to let the burning of them, the lord Williams was commanded, by the Queen's letters, and the householders of the city, to be their assistant, sufficiently appointed. And when every thing was in readiness, the prisoners were brought forth by the Mayor and bailiffs.

"Master Ridley had a fair black gown, furred and faced with fairs, such as he was wont to wear being bishop, and a tippet of velvet furred likewise about his neck, a velvet night-cap upon his head, and a corner cap upon the same, going in a pair of slippers to the stake, and going between the mayor and an alderman, &c.

"After him came Master Latimer in a poor Bristol frieze frock all worn, with his buttoned cap, and a kerchief on his head, all ready to the fire, a new long shroud hanging over his hose, down to the feet; which at the first sight stirred men's hearts to rue upon

them, beholding on the one side, the honour they sometime had, and on the other, the calamity whereunto they were fallen.

"Master Doctor Ridley, as he passed toward Bocardo, looked up where Master Cranmer did lie, hoping belike to have seen him at the glass window, and to have spoken unto him. But then Master Cranmer was busy with friar Soto and his fellow, disputing together, so that he could not see him, through that occasion. Then Master Ridley, looking back, espied Master Latimer coming after, unto whom he said, 'Oh, be ye there?' 'Yea,' said Master Latimer, 'have after as fast as I can follow.' So he, following a pretty way off, at length they came both to the stake, the one after the other, where first Dr. Ridley entering the place, marvellous earnestly holding up both his hands, looked towards heaven. Then shortly after espying Master Latimer, with a wondrous cheerful look he ran to him, embraced, and kissed him; and, as they that stood near reported, comforted him, saying, 'Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it.'

"With that he went to the stake, kneeled down by it, kissed it, and most affectionately prayed, and behind him Master Latimer kneeled, as earnestly calling upon God as he. After they arose, the one talked with the other, till they which were appointed to see the execution removed themselves out of the sun. What they said I can learn of no man.

"Then Dr. Smith, of whose recantation in King Edward's time ye heard before, began his sermon to them upon this text of St. Paul, 'If I yield my body to the fire to be burnt, and have not charity, I shall gain nothing thereby.' Wherein he alleged that the goodness of the cause, and not the order of death, maketh the holiness of the person; which he confirmed by the example of Judas, and of a woman in Oxford that of late hanged herself, for that they, and such like as he recited, might then be adjudged righteous, which desperately sundered their lives from their bodies, as he feared that those men that stood before him would do. But he cried still to the people to beware of them, for they were heretics, and died out of the Church. And on the other side, he declared their diversity in opinions, as Lutherans, Ecolampadians, Zuinglians, of which sect they were, he said, and that was the worst; but the old Church of Christ, and the Catholic faith believed far otherwise. At which place they lifted up both their hands and eyes to heaven, as it were calling God to witness of the truth; the which countenance they made in other places of his sermon, where as they thought he spake amiss. He ended with a very short exhortation to them to recant, and come home again to the Church, and save their lives and souls, which else were condemned. His sermon was scant; in all a quarter of an hour.

"Dr. Ridley said to Master Latimer, 'Will you begin to

answer the sermon, or shall I?' Master Latimer said, 'Begin you first, I pray you.' 'I will,' said Master Ridley.

"Then, the wicked sermon being ended, Dr. Ridley and Master Latimer kneeled down upon their knees towards my Lord Williams of Thame, the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, and divers other commissioners appointed for that purpose, who sat upon a form thereby; unto whom Master Ridley said, 'I beseech you, my Lord, even for Christ's sake, that I may speak but two or three words.' And whilst my Lord bent his head to the Mayor and Vice-Chancellor, to know (as it appeared) whether he might give him leave to speak, the bailiffs and Dr. Marshall, the Vice-Chancellor, ran hastily unto him, and with their hands stopped his mouth and said, 'Master Ridley, if you will revoke your erroneous opinions, and recant the same, you shall not only have liberty to do so, but also the benefit of a subject; that is, have your life.' 'Not otherwise?' said Master Ridley. 'No,' quoth Dr. Marshall. 'Therefore if you will not do so, then there is no remedy but you must suffer for your deserts.' 'Well,' quoth Master Ridley, 'so long as the breath is in my body, I will never deny my Lord Christ, and His known truth; God's will be done in me!' And with that he rose up, and said with a loud voice, 'Well then, I commit our cause to Almighty God, which shall indifferently judge all.' To whose saying, Master Latimer added his old posy, 'Well! there is nothing hid but it shall be opened.' And he said he could answer Smith well enough if he might be suffered.

"Incontinently they were commanded to make them ready, which they with all meekness obeyed. Master Ridley took his gown and his tippet, and gave it to his brother-in-law, Master Shipside, who all his time of imprisonment, although he might not be suffered to come to him, lay there at his own charges to provide him necessaries, which from time to time he sent him by the serjeant that kept him. Some other of his apparel that was little worth, he gave away; other the bailiffs took.

"He gave away besides, divers other small things to gentlemen standing by, and divers of them pitifully weeping, as to Sir Henry Lea he gave a new groat and to divers of my lord Williams' gentlemen some napkins, some nutmegs, and rases of ginger; his dial, and such other things as he had about him, to every one that stood next him. Some plucked the points off his hose. Happy was he that might get any rag of him.

"Master Latimer gave nothing, but very quickly suffered his keeper to pull off his hose, and his other array, which to look unto was very simple; and being stripped into his shroud, he seemed as comely a person there, as one should lightly see; and whereas in his clothes he appeared a withered and crooked silly old man, he now stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold.

"Then Master Ridley, standing as yet in his truss, said to his brother, 'It were best for me to go in my truss still.' 'No,' quoth his brother, 'it will put you to more pain: and the truss will do a poor man good.' Whereunto Master Ridley said, 'Be it, in the name of God;' and so unlaced himself. Then, being in his shirt, he stood upon the foresaid stone, and held up his hand, and said, 'O heavenly Father, I give unto Thee most hearty thanks, for that Thou hast called me to be a professor of Thee, even unto death. I beseech Thee, Lord God, take mercy upon this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies.'

"Then the smith took a chain of iron, and brought the same about both Dr. Ridley and Master Latimer's middles: and, as he was knocking in a staple, Dr. Ridley took the chain in his hand, and shook the same, for it did gird in his belly, and looking aside to the smith, said, 'Good fellow, knock it in hard, for the flesh will have his course.' Then his brother did bring him gunpowder in a bag, and would have tied the same about his neck. Master Ridley asked what it was. His brother said, 'Gunpowder.' Then said he, 'I take it to be sent of God; therefore I will receive it as sent of Him. And have you any,' said he 'for my brother?' meaning Master Latimer. 'Yes, sir, that I have,' quoth his brother. 'Then give it unto him,' said he, betime; lest ye come too late. So his brother went, and carried off the same gunpowder unto Master Latimer.

"In the meantime Dr. Ridley spake unto my lord Williams, and said, 'My lord, I must be a suitor unto your lordship in the behalf of divers poor men, and especially in the cause of my poor sister: I have made a supplication to the queen's majesty in their behalfs. I beseech your lordship for Christ's sake to be a mean to her grace for them. My brother here hath the supplication and will resort to your lordship to certify you hereof. There is nothing in all the world that troubleth my conscience, I praise God, this only excepted. Whilst I was in the see of London, divers poor men took leases of me, and agreed with me for the same. Now I hear say the bishop that now occupieth the same room, will not allow my grants unto them made, but contrary unto all law and conscience, hath taken from them their livings, and will not suffer them to enjoy the same. I beseech you, my lord, be a mean for them: you shall do a good deed, and God will reward you.'

"Then they brought a fagot, kindled with fire, and laid the same down at Dr. Ridley's feet. To whom master Latimer spake in this manner: 'Be of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out.'

"And so the fire being given unto them, when Dr. Ridley saw the fire flaming up towards him, he cried with a wonderful loud

voice, 'In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum: Domine recipe spiritum meum.' And after, repeated this latter part often in English, 'Lord, Lord, receive my spirit;' master Latimer crying as vehemently on the other side, 'O Father of heaven, receive my soul!' who received the flame as it were embracing of it. After that he had stroked his face with his hands, and as it were bathed them a little in the fire, he soon died (as it appeareth) with very little pain or none. And thus much concerning the end of this old and blessed servant of God, master Latimer, for whose laborious travails, faithful life, and constant death, the whole realm hath cause to give great thanks to Almighty God.

"But master Ridley, by reason of the evil making of the fire unto him, because the wooden faggots were laid about the gorse, and overhigh built, the fire burned first beneath, being kept down by the wood; which when he felt, he desired them for Christ's sake to let the fire come unto him. Which when his brother-in-law heard, but not well understood, intending to rid him out of his pain, (for the which cause he gave attendance), as one in such sorrow not well advised what he did, heaped faggots upon him, so that he clean covered him, which made the fire more vehement beneath, that it burned clean all his nether parts, before it once touched the upper; and that made him leap up and down under the faggots, and often desire them to let the fire come unto him, saying, 'I cannot burn.' Which indeed appeared well; for after his legs were consumed by reason of his struggling through the pain (whereof he had no release, but only his contentation in God), he showed that side toward us clean, shirt and all untouched with the flame. Yet in all this torment he forgot not to call unto God still, having in his mouth, 'Lord have mercy upon me,' intermingling his cry, 'Let the fire come unto me, I cannot burn.' In which pangs he laboured till one of the standers by with his bill pulled off the faggots above, and where he saw the fire flame up, he wrested himself unto that side. And when the flame touched the gunpowder, he was seen to stir no more, but burned on the other side, falling down at master Latimer's feet; which, some said, happened by reason that the chain was loosed; others said, that he fell over the chain by reason of the prise of his body, and the weakness of the nether limbs.

"Some said, that before he was like to fall from the stake, he desired them to hold him to it with their bills. However it was, surely it moved hundreds to tears, in beholding the horrible sight; for I think there was none that had not clean exiled all humanity and mercy, which would not have lamented to behold the fury of the fire so to rage upon their bodies. Signs there were of sorrow on every side. Some took it grievously to see their deaths, whose lives they held full dear: some pitied their

persons, that their souls had no need thereof. His brother moved many men, seeing his miserable case, seeing (I say) him compelled to such infelicity, that he thought then to do him best service when he hastened his end. Some cried out of the fortune, to see his endeavour (who most dearly loved him, and sought his release) turn to his greater vexation and increase of pain. But whoso considered their preferments in time past, the places of honour that they some time occupied in this commonwealth, the favour they were in with their princes, and the opinion of learning they had in the university where they studied, could not choose but sorrow with tears, to see so great dignity, honour, and estimation, so necessary members sometime accounted, so many godly virtues, the study of so many years, such excellent learning, to be put into the fire and consumed in one moment. Well! dead they are, and the reward of this world they have already. What reward remaineth for them in heaven, the day of the Lord's glory, when He cometh with His saints, shall shortly, I trust, declare."

We must briefly compare the present edition with the last, issued in the year 1853. There is no difference in the body of the work, the former edition having been stereotyped. It is beautifully and accurately printed, and is enriched with a valuable appendix of documents. The editors, the Rev. R. R. Mendham, M.A., and the Rev. Josiah Pratt, M.A., carefully corrected the whole work, and verified the documents consulted by Foxe. The blemishes they had to remove were chiefly confined to the earlier portion of the work, which consists very much of translations from Greek and Latin writers.

The present edition is thus a *facsimile* of the last in its most important features. There is, however, a significant change in the introduction. The last edition, and the one before it, contained a lengthy life of Foxe by Dr. Townsend, extending over two hundred and thirty-six pages. This Dr. Stoughton has made the basis of his own introduction: in fact, what he has done has been mainly in the way of abridgment. The work has gained in some respects by the excision. John Foxe, with all his excellencies, was not quite enough of a churchman for Dr. Townsend. He deeply laments that at Frankfort he should have joined with the opponents of the Liturgy, and expresses his own opinion pretty plainly concerning the perils that beset the Reformation from undue haste in making changes. With these views Dr. Stoughton could hardly be expected to agree, and he has accordingly ex-

punged the paragraphs that embody them. In like manner a good deal of what is said about Foxe's *Reformatio Legum* is omitted. These omissions are rather conducive than otherwise to the catholic tone of the work. John Foxe belonged to the Church of England before the Puritan or any other party was defined. He was likewise a man of moderate views. He may consequently be claimed as belonging to all parties in the Church of England, and to all the denominations that have sprung from it. It is just as well, therefore, that laudations of the Church of England and references to the peculiarity of his position in it should disappear, and that the noble volumes which enshrine the labours of our martyrologist should be handed down, free from party bias, as the common heritage of all who rejoice in the name of Protestants. This by Dr. Stoughton's care is now effected. And we think it a fitting thing that, former editions having been under the supervision of churchmen, the introduction to this should have been committed to a distinguished nonconformist.

Much need is there that Foxe's *Acts and Monuments* should be published, not only published but read, and not only read but weighed and pondered in relation to the crisis through which the Church—not the Church of England alone, but the whole Church of Christ—is passing. Two opposite streams of thought have set in strongly against the foundations on which the Church of Christ reposes—the one from the regions of superstition, and the other from those of scepticism. Neither rack nor stake is now employed in either of the two armies to whose cross fire the Church is exposed. Her own history, next to the Bible, must be her first study if she would be strong in the day of battle. Nothing so minifies men's minds as to confine them to mere passing interests. They must be familiarised with what is greatest in past achievement, and with what is best and noblest in future possibility, if they are to act in a manner befitting their place in the history of the Church and of the nation. What were the principles for which the Reformers contended and the martyrs bled? Were those principles worth the sacrifices that were made in their behalf? Having been tested by the experience of three eventful centuries, and the principles of their opponents tested likewise, what verdict has Time, the great arbiter, pronounced upon the case? We are content that the issue should rest

just here. And we believe that the more deeply and candidly men ponder the gravity of the crisis and the greatness of the issues that are at stake, the more they will realise that nothing will bear society safely through that crisis, and nothing will guarantee that those issues shall be successfully wrought out, but the spiritual truths which the Reformers discovered in their newly-opened Bible, and which the faithful martyrs sealed with their blood.

LITERARY NOTICES.

I. THEOLOGICAL.

BRIGHT'S EARLY ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY.

Chapters of Early English Church History. By William Bright, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and Canon of Christchurch, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1878.

THE year 709 is the close of what Freeman calls the "most brilliant" period of early English Church history. For a whole generation after that date, there is hardly any prominent figure in the Church, until at last Egbert completes a part of Gregory the Great's plan by the establishment of an archbishopric at York. St. Boniface and Bede, it is true, were still living; but the work of the former lay outside his native country, and the latter confined his work chiefly to the cloister. When Aldhelm, Abbot of Malmesbury, Bishop of Sherborne, died in the spring of 709, and Wilfrid of York in its autumn, there was left no man in England of equally influential character. Perhaps, indeed, no such man was needed. Wilfrid, after his first expulsion from his bishopric in Northumbria, had carried Christianity into Sussex and the Isle of Wight, and thus completed the evangelisation of Saxon England; Theodore had consolidated the work of his predecessors and contemporaries, and bound the different dioceses more or less completely under the metropolitan authority of Canterbury; and the epoch of the introduction of Christianity into England had reached its close. And it is that epoch which Dr. Bright chooses as the subject of these "chapters"—in many respects the most interesting of all subjects to one who is at once an Englishman, a Christian, and a student of ecclesiastical history. It embraces the earliest successful attempts at the unification of the several hostile provinces which together constitute the one country of England, and the earliest triumphs of the Christianity which has been a chief factor in the prosperity of that country. And it expands itself

into a typical story of national conversion accomplished more quickly and more solidly than in any other land or by any other agents.

It is impossible to determine when or by whom the Christian faith was introduced into Britain. The fancy which has led some antiquaries to bring St. Paul, in the interval between his first and second imprisonments, across the Channel has for its chief support the misinterpretation of a single sentence of St. Clement of Rome. The Greek fiction about Aristobulus, the Welsh story of Bran the Blessed, and the mediæval romance which plants the staff of Joseph of Arimathea at Avalon, are equally shadowy. Probabilities strongly favour the opinion that in the second century Christians from Gaul crossed over to our shores, and founded a few feeble Christian settlements. But the entire history of the Roman-British Church, which after the loss of Roman protection was driven further and further westwards by recurring Saxon invasions, until it had well-nigh ceased to exist outside the borders of Wales and of Devon, is involved in obscurity. A few names can be recovered. An account of its purgation from Pelagianism by German and Severus can be framed with tolerable accuracy. Traces of its existence may be discerned here and there, at Lyminster, and at Brixworth. There are a few monograms on pottery and pavement, a few coins, and a few doubtful gravestones. But until we reach the authentic records of Gregory's Pontificate, we have little information beyond that which can with difficulty be extracted from improbable or conflicting traditions. And it is a strong testimony to Dr. Bright's reliability that, in the introductory chapters which he devotes to the history of Christianity in Britain up to the close of the sixth century, he is both brief and consistent in his avoidance of narration. Where every date or event is questioned and uncertain, narrative must be for the most part fiction.

Soon after Easter, in 597, Augustine landed at Ebbsfleet; and the same year, memorable also for the death of Columba, the baptism of Ethelbert preceded that of many of his subjects, in whose conversion, although coercion was avoided, the influence of the Court would, as in later times, be a powerful element. But outside of Kent Augustine appears to have done little. Indeed the eight years of his missionary life were too few for him to have done much. There are stories which represent him as travelling over almost the whole of Saxon Britain, and even as baptising the future saint, Livinus, upon a visit to Colman, in Ireland; but such journeys are in themselves improbable, and the desire to magnify Augustine as the apostle of all England sufficiently accounts for the traditions that relate them. Beyond a fruitless conference with the Celtic bishops, in order to induce them to conform as to Paschal observance and the method of

tonsure with the rest of the Church, and the appointment of Mellitus to a bishopric in London, the labours of Augustine were confined almost entirely to the kingdom of Kent, and there certainly his success must have been above his expectation. Those who remember the real difficulties of his work, and his natural helplessness as shown in the triviality of the "difficulties" which shortly after his arrival at Canterbury he submitted to Gregory, will not be disposed to blame him because more was not done; but will agree heartily with the moderate, and only moderate, estimation in which Dr. Bright holds him. It is a passage worth quoting for many other reasons besides its indication of the fair and unprejudiced spirit in which our author writes. "Augustine," he says, "had at any rate laid the foundation 'nobly': he had converted a typical English monarch; he had baptised multitudes of Kentish proselytes; he had secured a formal and public acceptance, by a national assembly, of Christian obligations, and of the Church as an organised institution; he had planted an offshoot of the Kentish Church in London; he had rooted in Canterbury a future centre for any amount of Church extension; he had definitely connected the reviving Christianity in Britain with the theological culture and ecclesiastical discipline of the Continental Western Church. Briefly, he had made the beginning, opened the door, formed the precedents: later missionaries in England, who had the opportunities, whose successes covered a wider area, were, consciously or not, carrying on the impulse first given by the Gregorian mission. . . . So much as to what he did. As to to what he was in himself, it cannot be said that he was a man of genius, or of signal insight into human nature, or of any such qualities as exercise a commanding power over men's admiration, or an attractive influence on generations of human hearts. He was not a Boniface, not an Anskar, not a Xavier, not a Martyn. His monastic training, carried on probably until he was past middle life, had tended to stiffen his mind and narrow his range of thought; something of smallness, something of self-consciousness, some want of consideration for unfamiliar points of view, and different forms of experience, may be discerned in him without injustice, and thus explained without any ungenerous forgetfulness of the better side of the monastic character. Whatever were his shortcomings, Augustine of Canterbury was a good man, a devout and laborious Christian worker, who could, and did, face threatening difficulties, and accept serious risks in loyalty to a sacred call; a missionary whose daily conduct was a recommendation of his preaching, who could impress and convince men of various classes in a Teutonic people that had little in common with his Italian antecedents; who, as archbishop, did his duty, as he read it, with all his might, if not without

mistakes or failures, such as we may be tempted to judge more harshly than they merit; who, acting thus, accomplished more than appears at first sight, in that he originated so much of the work which was to make England Christian."

What Augustine did in the south-east, that Paulinus twenty years later did in the north. Christianity had made no progress in the interval, but had, indeed, lost ground. For upon the death of Sabert, King of Essex, his sons and successors had expelled Mellitus from London, and for almost half a century Essex was shut against the Gospel, until, in 653, its king, Sigebert, was baptised near Newcastle by Finan, and took Bishop Cedd home with him. But there is no more important date in English Church history in the first half of the seventh century than July 21st, 625, when Paulinus was consecrated to the episcopate in order that he might attend the Kentish Ethelburga, in her distant Northumbrian home. Before Edwin married her, he had promised her full liberty of worship, had promised, too, to adopt her faith if it should be pronounced, after examination by wise men, better than his own. For months Paulinus lived in the Northumbrian Court without making a convert; until, at length, he won Edwin, and the Witan, at Goodmanham, nationally accepted Christianity, and on Easter-eve, 627, Edwin and his niece, Hilda, the future abbess of Whitby, and numbers of the people were baptised. Then followed six years of "prodigious labour" on the part of Paulinus. Bernicia and Deira were traversed, and churches planted in every suitable spot. Even Lincoln, in the district of Lindsey, was visited, and a "stone church of noble workmanship" erected on the site on which now stands one corruptly named St. Paul's. And when Edwin was slain by the strenuous pagan, Penda, in the battle of Hatfield, the work of evangelisation in Northumbria was completed. That work was maintained by James the Deacon, who, after the flight of Paulinus, in the year during which Penda allowed his ally, the Welsh Cadwallon, to devastate the country, "kept the fire of faith alive." And when, shortly after, Edwin's nephew, Oswald, won the battle of Heavenfield, the Church received in him a more powerful protector and a more loyal servant than even Edwin had been. Dr. Bright succeeds in describing him in a single sentence, almost every phrase of which can be found also in Bede. "On the one hand," he writes, "so able a captain and ruler that he extended the area of Bretwalda's supremacy until it even included the Picts and Scots; on the other hand, as devout as if he lived in a cloister, thinking little of half a night spent in devotion, and accustomed from such habits to keep his palms instinctively turned upward, even while sitting on his throne; thus 'wont, while guiding a temporal kingdom, to labour and pray rather for an eternal one;' withal, as generous and affectionate as he was pious, 'kind and

beneficent to the poor and to strangers,' humble of mind and tender of heart, amid all that might have 'lifted him up to arrogance,' Oswald was altogether a prince of men, one born to attract a general enthusiasm of admiration, reverence, and love." No wonder that such a king in such an age could not be forgotten. The spot where he fell in battle was said to be "greener and fairer" than the adjacent ground; the water in which a splinter of the stake to which his head had been affixed was soaked was supposed to have cured a plague-stricken Irish scholar; and his relics were long preserved among the most valued treasures of the churches that possessed them.

It is in Oswald's reign that we first hear of a spot, sacred above most because of its close association with some of the most venerable names in the history of Christianity. Oswald, needing a bishop in the place of Paulinus, applied to the famous community Hy or Icolmkill, and received from them the sedulous and saintly Aidan, who established himself at Lindisfarne—a diocese, whose occupants were in succession Aidan, "acerrimus" Finan, the austere and prudent Colman, Jude whom the Yellow Pest numbered with so many mitred and crowned heads amongst its victims, Eata, and St. Cuthbert, the popular saint of the north. A church which in a single century was ruled over by such men, every one of them a great man, half of them greater than the majority of great men, could not but prosper; and year after year its hold upon the people strengthened. And as it was with Northumbria, so to a less degree it was with every other kingdom. Erconwald in London, Wilfrid at York, and Winfrid and Saxulf in Mercia, with Theodore at Canterbury, claiming and exercising an authority over them all: rarely has the episcopal register in England contained such a constellation of names. Indeed, the great instrument in the spread of Christianity in Britain in the seventh century appears to have been the power of personal character. It was so in East Anglia, when Felix, in 631, established his head-quarters at Dunwich, and "delivered all that province from long-standing unrighteousness and misery" (Bede). And, to take the most memorable instance, it was so with Wilfrid, who not only filled the see of York with a splendour that attracted thanes' sons into his household, but who also has some claim to be called Apostle of Frisia, and who turned his exile into an occasion for the establishment of Christianity amongst the South Saxons. The English Church in the entire period contains no busier figure than his. To him, a youth, Northumbria owed its orthodoxy, but in his mischievous appeal to Rome, stubbornly resisted as it was, though he was consistent, he established a precedent which was productive of much error and wrong afterwards.

But in addition to the greatness of the men who helped to

make the English Church, there are many other features in its early history of much beauty and attraction, such as the purity and rigour of religious life during the period, its energy in the diffusion of knowledge, the missionary passion for "winning souls," that affected alike clerics and well-born laymen, the spread of monasticism as yet uncorrupted, and the legislation for the Church as found in the "Dorms" of Ine and of Wihtred. We cannot, in our limited space, refer to these, but any reader will find them accurately and ably described in these "chapters." Exactness and vividness seem to be the principal qualities Dr. Bright has aimed at in writing them. There is hardly a statement of importance, the authority for which is not indicated in a footnote; whilst frequently the note is a summary in a few lines of the entire subject, which the point in the text illustrates, or a digest of all the canons bearing on the disputed matter. At the same time, there is no parade of learning. But out of the facts of the authenticity of which Dr. Bright has assured himself, he constructs a narrative which for ease and simplicity and interest has rarely been surpassed. He so recalls the impressive story about Edwin's conversation with the mysterious stranger who accosted him at Redwald's court, that we almost overhear their words. And when the theme is one that touches his heart, when he is writing about Aidan, or, better still, Cuthbert, or Benedict Biscop, or the scholars round Aldhelm's chair at Malmesbury, or the connection between Acca and Bede, or the Canterbury schools with the aged Hadrian, or the versatile Theodore, forgetting the cares of abbey or archbishopric in the pleasures of teaching, he is no less masterly in narration, the wielder of a powerful and facile pen, than he is exact and trustworthy. To which add that he completes his book with a copious index, with tables of principal events, and of royal and episcopal successions, and with genealogical tables of the different and confusing Anglo-Saxon dynasties; and the result is a work on the English Church history of the seventh century, scholarly, readable, in every way admirable, the best text-book upon the subject.

LECHLER'S JOHN WICLIF.

John Wiclif and his English Precursors. By Prof. Lechler, D.D., Leipsic. Translated with Additional Notes by Peter Lorimer, D.D. 2 Vols. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1878.

It seems strange that we should have to go to Germany for an adequate history of our first, and in some respects greatest Reformer, but so it is. Dr. Lechler's work leaves nothing to be desired either as to completeness of matter or simplicity and

clearness of style. It is based throughout on original examination of Wiclif's writings, the greater part of which remain unpublished. Indeed, the author has drawn largely from MSS. to be found only at Vienna, an interesting relic of the early connection between Wiclif and the Bohemian Reformation. The ample notes and appendices abound not only in references but in actual quotations. The translator's additional notes are equally excellent. The original work, it seems, extends to 1,400 closely printed pages; but the reduced translation is sufficiently exhaustive for ordinary students and far more exhaustive than anything which has appeared in English before. The English biographies, Lewis's in the last century, and Dr. Vaughan's in the present, are frequently referred to with the utmost respect. The author quotes from a German work on a particular aspect of the Reformer's life, his doctrinal teaching, still more elaborate than his own, Lewald's *Die Theologische Doctrin Johann Wycliffe's nach den Quellen dargestellt, und kritisch beleuchtet*. The accurate acquaintance Dr. Lechler shows with English history and topography is surprising. We have only noticed one slip, where the famous Lord Mayor of Richard II.'s time is described as "John Walworth of Smithfield," II. 223. The interview between Richard and the rebels certainly took place in Smithfield, but the Lord Mayor's designation is new to us. An index would add still more to the value of this admirable work.

The prefatory sketch of previous English church-history is a capital specimen of clear, condensed delineation. Wiclif's "Precursors" in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries are briefly but firmly sketched; Grostête, the reforming bishop of Lincoln, who set the example of opposition to the Pope; William of Occam, the scholastic, who disputed the dogma of papal supremacy; Richard of Armagh, primate of Ireland, who anticipated Wiclif in denouncing the corrupt practices of the begging friars; and Bradwardine, the *Doctor Profundus*. Richard of Armagh has remained unknown from the fact that none of his works have been reprinted. Some of the incidents in his life remind us of trials in modern Dublin and elsewhere. He tells us of his meeting with a gentleman "who had made a journey to Avignon for no other purpose than to obtain from the Curia the surrender of his son, whom the begging friars of Oxford had inveigled, though yet only a boy thirteen years old. When the father hurried to Oxford to rescue him, he was only permitted to speak with his son under the eyes of several monks." "What is this," exclaims the archbishop, "but man-stealing, a crime worse than cattle-stealing, which is a penal offence?"

Although Dr. Lechler's researches throw much new light on many obscure points in Wiclif's life, there are still questions to which no answer is to be expected. There is little likelihood of

our ever arriving at any certainty respecting the date of his birth. Dr. Lechler is inclined to push it back beyond 1324, the usual date. Considerable difficulty also was felt in the fact that while his birthplace was fixed at Spresswell, near Richmond, in Yorkshire, no such place was ever known in that neighbourhood. But it is now discovered that there was once an Old Richmond farther north on the banks of the Tees, which had a village of this name in its vicinity. Here was the old manor-house of the Wycliffes of Wycliffe, to whom the Reformer probably bore some relation.

There are disputes on some points of Wiclif's long Oxford career. That he was connected with Balliol College is certain, becoming Fellow in 1349 and Master in 1360. But some have seen reason to think, and Dr. Lechler endorses the opinion, that there was an interval during which he was connected with Merton. The late lamented Professor Waddington Shirley disputes the Merton episode, and Professor Lorimer agrees with him. The latter, in an additional note, shows good ground against any association with Merton, the chief reason being that Balliol and Merton were the centres of two rival parties, "nations," into which the university was divided, the *Boreales* and *Australes*, northerns and southerns. Such relations would scarcely permit ready transference from one foundation to the other, nor is it likely that Balliol would elect as its president one who had been a member of the rival college. Dr. Lorimer therefore thinks that there was no break in the Balliol connection. Balliol naturally belonged to the north, owing its name and foundation to the Balliols, of Barnard Castle, five miles from Spresswell, Wiclif's birthplace.

Another controverted question is Wiclif's brief wardenship of Canterbury Hall in 1365. The late Professor Shirley denied the identity of this John Wiclif with the Reformer. Professor Lechler maintains the identity. And it may serve to illustrate the truly German thoroughness of the work before us to state that the discussion of this question occupies about sixteen pages. The translator in a note adduces new evidence in support of the view advocated in the text.

A more considerable feature in which Professor Lechler's representation differs from preceding ones is the late date he assigns to Wiclif's opposition to the mendicant friars. Looking at his life across the space of five centuries, we are apt to lose sight of distinctions in time and spread outstanding incidents over the whole period. Hence it has come to pass that the conflict with the friars, one of the characteristic incidents of his life, is made co-extensive with his entire history. In point of fact, it belongs only to the last few years. It arose when Wiclif took a decided stand against the dogma of transubstantiation, which he did not do till the last years of his life. Of this dogma the friars, who

were always the Mamelukes of every Papal superstition, constituted themselves the champions. Dr. Vaughan had an inkling of the common mistake on this point; but the present work establishes the true view beyond question.

Quite new to us is the idea that Wiclif was ever a member of Parliament, but our author adduces hints from his writings which point in this direction. One of his first works was written against the papal claim to tribute from England. Edward III. simply referred the claim to Parliament, which unanimously repudiated it and the submission of John on which it was founded. Wiclif, in arguing against it, quotes in detail speeches in Parliament in a way which suggests his presence. There are other intimations of the same kind. It was from opposition to the Papacy on national questions that Wiclif was led to opposition on doctrinal grounds. On the former class of questions he always took the patriotic side, evidently lending to it efficient help. In 1374 we find him employed on a Royal Commission sent to Bruges to treat with papal ambassadors. Here he seems to have come into contact for the first time with John of Gaunt, who was at the head of the Commission, and who afterwards stood forth as his protector at critical times. In 1377, Courtenay, Bishop of London, found that he had to reckon not merely with Wiclif but with a prince of the blood-royal. In the following year at Lambeth, Wiclif was saved on a similar occasion by the interference of the Princess of Wales. To these powerful friends, and to his patriotic services to his country, he doubtless owed his safety to the last. Courtenay, when he became Archbishop of Canterbury, resolved to stamp out the new doctrines. Wiclif's teaching was repeatedly condemned with every possible formality. As many as five papal bulls at once were launched against him. His adherents were hunted down and compelled to recant. But the arch-heretic himself was left untouched.

The fact about Wiclif that receives most striking illustration in the volumes before us is the gradual development which his views underwent, presenting a close analogy in this respect with Luther afterwards. Two common mistakes are, to antedate his opposition to the Papacy, and to extend the opposition to all points without exception. Both mistakes are effectually corrected in the full, and, for English readers, exhaustive exposition of Wiclif's teaching which fills the first half of the second volume. Dr. Lechler justly says: "It makes a great difference in our whole view and judgment of Wiclif, according as, on the one hand, we assume that from the very beginning of his public work he stood forth with a complete and unified system of thoughts; or as, on the other, we recognise a gradual development of his thoughts, and progress of his knowledge. The first assumption was entertained even till recent times. . . . Men imagined they saw Wiclif

stand before them at once a finished man, and missed in him that gradual loosening from the bonds of error, and that slow progress in new knowledge, which, as in the case of Luther, followed the first decided break with his old thoughts." Really his change of convictions only came into clear and complete manifestation late in life; and instead of wondering that it was not universal we should rather wonder that it touched so many points. Though we have spoken of Wiclif's precursors, practically he had no precursors. Grostête, Occam, and the others resembled him merely in general spirit and tendency. They never, in fact, openly departed from prevailing beliefs. One truth which Wiclif grasped firmly and clearly was the supreme authority of Scripture, and out of this the Reformation grew two centuries later. On transubstantiation also he took a position very near Luther's own. On the dangers of excessive ritual, saint-worship, and other matters he spoke out boldly.

His clear view of the supremacy of Scripture probably suggested the work which is his best title to immortality—his translation of the entire Bible into English. Romish writers like Sir Thomas More, have done their best to detract from the glory of the undertaking, asserting the existence of previous translations; but Dr. Lechler proves conclusively their mistake. Wiclif's contemporaries had no desire to claim the idea for their own church, denouncing the work as casting pearls before swine. The version was made from the Vulgate, as Greek was then an unknown tongue. Wiclif had assistants in his task, Nicolas of Hereford, and John Purvey, the former of whom translated part of the Old Testament in an inferior style. It is true that the version was not destined to be used in perpetuity. But it prepared the way for Tyndale, and the grandeur and originality of the project are beyond our powers of realisation. That it exerted great influence in its day may be inferred from the fact that 150 copies of the revised edition are still extant. A critical reprint was recently published by the Rev. Josiah Forshall and Sir Frederic Madden.

Equally original and equally indicative of the Reformer's sympathies with the masses of the people was his order of itinerant lay-preachers, who were doubtless intended to be an antidote to the friars. Dr. Lechler thinks that the scheme was started while Wiclif was still at Oxford. We are naturally reminded of a similar course pursued by another Oxford Fellow four centuries later. Wiclif not only trained these evangelists for their work, but wrote works on theology for their use.

In a discriminating analysis of the Reformer's character our author emphasises his mastery of the learning and science of his time, the critical vein which runs through his writings, his force of will and moral earnestness, his occasional pathos, and wit, and sarcasm. "Wiclif was not a man of feeling, but a man of intellect.

Luther was a genial soul. On one occasion he begs his readers to take his words, however mocking and biting they may be, 'as spoken from a heart which could not do otherwise than break with its great sorrow.' Wiclif never said that of himself. He is a man in whom the understanding predominates—an understanding pure, clear, sharp, penetrating. It is in Wiclif, as if one felt the sharp, fresh, cool breath of the morning air before sunrise; while in Luther we feel something of the kindly warmth of the morning sun himself. It was only possible to a predominantly intellectual nature to lay so great a stress as Wiclif did upon the demonstration of the Christian verities. Even in the Fathers of the Church he puts a specially high value upon the philosophical proofs which they allege in support of the doctrines of the Christian faith. Manifestly it is not merely a result of education and of the scholastic tone of his age, but in no small degree the outcome of his own individuality, that the path in which he moves with so strong a preference is that of speculation, and even of dialectical demonstration. But in Wiclif, along with the intellectual element thus decidedly expressed, there is harmoniously combined a powerful will, equally potent in action and energetic in opposition—a firm and tenacious, a manly, yea an heroic will. It is impossible to read Wiclif's writings with an unprejudiced and susceptible mind, without being laid hold of by the strong manhood of mind which everywhere reveals itself. There is a force and fullness of character in his feeling and language which makes an overmastering impression, and keeps the mind enchained. Wiclif sets forth his convictions, it is true, in a learned manner, with dialectical illumination and scholastic argumentativeness. And yet one finds out that it is by no means a one-sided intellectual interest which moves him. His conviction has unmistakably a moral source. He confesses openly himself that the conviction of the truth is reached much more in a moral way than in the way of pure intellect and science."

We have simply touched on the salient points of a noble work, without attempting to reproduce the story it tells. In these days of evil reaction nothing could be more opportune than the delineation of the great Reformer and great Englishman that is here presented. Wiclif's countrymen have the opportunity, as they never had before, of measuring and admiring his greatness. The work of translation is admirably done. It is only here and there that a faint trace of German origin lingers. But the revision of the press might have been done better. There are more errors of this kind than one likes to see in a work of such high character. Beside misspellings there is confusion in the numbering of the notes to the Introduction, and in the notes to Ch. I., Nos. 106 to 121 seem to be omitted bodily. So, the last sentence but one of Appendix IX. is incomplete. But if the work has the circulation

it deserves there will be abundant opportunity for the correction of these mechanical errors.

PHILOCHRISTUS.

Philochristus. Memoirs of a Disciple of the Lord.
London: Macmillan and Co. 1878.

THIS remarkable work is really a new life of Christ, but of a peculiar kind, and thrown into a peculiar form. It is both fictitious and real, both ancient and modern. The work assumes to be the autobiography of a Jew, one of the immediate followers of Christ, who came and settled in "Londinium." Philochristus, originally Joseph, son of Simon of Sepphoris, in Galilee, relates how he became a disciple of Christ, and all that he saw and heard of Christ up to the Ascension. The style bespeaks no ordinary or unpractised pen. It is that of our Authorised Version, and is simple, graceful, and picturesque in the highest degree. Poetic beauty and dramatic force are wonderfully blended. In his greeting, "to the saints of the Church in Londinium," Philochristus the Elder says, "Now, these ten years Jerusalem hath been trodden down of the Gentiles." It is certainly a discovery to us to find that such English was written in Londinium in the year of grace 80.

The real author, whoever he is, intimates in one of the scholia that the materials are drawn from "a certain original gospel (whether it were a book or tradition) of exceeding antiquity; whence, also, the holy Evangelists drew that part of their several relations which is common to the first three Gospels." He "maketh mention of all such miracles as are found in all the three Gospels; but if any miracle is found in one or in two Gospels only, concerning that he is silent." Thus, the raising of Lazarus is not acknowledged in any way. The canon is a very arbitrary one, and it is very arbitrarily applied. While the writer will only insert incidents common to all the first three Gospels, this does not preclude him from inserting some which are not found in any gospel. For example, Hezekiah, the scribe, threatens to forestall the disciples in stealing the body of Christ from the grave. When Philochristus goes to the grave, he finds Hezekiah and others there, apparently carrying out the threat. Here is an incident wanting in all the Gospels. Yet it is inserted on a footing with the rest. The Gospels do, indeed, represent the Jews as charging the disciples with the theft; but Philochristus transfers this bodily to the accusers. As to the Roman watch mentioned by Matthew, the canon adopted forbids any notice being taken of it. But surely an incident mentioned by one Evangelist is more trustworthy than an incident mentioned by none. Does not

such a story throw grave suspicion on the Resurrection, which the writer, to all appearance, receives in full? At least, he speaks again and again of Christ having "risen from the dead," and of His appearances to the disciples. It is true that a good deal of mystery is thrown over the latter events, but not more so than over the earlier history of Christ. Again, Philochristus incorporates with his narrative the score of traditional sayings of Christ found in the apocryphal writings. We are quite at a loss to understand how the statements of Evangelists are less worthy of credence than those of apocryphal writers. We note, also, that the writer makes a year elapse between the Resurrection and Ascension, for reasons not indicated.

The ruling idea of the volume is the worldly conceptions of the Messiah prevalent among the Jews. Joseph was one of many Jewish patriots who lamented the extension of foreign influence in the land, and longed for national deliverance. Afterwards this feeling must have abated, as he assumes a thoroughly Greek name. "Everywhere defilement was taking the land by force or by stealth. Many Greek cities, called by the names of the great ones among the Gentiles, were built in the midst of us, such as Tiberias, and Julius, and Cæsaria Stratonis, and Cæsarea Philippi; and even in our city of Sepphoris, now rebuilt, we were constrained to admit Greeks to be our fellow-citizens. Theatres and amphitheatres, and games, and alien rites in honour of false gods, had been brought in among us." Joseph's uncle had been burnt alive, and his father crucified by the enemy. Some even thought of taking part in the war against Aretas, in order to acquire military experience. On hearing of the preaching of the Baptist and then of a greater prophet, all conclude that the leader has come. Joseph's first meeting with Christ is at the healing of a demoniac youth, whom Jewish exorcists have tried in vain to heal. The gentleness and power of Christ are set in vivid dramatic contrast with the impotent bluster and violence of the Jewish exorcist. This element of contrast and surprise pervades the entire representation. Christ says and does nothing in accordance with the presuppositions of his followers. His sternness to Pharisees, gentleness to the outcast and poor, persistent refusal to employ force, contradict their notions. Every moment, at every step, they are looking for Him to take the decisive step to call down fire from heaven on His enemies and the Romans. The spokesman of these views in their extreme form is Judas, who is as prominent in this picture as Satan in *Paradise Lost*. He is always wresting Christ's words to a worldly sense. Whether his character is correctly drawn or not, it is powerfully conceived from first to last. Here are a few sentences. "At the first Judas was no traitor, nor like unto one that should be a traitor; but of a sanguine complexion and disposition, cheerful

even to mirthfulness, and frank on a first acquaintance; not given to musing or premeditating; but active and strenuous, and withal a lover of Israel: albeit, perchance, somewhat too ambitious and less ready in friendship than in counsel. From a child his mind was ever given to great purposes; and towards these ends he bent all his faculties; for he was of a deep understanding, skilled in the ways of men, and of a discerning spirit, quick to perceive what means were fit to accomplish his ends. But the mischief was that the power to understand was quicker in him than the power to love; for his understanding moved him as a flame of fire, but his heart was very cold." Even in his treachery his one thought is to compel Christ to put forth His "power against His enemies, to do Him good against His will." In the garden he stood, "as if half expecting that Jesus would call down fire upon them." When all is lost, Philochristus meets him a raving maniac. "His face was pale and his eyes glared, and passion so wrought his features that they moved and quivered, as if against his will, like unto the features of one possessed by Satan. When I drew back from him, at first he would have stayed me; but seeing that I loathed him, he also drew back and said, 'Nay, be not afraid, I cannot betray another. But He is not dead. Hast thou not seen Him?' I marvelled at him, but said nothing, only shaking my head. Then Judas replied, 'Think not that I have slain Him; He liveth; He hunteth me to death; these three times have I seen Him. I have not slain Him. Why, then, doth He yet hunt me? But, thou, thou didst love Him; be thou at peace with me.' Saying these words, he came forward again to have taken me by the hand; but I could not. Then he turned away, and laughed such a laugh as I pray God I may never hear again. But as he departed, he cried aloud, 'Thou rememberest His words, "It were better for him that he had never been born." Verily, He was a prophet.' Then he laughed again, even such another laugh as before; and he cursed the God that made him. With that he went his way, and I saw him no more."

At the other extreme is Nathanael, ever seeing a spiritual meaning in Christ's teaching. He and Judas are the chief actors in the story. Other characters are graphically sketched—Abuyah, the malignant Pharisee; Xanthias, the Greek eclectic, Barachiah, the hunchback "child of Satan," but converted, and others. The teaching is set in a framework of incident. Thus: "Others were fain to have come with us, but their friends sought by all means to prevent them, telling them what cruelties the Romans had wrought upon their fathers and kinsfolk in former times; how some had been sold for slaves, some slain with the sword, some crucified; and with many tears, sisters besought their brothers, and mothers their children, not to go up to Jerusalem, nor to bring them down with sorrow to the grave. Now, Jesus did not

call upon such as these to come to Him ; but if they were minded to come, He bade them remember that they must above all things trust in Him and love Him ; yea, He said that they must love Him better than houses, or lands, or kinsfolk."

The most powerful scene is, undoubtedly, Peter's confession at Caesarea Philippi. Its significance and surroundings were never better conceived. The description is too long for quotation. "Many thousands of times have I heard the like confession made in the accustomed worship of the Church. But never till this day, nor ever after, did I hear the words uttered in the same way. For there seemed to come forth from the mouth of Simon Peter no mere airy syllables, unsubstantial beatings of the wind, but a certain, solid truth, able, as it were, to be seen and touched, and not to be destroyed by force of man." We are glad to see that the recognition of the Divine character of Christ is clear. "If I believed Jesus to be the Son of God, when mine eyes were opened to discern Him after His resurrection, much more do I believe it now ; because all the years as they pass by, yea, and all the seventy nations of the earth, are as so many angels of God, which do cry aloud with a clear voice, and say, 'Jesus of Nazareth is our King ; Jesus of Nazareth, though He be in heaven, is ruling on earth.'" This is significant in a work dedicated "To the author of 'Ecce Homo,' not more in admiration of his writings than in gratitude for the suggestive influence of a long and intimate friendship." The authorship has been ascribed to Dr. Abbott, and it is significant that he and Professor Seeley are joint authors of *English Lessons for English Readers*. Nothing could surpass the reverent tone of the volume we have described.

GOULD'S ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

The Origin and Development of Religious Belief. By S. Baring Gould, M.A. Part I.—Polytheism and Monotheism. Part II.—Christianity. New Edition. Rivingtons, 1878.

MR. GOULD is a real discoverer. We venture to affirm that it never occurred to mortal mind before to suspect any affinity between Hegelianism and Ultra-Ritualism. But this is what Mr. Gould has discovered, and writes two elaborate volumes to prove, Christianity is Ultra-Ritualism, and this rests on Hegelianism. The way to Sacerdotalism and Sacramentarianism is through Hegelian theories and speculations. Butler and Paley must give way to the philosopher of Berlin and his English expositor. The combination is quite original, we admit. Its merit is more questionable. We confess that the parallel case

suggested to us by the reading of these volumes is rather that of Siamese twins than of any association known to nature.

We find ourselves utterly at variance alike with Mr. Gould's method and conclusions. Even supposing he had proved his point, that Hegelianism does furnish a short and easy path to Christianity, need it be the only one? Is every one a born Hegelian like the author? What is to become of born Platonists, Aristotelians, Berkeleians, Lockeites, and ordinary mortals like us who are born nothing at all? What did become of mankind before the new light dawned on the world from Germany? Is it even conceivable that a revelation designed for all mankind depends on a speculative theory, no hint of which ever reached the world till our own days? Is it not more rational to suppose that truth has many sides, and is capable of support by many classes of evidence, every one of which carries conviction to some minds? We do not at all complain that Mr. Gould finds his satisfaction in Hegelianism, and if his book were merely an exposition of his own grounds of faith, we should simply say *sum cuique*. But it is much more. Its main portion is a violent polemic against the ordinary evidences of Christian faith, one and all. These are all bogs and quicksands, Hegelian doctrine is the one firm rock of truth. Mr. Gould says: "An historical revelation is necessarily subject to historical criticism; and the authority and authenticity of the documents are open to question. The revelation of our own nature is never antiquated, and is always open to be catechised. On this revelation, it seems to me, the Church of the future must establish its claims." Mr. Gould writes as if liability to criticism and question were proof positive of insecurity or falsehood, and as if in appealing to the instincts of human nature he gets something above criticism. Could anything be more transparently mistaken? "Subject to criticism? Open to question?" What is not? Can Mr. Gould lay his hand on a single truth or fact, on which any human interest depends, that has not been questioned? Marriage, society, government—are not all these disputed? Is there a criminal who does not criticise and question the justice of his punishment? Mr. Gould repudiates the infallibility of a church. He makes merry over the infallibility of a book, endorsing the opinions on this point of the *Westminster Review*, as well as the discrepancies and contradictions alleged by rationalism. For this he substitutes, to all intents and purposes, the infallibility of human nature. But where shall we find human nature correctly interpreted? If Mr. Gould will produce two men who explain the contents of man's nature alike on all points, we will become Hegelian Ritualists at once. Is there a single point in the testimony of nature which is not "subject to criticism" and "open to question?" Human nature, of course, means our

interpretation of it, and Mr. Gould's chapter on the inaccuracies, mistakes, and contradictions of Scripture would be nothing to a similar chapter about his own infallible "criticisms." We will give positive proof. Mr. Gould's view of the longings of man's nature leads him directly to the corporeal presence, confession, purgatory, worship of angels and saints, and all the other details of "Catholic" doctrine and practice. Our view leads us to no such results. Who or what shall decide between us? Is not our theory in itself as authoritative as his? Further, there are multitudes who profess to find in themselves no such cravings as God, immortality, prayer are supposed to answer to. If personal idiosyncrasy is to rule everything, if objective truth and reality are illusive, one opinion is as good as another.

It is a sorry task to try to demolish all the grounds of hope on which hitherto Christians of all creeds and churches have rested, and we wonder that any one has the heart to go through with it. It is surely an unwise and desperate course to stake everything on a single theory or line of defence. If miracles and prophecy are as untrustworthy as they are here represented, why are they in the Bible? What is their use? How much wiser it would have been in Prophets and Apostles to have propounded Hegelianism at once! This is what Mr. Gould's contention comes to. The whole Christian world has been going wrong. Its face is turned in the wrong direction. Colleges and pulpits should at once discard their old text-books and themes, and begin to teach and preach Hegelian doctrines. It is in this line alone, we are assured, that truth and Christ can be reached. "If the modern intellect is to be reconciled to the dogma of the Incarnation, it will be through Hegel's discovery." Mr. Gould professes to examine everything "from an impartial point of view, such as would be taken in a court of law." We wonder what would become of his own infallible "criticism" "in a court of law." Take a single point, the notion of antinomies dividing between them all existence. Put into plain language, the meaning is that everything runs in pairs—mind and matter, faith and reason, finite and infinite, &c. Part implies counterpart. This is applied to Christianity. Finite demands infinite. Christianity is the reconciliation of all these oppositions. It is obvious how many theories of the universe a very moderate fancy might construct. Why may we not say that everything runs in threes, fours, fives, and so on? What magic is there in the number two? Is not seven just as sacred? We could easily make all sorts of artificial combinations of natural elements. Spinoza we know found but one substance. All through the speculation runs the transparent fallacy of reasoning from subjective to objective existence. In building Ultra-Ritualism on such a foundation Mr. Gould builds it on a bubble, and the foundation is good enough for the superstructure.

It is an ambitious task which Mr. Gould essays, nothing less than to sweep away the entire fabric of Christian evidence and erect another on the site, nothing less than to construct a universal philosophy of religion. For such a work many supreme qualifications are requisite; but the least are fair statement and exact thought. These volumes evince a conspicuous lack of both. Mr. Gould thinks in metaphors. Thus: "Life is a fountain of being, throwing up vital waves in rhythmic succession." "The feelings are the subjective or feminine portion of the mind, and the intellect is the objective and masculine portion." He dashes off vast generalisations, formulates universal laws at a stroke. Intense prejudices incapacitate him for the office of witness, to say nothing of that of judge. Protestantism acts on him like an umbrella or red cloak on a bull. He has no term strong enough to stigmatise the gross brutality and sensualism of English life, "thanks to three hundred years of Protestantism," as compared with the French and Italian character under the nobler, more elevating influence of Romanism, although, curiously enough, in more than one place he admits that the Reformation was a necessity. Such a tamper, of course puts even a correct statement of opposing views out of the question. For his account of Luther's teaching Mr. Gould goes to whom? To Möhler, a bitter Romish controversialist. From another book, apparently a novel, published by Bentley, he takes a grotesque caricature of a Wesleyan revival, a scene that never occurred but in the brain of the novelist, and sets it down without note or comment as a typical case. One is driven to the conclusion that the other descriptions of such a writer are equally trustworthy. He classes Mosaism, Islamism, and Calvinism together, saying, "I class Calvinism with these deistic religions, apart from Christianity, as in it the doctrines peculiar to Christianity have no logical standing." Only fancy Mr. Gould criticising Calvin, the keenest, severest intellect of the Reformation, for his want of logical exactness! We can only say that Calvin's doctrines of the Incarnation and Atonement are far more logical than anything in these volumes, and we have always thought that these are "doctrines peculiar to Christianity." With much more reason could Mr. Gould be convicted of the grossest materialism than Luther or Calvin or Wesley of the things laid to their charge. However he may reconcile it with his other opinions, he does teach materialism as rank as words can express. Nor do we wonder. In the preface we read: "I confess that to Feuerbach I owe a debt of inestimable gratitude." It would be easy to quote by the paragraph as follows:—"Prayer is a liberation of force." "The force from the stroke of the waves of scarlet light is taken up by the brain, and there becomes a conception." "We do know that life is force, but we do not know that all force is life." Be it observed that Mr. Gould

knows but one kind of force. "There seems to be—but this is merely suggested, not insisted upon—a spiritual force as well as a material force, and a process of spiritual generation going on in the ideal world, not unlike that with which we are familiar in the physical world."

We are curious about the local habitat of Mr. Gould's Catholicism. It is not in Romanism which lies at the mercy of "an irresponsible despot," nor in Anglicanism which is "gangrened with the negative." Where is it? Where can it be seen and heard? Who are its organs? Is it simply everything which answers the test of the writer's Hegelianism? What is this but Protestantism, the principle of private judgment?

The sole value of the work is its curious collection of quotations and references from all quarters. This, along with the writer's vigorous style, makes it interesting reading. There is a mass of material which any mind trained to systematic thought will know how to use for purposes altogether aside from the author's. Physiology, metaphysics, philosophy,—all are heaped together, *rudis indigestaque moles, quem dicere chaos*. One chapter of less than forty pages narrates the whole history of philosophy, east and west, from Thales to Hegel. As a commonplace book the work is excellent.

GUINNESS'S APPROACHING END OF THE AGE.

The Approaching End of the Age, viewed in the Light of History, Prophecy, and Science. By H. Grattan Guinness. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1878.

THIS bulky volume evinces considerable research, and is written in an earnest Christian spirit. Much of its matter, accumulated from the stores of astronomical and chronological science as well as from Scripture, is instructive and deeply interesting reading *per se*. But the slender connection of the premises with the main conclusions is not likely to secure for the book a high rank among expositions of revealed truth.

Considering how often history has falsified interpretations of such unfulfilled prophecy as is couched in the most symbolic and tropical language, it requires some boldness to repeat the attempt with any degree of minuteness. But our author does not shrink from a difficult task. Cautious enough to avoid fixing "that day and that hour," and to steer clear of many vagaries into which others have wandered, he hesitates not to tell us "we are living within half a century of what appears to be the latest close of the Times of the Gentiles, which introduces this Millennial reign of Christ." In the author's theory the Patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian dispensations extend through 6000 successive years,

and will be followed by the second personal advent of Christ, the resurrection of the saints, the restoration of the Jews to nationality in Palestine, with Christ for their visibly present King, the personal reign of Christ on earth for exactly one thousand years, and the resurrection and final judgment of the unjust.

Mr. Guinness adopts the principle of interpretation which takes each day of a prophetic period for a natural year. But he declines to apply it invariably. The "seventy weeks," the "sixty-two weeks," the twelve hundred and sixty days, the "seven times," the "time, times, and a half," and other prophetic seasons, are explained on this principle; but the thousand years of the Apocalypse, which similarly understood would make 360,000 years, are rigidly limited to a literal sense. Apart, however, from the year-day system, which applied to this prophecy lights up the future of humanity with such glorious hope, we are reminded that Scripture not uncommonly puts a definite for an indefinite number, as in the phrases, "The cattle upon a thousand hills," "A little one shall become a thousand," "One chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight," "Keep His commandments to a thousand generations," "Receive an hundredfold," "An hundred and forty and four thousand of all the tribes of the children of Israel." There is therefore no violence done to the words of Scripture in taking this thousand years for a long indefinite course of time. Indeed, Mr. Guinness in dealing with the figures which describe the magnitude of the New Jerusalem promptly applies this canon, declaring "The system that says the New Jerusalem is a literal city, 1,500 miles square and 1,500 high (!), made of gems and gold, *must be false*" (p. 105.)

Nor can we fully accept this writer's method of interpreting earlier portions of Revelation by the Apocalypse as he would an earlier edition of the same book by a later, or the first government despatch to a fleet by a subsequent and corrective one. The Scriptures are one homogeneous Revelation. While reading the earlier sections in the light of the later, we should still more study the highly symbolical and prophetic in comparison with the literal and historic; the Apocalypse under the guidance of the Gospels, Acts, and Epistles; explaining, for example, the ascriptions to the Lamb by the Pauline doctrine of redemption, the New Jerusalem by the kingdom of righteousness, and peace, and joy, and the Millennium, by the teaching of our Lord and His Apostles on the nature, design, and methods of Christianity.

To get three dispensations of 2,520 years each, and so to get at his "seven years, whose days are years," Mr. Guinness reckons the patriarchal from Adam to the Exodus (A.M. 2520), the Jewish from Shem (A.M. 1658) to the fall of Jerusalem (A.D. 70), and the Christian from Nebuchadnezzar (B.C. 606—770) to the vials (A.D. 1919). Obviously the ordinary notion of the three dis-

pensations, which is free from this incongruous overlapping and this confusion of special theocratic with general providential government and of revealed religion with paganism, is the more natural and intelligible. "From Adam to Moses" was one complete self-consistent economy; from Moses to Christ was plainly another; and Christ as clearly began a third; while each is distinguished by its own constitution and principles, and the marked supernatural interpositions with which it was commenced. The Divine method of dealing with men from Shem to Moses was far more identical with that under which the antediluvians lived than with the Mosaic theocracy; and the economy of the Christian era could in no fair sense be identified with, or regarded as a continuation of, the four great heathen monarchies of Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome. Despite our author's elaborate calculations, most Bible readers will continue to look upon these periods as bounded by the times of Adam, Moses, and the two advents of Christ, though it be at the risk of having to wait for a true interpretation of future times and seasons. Instead of making the dispensations equal in length, seeing the two former were preparatory to the third, it would not be unreasonable to expect that the Christian era, after expanding and brightening into world-wide millennial blessings, will comprise a stretch of duration exceeding the preliminary periods as far as the long summer's day exceeds its dawn, an idea quite analogous to the vast periods which, according to astronomical and geological science, God takes to fulfil His purposes in the physical creation.

From Holy Scripture we learn that Christ is to reign over the whole earth, as He does already over a part, by the mighty power of His truth and Spirit; that He now sits on the throne of David inasmuch as He is the exalted King of that spiritual Israel which inherits the promises; and that as such He will vanquish all opposers, and reign for ever and ever. This is the indestructible kingdom which the God of heaven has set up; and when we are told His humanity shall sit on a throne in Palestine, and for a thousand years supersede the simple spiritual religion of the cross by a sort of restored Judaism, we can only say we have been unable to find such a retrograde future in the only Revelation that could have foretold it.

Mr. Guinness repeatedly asserts, but never proves, the literal and national restoration of the Jews to Palestine. In fact, he suggests, perhaps unwittingly, what is a key to the unfulfilled promises of blessing to the seed of Jacob, when he speaks of the ancient natural Israel as altogether a type of the spiritual. His observation "everything connected with Israel was typical of things connected with the Church. The *things signified* must therefore be *Christian*" (p. 105), corresponds to Paul's remark, "If ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed (whether of the

natural seed or not) and heirs according to the promise." And as to the natural course of events, the Pope's loss of temporal power and the downfall of Turkey are no sufficient guarantee that all other powers will speedily yield the Jews possession of the Holy Land, even if that people were in a position to accept it. Much better than territorial and civil aggrandisement will be God's gift to the scattered seed when they shall be engrafted into the True Vine.

We think Mr. Guinness equally fails to prove his temporal order of the last things, notably the priority of our Lord's second advent to the millennial glory. As the evident design of Christ is to win the world to His standard, not by the presence of His human nature, but by the potency of the Gospel, proclaimed, enforced, and exemplified by His Church, and accompanied by the gracious operations of His Spirit, to His final advent a very different object is assigned. Although virtually He came long since to take vengeance on the Jews, and comes to mankind in the blessings of His spiritual kingdom; and although, as death terminates man's probation, He may be said in the same sense to come to each man in the summons of death, His sensible appearing to the inhabitants of this globe will be for the purposes of resurrection and judgment, and will therefore more suitably follow than precede the universal conquests of His Gospel.

The following order appears to accord with Scripture:—1. The spread of the kingdom over the whole earth, and its long-continued triumph (the Millennium though a few "tares" may mix with the wheat to "the end"). 2. A brief but awful falling away. 3. The personal appearing of the Son of Man. 4. Resurrection of both the just and unjust. 5. Final judgment of the same. 6. Eternal rewards and punishments. So far as we can see, there is nothing in the favourite texts of pre-millenarians which, rightly understood, contravenes this order: Christianity is thus the "little stone," subduing adverse forces, becoming a mountain, and filling the whole earth; the mustard seed growing to a mighty tree; the temple whose top-stone shall be brought on with shouting; the glory which is to fill the whole earth. "This Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and *then* shall the end come." Has this work been nearly accomplished? He "shall so come in like manner" as He departed, in such an hour as men "think not," in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory, immediately after tribulation, taking vengeance on the wicked, and to be glorified in His saints. But none of these descriptions imply that such coming must precede the world-wide victory of His cause, or be followed by His residing a thousand years on earth.

During the glorious period in which all peoples shall be leavened by the grace and swayed by the authority of our now exalted

Prince and Saviour, He will be King none the less because the seat of His empire is in heaven rather than on earth. From the first He said, "I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Already God has set His King upon His holy hill of Zion, whence He shall speak peace to the heathen and exercise dominion from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth. It is in "the dispensation of the fulness of time" that He will "gather together in one all things in Christ." He has gone to prepare a place for His people, and will come again to receive them unto Himself. Where but in the place He went away to prepare? But that is a sequel very different from His returning in bodily form to remain a thousand years on earth.

Our author's theory necessitates a resurrection of the saints and their receiving their reward at the beginning of the Millennium, and the resurrection and final judgment of the rest at its close. But Paul told the Thessalonians that the Lord Jesus would come to "punish" the wicked "*when* He shall come to be glorified in His saints;" and still more emphatically, Jesus, like Daniel, points to the same "hour," "in the which *all* that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." To get rid of this testimony against him, Mr. Guinness is obliged to interpret this "hour" as meaning at least one thousand years. In the preceding text our Lord does not, as Mr. Guinness intimates, denote by the term "hour" the whole Christian dispensation, but its beginning.

Evidently the immediate object of the second coming will be to judge all mankind, both good and evil. For, "then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory," and, dividing them as sheep from goats, according to character, will adjudge them respectively to eternal life and punishment. It is vain for our author to exclude from the judgment of Revelation xx. all except the guilty, for the use of "the Book of Life," and the statement that "who-soever was not found written therein" was punished, render it highly probable that some of "the dead" were found so enrolled; which accords with our Lord's own prediction, that when He shall come in the glory of His Father, and His angels, "*then* He shall reward every man according to his works."

Even Mr. Guinness admits that our Lord refers to a spiritual resurrection in John v. 28. So in the ultimate triumph of that kingdom for which the martyrs died, they may be said, by a beautiful figure, to rise again to life, and share the victory of the cause with which they were identified. Probably this is "the first resurrection," in which they "lived and reigned with Christ." Paul's expression, "the dead in Christ shall rise first," refers, as the context shows, not to the order of rising from the dead, but that of ascending "to meet the Lord in the air."

Thus, while appreciating the work before us in other respects, we are compelled to regard its teaching on the three great dispensations, on the relative chronological order, the *modus vivendi*, and the form of the millennial reign, on the relative periods of the resurrection and judgment of the righteous and the wicked, on the kind of restoration in reserve for the Jews, and on the means by which all nations will be Christianised, as inconsistent with the "sure word of prophecy."

FARRAR'S ETERNAL HOPE.

Eternal Hope, Five Sermons Preached in Westminster Abbey, November and December, 1877. By the Rev. Frederic W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., Canon of Westminster, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, &c. London: Macmillan and Co. 1878.

THE vehement antagonism to the old and awful doctrine of eternal punishment shows no sign of abatement. The schools of "Destructionism" and "Universalism," though denouncing each other in respect of the positive doctrine to be taught, are agreed to belabour with their might what is generally styled the "orthodox" view, and if possible by means of the press, the pulpit, and the platform to sweep it out of the Christian Church. The one would fill up the place with the theory of "conditional immortality," the other with that of the ultimate and eternal salvation of all fallen spirits. Shading off from the two former are various modifications. Public teachers, driven to make deliverances, come forward to declare adhesion in some sort to the one or the other theory, but often with such faltering as might be expected from men who cannot altogether shake off the influence of Scripture testimony in favour of the doctrine they would fain escape. We have consequently from this trimming class much confused and vague eschatological literature. They stand forth to instruct the Christian Church on this grave subject before they are able to define their own positions. Little difficulty do they find in caricaturing and denouncing the ancient doctrine, and misrepresenting its advocates; but their own positive teaching is generally of that hazy kind which leaves the ingenuous inquirer in a painful state of uncertainty.

To this category belongs the writer of *Eternal Hope*. That Canon Farrar's book should have produced considerable sensation is no matter of wonder. His rank as an ecclesiastic, his previous popularity as a writer and preacher, his choice of a topic, so deeply engaging public attention, and the charm of his florid declamation, were sufficient to secure a wide circulation for a book not marked by originality of thought, and singularly shallow.

in its reasoning, not to mention the loose and inconsistent manner in which its parts hang together. It had also the advantage of offering to human nature a theory which by softening "the terror of the Lord" would be all the more likely to find welcome with the predilections of the audience to which it appealed. Universal restoration virtually gives fallen man a more favourable estimate of his sin and deserts, and promises him a much more lenient treatment at the hands of his Judge than does the orthodox view. And so long as its disciples can subordinate the explicit declarations of Scripture to what they choose to call their "reason and conscience," and so long as they can ignore the essential and governmental righteousness of God, resolving all His moral attributes into a simple proneness to produce happiness, they will find little or no difficulty in mistaking universalism for the truth. Dr. Farrar, though avowedly not a universalist, turns this kind of advantage to great account for his gospel of conversion after death. The tenor of these five sermons is strongly in the direction of universal restoration. In truth, his conclusion would be more consistent with the principles on which he proceeds were he at once to embrace that visionary dogma, which has lurked in Christendom ever since the days of Origen. So powerfully is he impelled along those lines that, were it not for his repeated disclaimer, his readers might innocently take him for a universalist. Quoting the assertion of Mr. Clemance that "the absolute eternity of evil is nowhere affirmed," an assertion needless if "absolute eternity" means such as belongs to God, and extravagant if it does not, Dr. Farrar adds, "Very much indeed the reverse is affirmed in the many passages which speak of the Final Restitution" (p. xxxv.). In another place he says he does not think Mr. Clemance "gives due weight to the restoration of all things." Dr. Farrar only refrains from laying down a "dogma of Universalism; partly because it is not clearly revealed to us, and partly because it is impossible for us to estimate the hardening effect of obstinate persistence in evil, and the power of the human will to resist the law and reject the love of God" (p. xvi.). By the way, how do we know, even on Dr. Farrar's theory, that *any* of the lost will certainly accept the Gospel to be preached in the other world? Again, he says, "I cannot preach the certainty of Universalism. That last doctrine—the belief that

' Good shall fall

At last, far off, at last to all,'

does indeed derive much support from many passages of Scripture." When he insists that the doctrine of "endless torments" rests on a false interpretation of a few texts (p. xli.), it is natural to infer that he rejects the doctrine, though elsewhere he

supposes the lost *soul* may remain unsaved, but become insensible to pain, and peacefully acquiesce in the justice of its doom (p. xxxix.). The canon, therefore, need not be much surprised if some mistake him for a Universalist; and considering the severe tone he adopts when referring to the opposite or "common view," he hardly does well to be angry that some understand him to have "denounced the doctrine of eternal punishment."

Much of this book is an echo of the Rev. S. Cox's *Salvator Mundi*. The work of the Nottingham Baptist minister is ingenious and subtle; that of the Westminster canon glows with the fervour of the enthusiast, and sparkles with the style of the eloquent coiner of phrases. Both are audacious, sophistical, specious. The former is full-blown universalism; the latter, while resorting to the same oft-exploded arguments looks, with longing eyes, towards the same ultimatum, but ventures no further than to contend for the offer of salvation to the lost in Hades, and to hope that the larger proportion will accept it. The former is both more advanced and more consistent in his error than the latter.

Dr. Farrar is not free from that impatient recklessness which declares *à priori* that it *will* not believe a distasteful doctrine, whatever the letter of Scripture may say about it. To put together a certain estimate of what the moral character of God is, or ought to be, and then take that to the language of the Bible as the touchstone of its meaning, is to foreclose the process of exegesis on the established canons of interpretation. It inverts the relations of Master and disciple, and defeats the very purpose of a supernatural revelation, putting a meaning into the Scripture where it should derive one from it. For the manifestations of God in the aspect of Master, Judge, and Avenger, are as truly revelations of His moral character, as the more pleasing representations of His gracious dealings as a Father.

This opponent of the Scriptural doctrine, like others, finds it convenient to sneer at the evidence of particular texts when they stand in his way, and prefers to take the Scriptures "in their broad outlines." This, so far as we can gather from his book, means that the definite statements of the Written Word must be over-ruled by his general notions. He scornfully refuses to be bound by the "letter that killeth," apparently forgetting that this phrase, fondly and repeatedly quoted in this sense, refers not at all to express an emphatic Christian doctrine as given by the Lord and His apostles, but to the futility of depending for salvation on a rigid observance of the Mosaic code. For our part, we care little for any doctrine calling itself Scriptural, even though it relates to the Divine attributes, if it has no clear and certain portion of the Sacred Word for its foundation. Having traced a tenet to the plain teaching of that Scripture which "cannot be

broken," we regard the proposal to abandon it in deference to the "broad outlines" entertained by an uninspired teacher, as an attempt to offer us vague generalities in lieu of specific revelation. But this outcry against the evidence of particular texts often comes from those who are ready enough to cite the most solitary and obscure text when they can extract from it any semblance of support. To this inconsistency Canon Farrar is no exception. With all his talk about the "ignorant tyranny of isolated texts," he is willing, for instance, to hang his third sermon advocating *post mortem* probation on the clause in Peter, "For this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead," which unquestionably admits of other interpretations than his. For example, it was preached to men who while living in this world were dead in sin (Eph. ii. 1—5 and 4, 8; Col. ii. 13); or the words may mean that men naturally dead at the time of Peter's writing had the gospel preached to them previously while they were on earth. When our author alleges that the doctrine of endless suffering "depends mainly on two or three scattered texts in the synoptic gospels," we are amazed that this should come from the pen of one who cannot get a single clear text for his theory from Genesis to the Apocalypse; and we protest against his statement as a gross misrepresentation of his opponents' case. The proof texts are neither few nor confined to the three synoptists. And so far from depending on isolated sentences, it has often been pointed out that the doctrine is inseparably identified with the whole scheme of redemption. In its absence the redemption of Christ becomes quite another and a minished work; the necessity of atonement is greatly lowered; and the vast obligations of the saved to the love of God in Christ for deliverance from endless suffering are contracted to the comparatively trifling indebtedness of escape from temporary suffering. Indeed, the doctrine must ever be an important element in any just estimate of the provisions of grace.

Canon Farrar's ire is superfluously roused against the presence of the three words "hell," "damnation," and "everlasting," in the English Bible, and somewhat dictatorially requires the Revision Committee to omit them. But what if, in consideration of some change in the popular use of the terms, or some of them, they should be left out? What will the doctrine of eternal punishment lose? Will "the judgment of hell," "eternal judgment," "the resurrection of judgment," "greater judgment," mean less to the intelligent reader than "damnation?" Will the hell of Dives appear more tolerable if called "Hades?" Will the "hell fire" into which the wicked will be cast, be mitigated or shortened by calling it "Gehenna?" or the "hell" to which the sinning angels were cast down, mean a less punishment to the common understanding if it be represented by the

untranslated name "Tartarus?" If in obedience to Dr. Farrar's *ipse dixit* "everlasting" be expunged, the context and the analogy of faith would still require eternal punishment to be understood as everlasting. Were the pseudo-criticism of Universalists to induce the Revision Committee to render the words of our Lord "Æonian punishment," the change might throw dust in the eyes of ordinary readers for a while; but only until patient exegesis had brought back the old idea under a new name.

The Canon's method of dealing with Matt. v. 26, may serve as a specimen of his regard for exact interpretation. Inasmuch as the prisoner never can pay the uttermost farthing there is no escape for him; and equally hopeless is escape from perdition. But, observes the learned doctor, "if the payment of the debt be not possible to man, it is possible to God," whereas our Lord says not till God or some other has paid it, but "till *thou* hast paid the uttermost farthing."

We have seldom met with anything weaker than Canon Farrar's filling half-a-dozen pages with texts to show such truths as that God loves all, that Christ redeemed all, that the returning backslider is welcome, and that Christ's dominion must prevail. Not one of these precious truths lends the shadow of support either to universalism, or to Dr. Farrar's instalment of it. They are all perfectly consistent with the orthodox view. It may suit the design of some theologians to detach them from their contents and from other departments of revealed truth, and then infer what they were never intended to teach; but in the oracles of God the facts they reveal are associated with another class of equally certain facts which have an essential place in the moral government of the universe, and raise an effectual bar to many conclusions which fallen human nature in the position of culprit would like to believe. In fact, if the doctrines embodied in these "scattered texts" heaped together by the Canon had any force against the doctrine of eternal punishment, it would be in favour of universalism, and not of Dr. Farrar's theory; but in reality they harmonise perfectly with the doctrine against which they are quoted.

We know not what right this ecclesiastic has to say that the "common view" includes endless tortures . . . of the most awful and unspeakable intensity" from the period of death, for "the vast majority of mankind." Many see no honest way of rejecting the doctrine of eternal punishment without rejecting Divine revelation; who, nevertheless, confidently hope for the salvation of "the vast majority of mankind;" and that without trusting to a *post mortem* probation for which the Scripture affords not the slightest basis of hope; but rather grounds for avoiding it as a delusion and a snare.

With the great qualifications Canon Farrar has brought to the

discussion of his subject (and we readily accept his avowal of the sincerest intention, as we do his admission that he has done his work "roughly and hastily") he has brought a certain spirit which is out of harmony with the task, and which displays itself in disparaging the intelligence, and by implication, the philanthropy, of many who teach opposite views to his own; and as it might seem for no other reason than such opposition. There is too often the substitution of dogmatism for evidence, even in matters of scholarship, and of fiery denunciation for calm reasoning, a style which however excusable in popular oratory, is pitifully out of place in the investigation of a question so momentous as the one he handles. The result is a book containing a minimum of cogent argument with a maximum of fulmination. "Honest, serious, and competent readers," exhorted by the Canon to "be shamed into a little humility—a little doubt as to their own absolute infallibility on all religious subjects—a little sense of their possible ignorance, or invincible prejudice—a little abstinence from cheap anathemas, and contemptible calumnies," must wonder why so little of this advice was reserved by the author for his own use.

HORBERY'S SCRIPTURE DOCTRINE OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

An Inquiry into the Scripture Doctrine concerning the Duration of Future Punishment. By Matthew Horbery, B.D. Reprinted from the edition of 1744. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

SINCE the current controversy on the duration of future punishment, fanned by men who are bent on effecting a radical change in this branch of Christian theology, has grown to such heat and dimensions, we have become somewhat familiar with the news of one leading spirit after another, who was supposed to be set for a defence of the truth, surrendering to the assaults of the foe. Now and again, among conforming and non-conforming communities, a popular preacher or writer stands forth to inform the world that he has abandoned the old faith of his fathers for something in the direction of annihilationism, or universalism, or that his mind is at present vacant on the subject, not having seen its way to adopt anything positive, or perhaps contenting itself with a vague hope that despite the explicit language of Scripture, some portion of the lost will somehow, somewhere, sometime, be restored to bliss. Other exponents of the gospel, perhaps confused by the conflict of opinion, or perhaps quailing before the charges of narrow-mindedness and narrow-heartedness freely hurled at the upholders of the orthodox view, have observed silence on the question, or uttered but a faltering testimony. Those who from

these signs of the times were ready to conclude that the orthodox belief was about to be swept into the limbo of obsolete dogmas, might well be undecieved not only by the many able defences that began to issue from the press, but from the many faithful and earnest re-assertions of the hated doctrine by the mouth of the Christian ministry, notably by the unanimous and manifest determination of the Wesleyan Conference, in August last, to maintain the doctrine as a part of revealed truth, without attempting to interfere with the freedom, or to question the sincerity, of members of other churches who had arrived at opposite conclusions. Nor have we any reason to think the Wesleyan community is alone in adhering to the old landmarks, the loud cries of victory on the side of scepticism, and the defections of many individuals notwithstanding.

One result of the conversation at the Bristol Conference is the republication, by the Conference Office, under the interesting and instructive guidance of Dr. Osborn, of the Rev. Prebendary Horbery's book. The proverbial saying, that history repeats itself, is in this instance remarkably illustrated. The well-nigh forgotten work thus unearthed, while retaining the style of a hundred years ago, and of course wanting the advantages of recent advancement in biblical criticism, in respect of its matter might have been written for the present day. The principal arguments and objections of the schools represented by Messrs. White, Minton, Constable, Jukes, Cox, and Farrar, and which many readers may mistake for modern discoveries, were brought forward more than a hundred years ago by such writers as Burnet and Whiston, and effectually exploded by such as Matthew Horbery. But the refutation of error is no guarantee of its extinction, especially when, as in this case, it offers to fallen man a relaxed view of the demands of moral government and the deserts of sin, and that too under the semblance of a more advanced philanthropy, and of a finer exhibition of Divine benevolence.

Half the work before us is occupied in an examination, separately and carefully, of all the passages of Scripture that relate to the subject. This is done with a calm dispassionate confidence and conclusiveness which indicate the writer's consciousness of strength, and contrast refreshingly with those recent treatises on the opposite side which have seemed to assume that extravagant language would supply the lack of solid argument. Next comes a chapter in which the attempts to prove the doctrine of endless punishment at variance with the perfections of God are analysed and shown to be utterly sophistical. Those who form their own notions of what Divine justice ought to be and do, and then resolve beforehand that the teaching of Revelation, however explicit, shall override that notion, would do well to weigh the

following sentences : " Here, we see, lies the Root of the Matter. Texts and Testimonies of Scripture, and Fathers, may be quoted, in a manner, such a manner as it is ; but what is all this to the purpose ? The case is prejudged, and in effect, determined beforehand. And what Sentence can one expect from a judge, who at the same time that he calls in Witnesses, and pretends to examine them, makes a Declaration that, however, let them say what they will, the Cause is so absurd, or so unjust in its own nature, that no evidence will be sufficient to prove it ? Dr. Burnet, though a great opposer of the eternity of future punishment, yet is forced to own that the Scripture seems to be on the other side. *Natura humana abhorret ab ipso nomine poenarum aeternarum, &c. At Scriptura sacra à partibus contrariis stare videtur.* But then Reason, he says, the Nature of God, and the Nature of Things, declaim loudly. We see where the thing rests. It would readily be acknowledged that the Scripture teaches eternal punishments, if the Doctrine could be reconciled with Reason, and our natural notions of God's Perfections. This, therefore, is what I am now to attempt" (p. 145, 146). With remarkable cogency he then goes on to argue, " That the Doctrine of eternal Punishments all along proceeds upon the supposition, that the Persons condemned to them, are incurably wicked, and fix'd in a state and Temper of Mind everlastingly and unalterably evil." " That the Degrees of this future Punishment will be infinitely various, and exactly in proportion to the Guilt and Demerit of those who suffer them." — " That these Punishments are not merely arbitrary, or so to be understood, as if God interposed every moment to inflict them, by Acts of mere Power and Will ; but they are the natural and necessary Consequence and Result of things." " That Men were apprized and forewarned of this Constitution, and of the Consequences of a wicked life." That " they were at liberty, and had it in their power to avoid them." And that, being so apprized, and " encouraged and invited by the Promises of an exceeding and eternal Weight of Glory, to avoid them ; it follows, that if they do incur these Punishments, they incur them voluntarily, and as the effect of their own choice and option." The fourth chapter is a masterly refutation of Universalism, and the fifth of Annihilationism, while the last sets forth the importance of the doctrine he defends.

Anent the inherent incredibility, so often reiterated by fierce antagonists, who affirm that no man can believe it, though many imagine they do, this old author observes : " Whether God has revealed the Doctrine of eternal Punishment in the Scriptures, and whether Christian do, and ever did, believe it, seem to me to be inquiries of Fact. But this gentleman (the French Letter Writer whom he is answering) proves *à priori*, as it were, if he proves anything, that neither of these can be the case. For a Being of infinite Wisdom can never propose that, as a motive of

Fear and Obedience, which is so incredible in itself, that no Man can really believe it. Instead, therefore, of following this Writer in his Reveries, and *à priori* Reasonings, it is sufficient to appeal to Scripture for the Determination of one of these Enquiries, and to Fact and Experience for the other" (p. 274). It seems the modern charge against the doctrine of eternal punishment, that it promotes infidelity, and causes men to reject Christianity, is by no means new. Nor did it fail to meet with an adequate reply from Mr. Horbery: "And supposing the Fact, how would the gentlemen who give us this Intimation, have us behave in the Case? all that can reasonably be done, is to *search the Scriptures*, and examine whether this Doctrine be really contained in them. If it be, we have no warrant either to conceal or disguise it. We are to take our Religion as we find it in the Bible, and not model a new one for ourselves. Nor would such conduct, if it were allowable, be prudent. It would neither pass undetected, nor uncensured. The Persons who now pretend that they cannot digest Christianity with this hard Article in it, would be ready to expose anything that looked like *handling the Word of God deceitfully*. They would reproach Christians for not understanding, or not believing the very Charter of their Religion. Your Gospel, would they say, plainly teaches the Eternity of Hell-Torments; a Point which none of you believe, and which your Preachers are ashamed to teach. This would be the Language of Infidelity; and Men inclined that way, would still retain their Prejudices against Christianity" (p. 277). His words are equally appropriate in these days.

It had been well for the cause of truth and religion if not only Universalists and Annihilationists, but also the advocates of *post-mortem* probation had pondered the arguments of this old writer ere they broached their unscriptural theories. As to the practical bearing of the last theory on lovers of sin, the following passage is opposite: "The great Argument for *working out our Salvation* in the present Life, *while it is called to-day*, is *because the Night cometh, when no man can work*. But if Men are once taught to believe that there will be *another Day*, that will answer their purpose as well; it is natural to think, that they will be apt to trust to that Resource, and so live and die without Repentance. I don't say that this Conduct would be reasonable, but that it is likely to be Fact, considering how strongly Men are attach'd to their old and favourite Sins. It is from a Sentiment of this kind that Bishop Bull expresses himself with so much warmth, with regard to the Popish Doctrine of *Purgatory*" (p. 261, 262). Few readers who take interest in the eschatological discussion of the day, or are troubled by the attacks of those who assail the Scriptural doctrine, can fail to be benefited by a perusal of this vigorous though temperate defence of orthodoxy.

CHURCH'S HUMAN LIFE AND ITS CONDITIONS.

Human Life and its Conditions. Sermons preached before the University of Oxford in 1876—1878, with Three Ordination Sermons. By R. W. Church, M.A., D.C.L., Dean of St. Paul's. London: Macmillan and Co. 1878.

THESE are sermons of a high order, full of noble thoughts nobly expressed. The authorities of St. Paul's are accused of inclinations to ritualistic practices. Not only is there no trace of such tendencies in this volume, but it is hard to understand how they could ever have the sanction of its author. We might surely expect to see sympathies of this kind coming out in Ordination Sermons, but not a tinge of sacerdotal views can be detected. The doctrine of the nature and functions of the Christian ministry laid down or implied is that of Prof. Lightfoot, in his conclusive essay on the subject in his volume on the Philippians. We should judge Dean Church's general position to lie between the Broad Church and the old learned High Church. He evidently has affinities with both.

The distinctive intellectual characteristic of this volume is breadth, largeness of grasp, and treatment. For style of thought the preacher has sat lovingly at the feet of Bishop Butler, a great master; in style of composition the influence of Newman is to be traced. Indeed, from the dedication of Newman's *University Sermons*, preached from the same pulpit of St. Mary's, we learn that in days of yore a close friendship existed between the Dean and the great Oratorian. That graceful dedication gives pleasing proof that friendship survives great separations and differences.

The subjects of the sermons, too, are admirably suited to the days in which we live, a feature scarcely indicated as it should be in the title. The questions discussed are those which we hear asked on every side; and the answers given or suggested in this volume are, we are thankful to say, such as tend to lesson instead of increasing unsettlement of faith. We can wish nothing better than that the principles inculcated may be thoroughly assimilated by the youthful and studious minds for which they are designed. The first sermon is an impressive vindication of the superior claims of moral goodness over those of material and intellectual greatness, while allowing to the latter the utmost due to it. The second is on Human Life Collective and Individual, and excellently illustrates the breadth of view already spoken of. Taking his stand at Rom. xii. 1, where the doctrinal divides from the practical, the preacher sees the Apostle dealing in the former part with those great purposes of God, which concern the human race as a whole, and in the second with purely individual relations

and duties. Individual life is then viewed in relation to the great universe of life of which it forms a part,—that humanity which is the Positivist's god,—and then in its solitary responsibilities and interests. We sincerely hope that some hearts responded to the appeals for personal, living consecration to high and worthy purposes. From the sermon on Responsibility for our Belief we cull an extract or two. "It is said, and rightly said, that we must follow truth wherever it leads us. Any one who believes in truth at all must say it. But I think that following truth is sometimes confounded with yielding to the immediate pressure of an argument—which is a very different thing. For I am sure it cannot be too much remembered, what the history of every controversy shows, that the force and pressure of argument at any particular time has much in it of what we call accident. For argument, and what so often stands in place of argument, the force of a skilful statement, an impressive representation, a broad and consistent theory, depends very much for its effect on the ability of those who use it and make it popular; and this ability is on one side to-day, on the other to-morrow. If all to which the answer did not at once present itself, claimed at once our assent, we should indeed be in perplexity. Further, though argument is the natural means of getting at the verdict of reason, it is only a means and step, part of a process more complex and subtle than itself. For reason is wide and manifold, and waits its time; and argument is partial, one-sided, and often then most effective, when least embarrassed by seeing too much; and one link left out, one fact overlooked, one step missed, may vitiate the most triumphant argument, as one element forgotten vitiates the whole of a long and intricate calculation. . . . Again, the weight of an argument, like the significance of an event, is itself determined by many things without it." It is shown to vary with age, training, company, and a thousand circumstances which, however minute, and when alone, are powerful in the aggregate. "Remember what an element *time* is in all growth; how much *time* alone does in making troubled questions run clear; how often what perplexes us to-day is all explained to-morrow; how what is tangled by dispute and confusion of thought may become unravell'd by simply waiting. By simply waiting, our horizon widens—widens almost without our knowing it."

The sermon on Sin and Judgment is a weighty deliverance on the question of the hour. The preacher does not, like some others in his own Church almost as highly placed as himself, endeavour to minimise and explain away the clear teachings of Christ on this subject. Certainly his calm, measured tone is far more in keeping with the subject than that of some others. We wish we could quote all he says. "What is the *prima facie* view of Scripture? It is, as it seems to me, that the future is viewed

in immediate and exclusive relation to this life as a life of probation, a life given for obedience and duty, and inextricably connected with it. To this life succeeds judgment, and judgment is always spoken of as if it were something complete and final. There is no perspective disclosed beyond the doom which follows it. The curtain falls; the drama seems played out: it is as if we were to understand that all is henceforth over. . . . The harvest of the world is reaped; wheat and tares are separated; 'all things that offered, and they which do no iniquity' are cast out of the kingdom of God; the harvest is the end of the world. The sentence is pronounced, the execution of justice follows: and after the Judge's acceptance, and the Judge's rejection, there appears nothing more. . . . We cannot misunderstand about the gathering of all nations before the Throne, about the great division to the right hand and the left. We cannot misunderstand about the door shut on the unready virgin, on the prayer urged so eagerly but too late. . . . We cannot misunderstand the appalling significance, far as it is beyond our power to fathom it, of the 'wrath of God;' and the phrase belongs to the New Testament as truly as that of the 'love of God!' But beyond these definite certainties, the preacher contends, there is a host of questions respecting the future state—degrees, limitations, exceptions—as to which no decision is possible, a position which we presume no one doubts. "What then is the right attitude of those who do not know, who cannot know, apart from what the New Testament has told us? . . . Shall we, on hints and notices which we do not fully understand, build up speculations, lay down our conclusions, and complete that which He left unfinished? Or is it not wiser to bring home to ourselves the extent of our real ignorance, and acknowledging the deep interest of such questions, frankly own that we have not the means of answering them? It is a humble position to take, while new knowledge of all kinds is flooding the world, while the human mind recoils from no inquiry. It may be said to be retreating from positions which great men, great teachers, great schools of theology in former days of very opposite tendencies seem to have taken up. But however pressing the call, however tempting the motives, to a bolder and wider range of thought, to mar peremptory inferences and definite anticipations, the sources and bounds of our knowledge remain where our Lord has fixed them."

LIFE OF DR. WADDY.

The Life of the Rev. Samuel D. Waddy, D.D. By his Youngest Daughter. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

WE heartily welcome the publication of this volume. Written in an easy and attractive style, sparkling with racy incident, and abounding in interesting references to Methodist history, this book will commend itself to those general readers who had no personal acquaintance with Dr. Waddy: whilst his contemporaries, and the many students who were privileged to be under his care at Wesley College, will find the salient characteristics of his life and work most successfully delineated in these pages.

It often happens that a "Life" recorded by a relative, is set forth in language too glowing, that the colouring is too brilliant, or the character is represented as more perfect than the facts would warrant. No blemish of this kind detracts from the book before us. Although a daughter's hand may be noticed in these pages, it helps to a more complete view of the man. A life of Dr. Waddy without those brief glimpses into his home, and the gentler influences pervading it, which the reader obtains in this volume, would have been imperfect. The outside world knew him as a great preacher, an eloquent and most effective debater, and a brilliant wit. The students at Wesley College, where he spent eighteen years of the best portion of life, often of necessity saw the sterner qualities of the Governor. It was well, therefore, that a loving hand should partially disclose to public view those home virtues and graces which threw a charm around his private life. To us, Dr. Waddy always appeared greatest in his home. His eminently powerful ministry, the dignity of his bearing, the vivacity of his conversation, the freshness and unceasing flow of his wit, all evidenced strength and greatness. Wherever you met with him, you could not fail to recognise and feel his power. But any one privileged to cross the threshold of his home as a friend, would soon observe and admire that happy combination of strength with gentleness, and of severity of manner with true tenderness of heart, which found expression there. Dr. Waddy's painstaking care and assiduity in his own mental culture, especially in the earlier years of his ministry, are duly noted in these pages. His brilliance and readiness often concealed, by their excessive light, the laborious study which qualified him for success, but nevertheless the thought and reading and prayer had not been overlooked. His was the readiness of the "full" man.

It is impossible within the narrow limits of this notice to give anything like a brief epitome of this interesting "Life." Nor is it necessary. Those who begin this book will read it through.

A just memoir of Dr. Waddy could not be dull. Perhaps the recollections of him as Governor of Wesley College will longest stand forth as pre-eminent. His services to Methodism in that position cannot be tabulated. Their influence still remains, not only as a pleasant memory, but as a gracious power. Many men of eminence, and others rising into position in the Methodist church, are deeply indebted to the strict rule and godly counsel of their former Governor. He was equal to all the emergencies which might arise. His knowledge of boyish life, and how to treat it, was most manifest. He knew what to see, and sometimes what not to see, of boyish freaks and mischief. He was not always fretting the spirit by fault-finding, but when he did come down upon an offender, woe betide him! In their games and holiday trips he identified himself with the boys, entering heartily into their sports and pastimes. And then his plan of putting boys upon their honour bore good fruit. He trusted them, and in return they found good reason for confiding in him. The history of the College revival in 1848 is here most feelingly told, as well as many other incidents which transpired during those eventful eighteen years. When failing health began to indicate itself, Dr. Waddy resigned his place at the College, and returned to circuit life. In his somewhat new position he was most successful. He became a diligent and thorough pastor of his flock; he visited his societies regularly, even when weighted with many circuit cares. But this thoroughness was characteristic of the man. He aimed to do well what he felt it his duty to do at all. The vivacity of Dr. Waddy's conversation, and his rich sparkling wit, find sufficient illustration in this Memoir; perhaps his brilliance in this respect often threw those more solid qualities which he possessed into the background. They were eclipsed for the time. We are gratified, therefore, to find that illustrations of this remarkable power find a subordinate place in this volume just as they did in Dr. Waddy himself. In relation to sacred things Dr. Waddy was never witty. He dared not be, so profound was his faith, and so deep was his reverence for the things of God. In the pulpit Dr. Waddy had few equals. His sermons were most impressive. The massiveness of his style and language, the profound sincerity and earnestness of the preacher, his wonderful modulations of voice, the unhesitative utterance, together with an indescribable power accompanying his public ministry, were calculated to rivet attention, apart altogether from the thoughtful and often profound subject-matter of his discourses. In the volume before us several speeches and addresses are appended as illustrating the style of the Doctor's public deliverances. These, together with the chapter entitled "A General View of his Principles," are valuable additions to a most readable book and to a just and characteristic memoir of a truly great and good man.

STOUGHTON'S PROGRESS OF DIVINE REVELATION.

The Progress of Divine Revelation; or, the Unfolding Purpose of Scripture. By John Stoughton, D.D., Author of "Homes and Haunts of Luther," &c. London: The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row, &c.

It is a significant feature of the times that helps to the intelligent study of Scripture are rapidly multiplying. Men in the front rank of Biblical scholarship are devoting themselves to the production of books which contain the results of extensive critical study, and thus ordinary readers are made familiar with many departments of truth which a few years ago were unknown to all but students.

The volume before us is one of a series which bids fair to popularise the subjects of which they treat. The Religious Tract Society has done well to secure the services of so accomplished a writer as Dr. Stoughton. Few men could have brought to the task such varied qualifications as he possesses, and no one could have executed it with greater caution and conscientiousness. We cordially welcome the latest production of the venerable author, and heartily wish for it a wide circulation.

The design of the work is to present an outline of the history of Divine revelation, according to the chronological order of the writers, events, and teaching presented in Holy Scripture. Our author commences with what was revealed before the Fall, and traces the various stages of progress in what God has taught mankind through inspired men, down to the closing of the Sacred Canon. Without attempting to reduce to dogmatic form all the revelations made at different periods, the writer presents at intervals useful summaries which serve as landmarks to indicate the point reached in the gradual unfolding of the mind of God to man.

Many of the early books of Scripture contain but scanty materials, and are therefore rapidly reviewed, not however without furnishing distinctive characteristics of the writers and their several missions. As the sacred stream of truth grows in depth and breadth it supplies ampler scope for study, and is treated with proportionately increasing fulness. The New Testament, of course, occupies by far the largest share of attention, considering the comparatively brief space in which its several books were written.

John the Baptist is shown to be the connecting link between the prophets of the Old Covenant and the Prophet of the New. In his teaching we discover the dawn of a new day. There is an evangelical tone about his stern utterances which anticipates the full-orbed Gospel which was about to shine upon all the dark

places of the earth. While he denounces the Pharisees and Sadducees as a "generation of vipers," he recognises the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

The Synoptic Gospels next pass under review. Their central idea is seen to be "The kingdom of God or the kingdom of heaven." This idea appears to our author as presented under the following aspects:—1. The relations which men sustain to the kingdom. 2. The extent of the kingdom. 3. The laws of the kingdom. 4. The mysteriousness and manifestation of the kingdom. 5. The progress of the kingdom. 6. Shadows cast on the history of the kingdom. 7. The privileges of the kingdom. 8. The Lord of the kingdom. 9. Enemies of the kingdom. 10. Symbols of the kingdom.

Striking passages illustrative of these points are introduced with great skill, showing at once the care and thoroughness with which the subject is treated.

The narrative of St. John comes next in order, embracing the discourses, the conversations, and the intercessory prayer of our Lord. Here we reach higher ground, and get a glimpse of mysteries of the kingdom which had hitherto been veiled. The chapter following is devoted to "Teaching contained in the Acts, Spirit, and Nature of Christ's Life." The writings of the Apostles then follow in chronological order. The date and authorship of disputed books are noticed briefly, but with great candour and accuracy.

It will be seen how vast and how momentous are the matters treated in this volume. Amongst many other considerations urged to show the importance of the branch of study here pursued, there is one to which special prominence should be given, viz., that without a correct estimate of each Divine dispensation, and a careful comparison of one with another, we cannot attempt, with any hope of success, the solution of the difficult problem as to "how the moral difficulties connected with the study of the Old Testament are to be satisfactorily explained."

Dr. Stoughton insists, again and again, upon the necessity of confining our attention to the actual meaning of successive portions of revelation, as they appeared to the men to whom and through whom they were given. This is a point too often overlooked in the pulpit. Meanings are often attached to the words of Scripture which the writers never intended—which they did not even understand. Full-blown evangelical discourses are grafted upon obscure passages in the Old Testament which contain at most but the germs of Gospel truth. The careful study of this book will enable the reader to look at passages of Holy Scripture from their writers' standpoint, and will set him on his guard against making the inspired penmen say more or less than they intended.

Besides what bears directly upon the subject of the book there is a mass of useful information on Biblical subjects, introduced in the form of incidental observations and suggestions. Perhaps it would have been better if no mention had been made of several topics which are noticed simply to be dismissed, with the explanation that they do not come within the writer's scope in the present volume. It seems a pity to inform a reader of difficulties without attempting to remove them. From his concluding words we gather that our author intends to furnish, in another volume, what we had hoped to find in this. He says, "The deeper meanings which have been found in this revelation of truth from the beginning; the theological doctrines based upon the teaching contained in the Bible; the relation between one principle and another, discovered and evolved; the influences to be logically deduced from the contents of the Old and New Testaments; and the systematic forms into which the whole has been reduced by great scientific divines, belong to a branch of religious literature distinct from that which has been pursued in these pages. We hope hereafter to review this wide field of human thought."

Dr. Stoughton wields a facile pen: his style is remarkably graceful and flowing, and occasionally there is a sprightliness which yields abundant evidence that his intellectual force is not abated. He aims rather at usefulness than originality. He does not startle his readers by novel theories, but wins their confidence by the cautious handling of difficult subjects, and the frank acknowledgment that upon many points there is ample room for difference of opinion. His spirit is very devout, and his adherence to the truths which are most surely believed among evangelical churches is all that the most orthodox can desire.

WARREN'S UNDERGROUND JERUSALEM.

Underground Jerusalem. By Charles Warren. London: Bentley and Son. 1876.

"THE Palestine Exploration Fund," and "Captain Warren," as the personal representative of its operations, are both familiar names to educated Englishmen. And it is a pity they are not more influentially familiar; for though, we fear, Captain Warren himself will open no more shafts, and run no more hair-breadth risks of life in Jerusalem, the work he did there commends the objects of the fund most strongly to the practical support of Christendom: and it is only too notorious, that all along the greatest difficulty has been found in obtaining the necessary means for carrying on the excavations. We do not wonder, considering that Captain Warren not only conducted the researches in the Holy City, but that for many months together he defrayed

the expense out of his own pocket, that, in the volume before us, he writes sometimes as with a chafed and irritated spirit, and that even persons towards whom he expresses feelings of respect are occasionally dealt with in a rather curt and military fashion. On the whole, perhaps, we ought to congratulate our author that, after such a campaign of physical and intellectual labour, he is still alive, and in possession of his faculties. The responsibility which he carried in Jerusalem, the personal exposure and fatigue which he underwent, and the bewildering crowd of worries, annoyances, and oppositions of all kinds with which he had to do continual battle, are all very strikingly set forth in his book: and they are only exceeded, in interest for the reader, by the wonderful judgment, tact, resolution, and patience, which Captain Warren's narrative shows him to have exercised in his most trying circumstances. The mingled wisdom and audacity with which he checkmated the schemes of fanatical Sheiks and Pachas, the truly English resolution which brushed pragmatical consuls aside when they stood in the way of his enterprise, and the thorough appreciation which he showed of the temper and character of his Oriental workmen, are amongst the most conspicuous, and at the same time the most attractive, features of his volume.

We must refer our readers to the volume itself for the history of the subterranean explorations carried on by Captain Warren in Jerusalem, and for the results, whether in fact or theory, which have followed from them, so far as they are exhibited by the author. As is well known Captain Warren differs, *toto celo*, from the views of Mr. Ferguson on the subject of the topography of the Temple area and of the region adjacent to it. And the antagonism not unfrequently takes an aspect in Captain Warren's volume which, even where he is most likely to be right, we deem much to be regretted. But controversy apart, the gain which Biblical science has made from the labours of Captain Warren are large and precious. A new and most welcome light has been thrown upon the geography of the environs of Jerusalem; upon the relations subsisting between the present and former levels of the city, and of the valleys about it; upon the direction of the ancient walls and conduits; and above all, upon the foundations, substructures, and general arrangement of the buildings of the Solomonian and Herodian Temples. And were it not that this opening of the door into an unknown world has shown so clearly how much our ignorance exceeds our new-born knowledge, the world would estimate the boon which Captain Warren has conferred upon it more highly than it seems to do. We draw attention to our author's statements respecting the Kedron Valley, as furnishing more than one out of a number of unlooked for and most interesting facts resulting from his observations.

The popular attraction of Captain Warren's book is considerably heightened by the fact that, in accordance with the promise of the title-page, he deals in it with various collateral and incidental matters, of a description fitted to gain the ear of all classes of readers. Thus we find one chapter devoted mainly to an account of Joppa, as it is and has been. Another tells the story of a ramble into the wilderness of Judah, or of a visit to the Samaritans. Elsewhere there is a detailed account of a journey through the Jordan Valley, or of experiences and diggings at or near Jericho. And the volume ends with a series of sections on the impious pantomime of the Holy Fire, on the Resources of Palestine, on Trades in Jerusalem, and on the Moabite Stone. These half gossiping, half scientific, portions of the work abound in information which it would be difficult to meet with elsewhere; and the pictures of character, manners, and life, whether those of the city or of the country, are often vivid and piquant. Captain Warren is a careful observer. His opportunities of acquaintance with contemporary Jerusalem in particular, both before and behind the scenes, have been exceptionally favourable. And the public reaps the benefit in the clear, animated, and sometimes highly dramatic representations which he gives of them. It would be easy to quote passages from our author which show that, where he has cared to be elaborate, he can wield the pre-Raffaelite word pencil without sacrifice of the tone of truth and reality. Altogether Captain Warren's work, while it will not startle the world as with the blaze of a meteor, is one which we recommend to students of the Scriptures and of sacred antiquity as containing much serviceable knowledge, of which they cannot afford to be ignorant, and as pointing with encouragement to a future—not a distant one, we trust—when Palestine will rise again from the dead, and take a prominent part on the side of Christ and the Gospel in the great battle which "the faith" must by-and-by fight with the scientific unbelief of an apostate Christendom.

We may be permitted to add, without designing for a moment to further any political interest, that the person who can rise from the study of Captain Warren's volume without deep disgust at the perfidy, cruelty, and illimitable corruption of the Turkish administration in Palestine, must possess a moral callousness with which we will not credit any reader of these pages. There is no one, indeed, who has ever lived even for a few months only in Syria, who does not know that the government of Turkey, as represented there, is the complex and organ of all conceivable abominations, and that the miserable, crushed, and impotent victims of its tyranny are weary to bear it.

JACOX'S SIDE-LIGHTS UPON SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

Side-Lights upon Scripture Texts. By Francis Jacox, B.A., Author of "Scripture Proverbs Illustrated," "Shakespeare's Diversions," &c. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1877.

MR. JACOX'S note-books are not yet exhausted. Tapped as they have been year after year, they are able to provide us again with pleasant reading, curious where it is not instructive, and never tedious if it be but taken sparingly. Few can be unacquainted with his system of book-making, now pursued for several years with hundredweights of printed matter as the result. Round some text, no matter what, he gathers illustrations and allusions from almost every kind and class of literature. He does not simply collect extracts and label them "Patriotism" or "Woman;" but, wherever necessary for clearness, he embeds his quotations in a fair summary of their original context, and is thus at once faithful to the author he quotes, and to his own theme. And therein consists the great excellence and the originality of his plan. Many a man before him has dealt in literary *bric-à-brac*, but with rare exceptions the *bric-à-brac* has been mutilated and fragmentary. Mr. Jacox, though he experiences a difficulty at times in so arranging his specimens that each may look at home where he puts it, both prefers whole specimens and endeavours to arrange them well.

This, his last volume, will compare favourably with any that have preceded it. It was inevitable, perhaps, that such "Scripture texts" as Eccles. ix. 10, John xi. 9, and 2 Cor. x. 10, should be made to do duty; upon them almost every man's note-book or memory would enable him to cast some side-lights. But by far the majority of the texts and of the quotations are fresh and noteworthy. Job ii. 13, for instance, which is treated in the first series of Mr. Jacox's "Secular Annotations," as "a suggestive argument for silent sympathy," here serves as the focus of numerous allusions to the pleasure of sociable silence: and Crabbe, F. W. Robertson, Sir Thomas Browne, Cowper, Burke, Coleridge, George Eliot, Sir Walter Scott, Shakespeare, Horace Walpole, Jean Ingelow, Wordsworth, La Bruyère, the Abbé Barthélemy, Rousseau, Fénelon, Rowland Williams, and as many more, contribute to illustrate it. Many of the quotations too are not only of a kind rarely met with, but themselves start the reader upon a course of thinking for himself, and thereby add permanently to his knowledge and sympathy,—instances of which may be found in the fifth and seventh sections of the book. And again, the views of different men as to the sources of the power of the confessional, as to the relative merits of the gentle and alarming

aspects of religion in impressing men, as to the connection or lack of connection between desert and success, as to the varying pressure of temptation as it affects and determines the viciousness of men, and upon many kindred subjects, are placed here side by side; and one gratifying consequence must result, that the reader is less firmly wedded to his own opinions and more ready to recognise the possibility that others may be right.

On the other hand, the book is not without blemishes, though the experience of Mr. Jacox has prevented many which a less skilled hand would not have avoided. We can hardly regard some of the authors he quotes as worth quoting, and his extracts from others more eminent are occasionally of little value. Should he intend to favour us with any further volumes, and his resources are obviously almost without limit, a more complete connection of parts would add greatly to their interest and success even though it were gained by reducing the number of his allusions. In the line which he has chosen he is certainly supreme, and with less self-repression his contributions to our literature would be still more highly esteemed.

MILLER'S THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES.

The Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England: a Historical and Speculative Exposition. By the Rev. Joseph Miller, B.D., Curate of Holy Trinity, Darwen. Vol. I. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1878.

As the title indicates, the author's treatment is both historical and argumentative. He indicates the genesis of each article, the errors it opposes, and the grounds both of Scripture and reason on which it rests. There is real learning in the work, the author manifesting adequate acquaintance with the different phases of doctrine, both in ancient and modern times. There is also considerable philosophic power as well as vigour both of thought and expression, along with what seems to us cumbrousness of style, at least in the earlier parts. "Hugely denotive" is a somewhat unusual phrase. The treatment is exceedingly brief, as may be inferred from the fact that in a volume of a little over two hundred pages such wide subjects as Christian Theism, the Trinity, Christology, Soteriology, Eschatology and Pneumatology are discussed. In some places little more than heads of discourse are given. Should the present volume prove successful, the author proposes to issue others dealing with Stoicheiology, Hamartiology, Prognoseology and Protheseology, Ecclesiology, Mysteriology, etc. Mysteriology is of course the Doctrine of the Sacraments. Popularity would be too much to expect for dogmatic treatises; but we sincerely hope that the work may realise

success enough to encourage the author to carry out his project. The mode of treatment is marked by considerable originality and freshness of treatment. The writer works in a line of his own, and this in theological discussion is no small merit.

The following is a fair specimen. "Let it never be forgotten that there is a genuine as well as a false anthropopathism; that as at the religious standpoint of pagan antiquity you have the spiritual consciousness drawn down to sensuousness, and contemplate in heathen deities the mere apotheoses of human virtues and vices; that as amongst the carnally minded Jews you observe the same crudeness, referring to God human passions and defects, and find unlimited caprice, jealousy, the hot fury of vindictive wrath on the one hand, and over-mildness, narrow partiality or exclusiveness of affection and the weakness of pity on the other, described as internal states of Jehovah, and so whatsoever is said in the Old Testament in an anthropopathic manner out of accommodation to the low culture and sensuous apprehensions of the Jews is understood and applied in the bare literal sense; so you have the legitimate conception of the truth in the fact of the analogy of God to the human spirit, which is, on this special point, for man here and now the only possibly valid apprehension of the religious consciousness. The divine mind is most surely the Archetype of ours. Christ is this archetype in all its grandeur realised in humanity; so that if you lose sight of this analogy between the divine and human, the idea of God can no longer be entertained at all." Under Eschatology there is an interesting exposition of the catena of opinion respecting Christ's Descent into Hades. "1 Pet. iii. 19 has by St. Augustine in the early ages, and by Bishop Pearson in the Anglican Church, been plausibly interpreted of the preaching of the Gospel to the antediluvians. It is noticeable, however, that the earlier and most prevalent Patristic opinion, the Edwardine theological interpretation, and the view of Bishop Horaley, and other learned Anglicans, is as decided on the other side."

The list of errata, which gives twelve corrections, is by no means exhaustive. We have noted more than as many more, in addition to the following:—"Discrepances" occurs six times on adjacent pages, "papish" twice, "ecclectic" twice. We read "clang" for "clung," and "lightening glance." On p. 2, Fox, Bishop of Hereford, is said to be "the author of the famous *Book of Martyrs*." The martyrologist was John Foxe, whose highest office was a prebend at Salisbury. Bishop Fox was a different man altogether. Vigilius Tapsensis, of the fifth century, figures as "Vigilius Tapensis." On pp. 40, 42, some Egyptian monks are called both "Scetian" and "Section." This is surely a too abundant crop of errors.

CULROSS'S JOHN WHOM JESUS LOVED.

John whom Jesus Loved. By James Culross, A.M., D.D.
London: Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

"To most of us," as Dr. Culross says, "the Apostle John dwells apart in a dim solemn region of mystery; and his figure looms forth faint and indistinct as through a haze. He seems to look out upon us with gentle, dreamy eyes—a man of meditative calmness and repose, intensely intuitional, speaking in words of childlike, mystic simpleness, whose drift and scope baffle our logical methods to apprehend." The design of this work seems to be to define more clearly the image of the beloved Apostle, and to show the character and aim of his writings. He is presented to us in successive chapters as the Man, the Companion of Jesus, the Apostle, the Seer, the Evangelist, and the Theologian. The final chapter treats of his influence upon the thought and life of succeeding generations, and there is an Appendix containing the legends and traditions which have gathered round his name.

We can heartily commend this book to any one who wants no introduction, at once simple and scholarly, to the writings of St. John. Without any parade of learning we have here the results of thorough study and discriminating thought set forth in an attractive style. Moreover, the earnest tone of spirituality which pervades the book will make it welcome to every devout heart.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SOME RECENT BOOKS OF VERSE.

The Revolt of the Women. A Free Translation of the "Lysistrata" of Aristophanes (acted at Athens, B.C. 411). By Benjamin Bickley Rogers, M.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, and sometime Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford. London: George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden.

The Tragedies of Vittorio Alfieri: complete, including his Posthumous Works. Translated from the Italian. Edited by Edgar Alfred Bowring, C.B. In Two Volumes. Same publishers.

Goethe's Poems. Translated in the Original Metres by Paul Drysen. London: Asher and Co., 13, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

Poetry of America. Selections from One Hundred American Poets, from 1776 to 1876. With an Introductory Review of Colonial Poetry, and some specimens of Negro Melody. By W. J. Linton. London: George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden.

Latter-Day Lyrics. Being Poems of Sentiment and Reflection by Living Writers, Selected and Arranged, with Notes, by W. Davenport Adams; with a Note on some Foreign Forms of Verse by Austin Dobson. London: Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly.

The Serpent of Cos. A Poem. London: Arthur H. Moxon, 21, Paternoster Row.

It is not often that either scholar or critic or student of poetry has before him a more satisfying book than the version of *Lysistrata* recently printed, but long finished, by Mr. Benjamin Bickley Rogers, whose edition and translation of *The Wasps* of Aristophanes we had the pleasure of noticing with high approval some years ago, and who has also published editions and translations of *The Clouds* and *The Peace*. It will be recollected that *The Peace* was the comedy whereof the master hand of John Hookham Frere added a tantalising sample to the virtually complete translations of *The Acharnians*, *The Knights*, *The Frogs*, and *The Birds*, which form substantially his legacy to posterity, and which are among the finest translations not only in our own language but

in existence in any tongue. Practically, Frere left seven comedies to be done, and for this work there has been no willing and able hand till Mr. Rogers set about it. This gentleman had enlarged, somewhat, on the programme of Frere, by giving a text and notes with his versions of *The Clouds* and *The Peace*, the latter of which leaves very little to be desired; and in the later *Wasps* he gave us a goodly book, not often surpassed in scholarship, elucidation, or happiness of rendering, and hardly ever equalled in the combined result of its threefold excellence. It must be obvious that the rarest and most highly to be valued of Mr. Rogers's qualities as a translator and editor is the purely artistic faculty exercised in the actual work of framing the English text; and although we cannot but regret any circumstances that deprive the reading and studious world of a complete series of the Aristophanic comedies corresponding with Mr. Rogers's edition of *The Wasps*—especially when we are told that such a loss is imminent from lack of health and leisure—we must admit that a wise and considerate choice is made, so far as the public are concerned, in carrying out the series of translations; hence we welcome very warmly the version of *Lysistrata* now lying before us, and the more so because one feels that the most arduous part of the Aristophanic task is accomplished. Nothing could well exceed the concatenation of artistic and social difficulties surrounding this labour of rendering *Lysistrata*; how to eliminate from that superb work of art the utterly unspeakable ingredients that appear at first sight to enter not only into the composition of the dialogue but into the very texture of the play—how to do this, and yet present the modern English reader with a great work of art not false to the meaning of Aristophanes—no one practically unconcerned in the task could possibly divine; but Mr. Rogers has found out how to do it. He has laid before us a version of this play which the most modest may read without let or hindrance; and he leaves the teaching of Aristophanes, practically, where he found it.

As to the execution of this play in detail, and irrespective of the tact and delicacy shown throughout in generalising incidents and expressions which cannot be eliminated without ruin to the fabric, it is certainly not less than masterly; and there is an inimitable litheness and impetuosity of movement in the more difficult and intricate portions of the dialogue. A fine example of this is the scene in which *Lysistrata* and the magistrate take the chief parts, immediately after the discomfiture of the magistrate's Scythian archers outside the women's stronghold, the Acropolis:

Men. Ch. O how shall we treat, Lord Zeus, such creatures as these?
 Let us ask the cause for which they have dared to seize,
 To seize this fortress of ancient and high renown,

- This shrine where never a foot profane hath trod,
The lofty-rocked, inaccessible Cranaan town,
The holy Temple of God.
Now to examine them closely and narrowly,
Probing them here and sounding them there,
Shame if we fail to completely unravel the
Intricate web of this tangled affair.
Mag. Foremost and first I would wish to inquire of them,
What is this silly disturbance about?
Why have ye ventured to seize the Acropolis,
Locking the gates and barring us out?
Lys. Keeping the silver securely in custody,
Lest for its sake ye continue the war.
Mag. What, is the war for the sake of the silver, then?
Lys. Yes, and all other disputes that there are.
Why is Peisander for ever embroiling us,
Why do the rest of our officers feel
Always a pleasure in strife and disturbances?
Simply to gain an occasion to steal.
Act as they please for the future, the treasury
Never a penny shall yield them, I vow.
Mag. How, may I ask, will you hinder their getting it?
Lys. We will ourselves be the treasurers now.
Mag. You, woman, you be the treasurers?
Lys. Certainly.
Ah, you esteem us unable, perchance!
Are we not skilled in domestic economy,
Do we not manage the household finance?
Mag. O, that is different.
Lys. Why is it different?
Mag. This is required for the fighting, my dear.
Lys. Well, but the fighting itself isn't requisite.
Mag. Only, without it, we're ruined, I fear.
Lys. We will deliver you.
Mag. You will deliver us!
Lys. Truly we will.
Mag. What a capital notion!
Lys. Whether you like it or not, we'll deliver you.
Mag. Impudent hussy!
Lys. You seem in commotion.
Nevertheless we will do as we promise you.
Mag. That were a terrible shame, by Demeter.
Lys. Friend, we must save you.
Mag. But how if I wish it not?
Lys. That will but make our resolve the completer.
Mag. Fools! what on earth can possess you to meddle with
Matters of war, and matters of peace?
Lys. Well, I will tell you the reason.
Mag. And speedily,
Else you will rue it.
Lys. Then listen, and cease
Clutching and clenching your fingers so angrily;
Keep yourself peaceable.
Mag. Hanged if I can;
Such is the rage that I feel at your impudence.
Strat. Then it is you that will rue it, my man.
Mag. Croak your own fate, you ill-omened antiquity.
(*To Lysistrata.*) You be the spokeswoman, lady.
Lys. I will.

It will be remembered that the meddlesome body, Stratyllis, who interrupts the foregoing dialogue, is an elderly female with a very sharp gift of speech, which lets itself loose again, equally inopportunately, in the sequel of this same dialogue. It should also not be forgotten, that in the rebuke of the catechised husband which Lysistrata presently quotes, the great comedian had taken the liberty (and what liberty would he hesitate to take?) of wresting Homer to his purpose, by citing Hector's speech to Andromache in the sixth Iliad. Lysistrata's dealing with the magistrate goes on thus in Mr. Rogers's version :

Think of our old moderation and gentleness,
 Think how we bore with your pranks, and were still,
 All through the days of your former pugnacity,
 All through the war that is over and spent:
 Not that (be sure) we approved of your policy;
 Never our griefs you allowed us to vent.
 Well we perceived your mistakes and mismanagement.
 Often at home on our housekeeping cares,
 Often we heard of some foolish proposal you
 Made for conducting the public affairs.
 Then would we question you mildly and pleasantly,
 Inwardly grieving, but outwardly gay;
Husband, how goes it abroad? we would ask of him;
What have ye done in Assembly to-day?
What would ye write on the side of the Treaty Stone?
 Husband says angrily, *What's that to you?*
You hold your tongue! And I held it accordingly.
Strat. That is a thing which I NEVER would do.
Mag. Ma'am, if you hadn't, you'd soon have repented it.
Lys. Therefore I held it, and spake not a word.
 Soon of another tremendous absurdity,
 Wilder and worse than the former we heard.
Husband, I say, with a tender solicitude,
Why have ye passed such a foolish decree?
 Viciously, moodily, glaring askance at me,
Stick to your spinning, my mistress, says he,
Else you will speedily find it the worse for you,
 WAR IS THE CARE AND THE BUSINESS OF MEN!
Mag. Zeus! 'twas a worthy reply, and an excellent
Lys. What! you unfortunate, shall we not then,
 Then, when we see you perplexed and incompetent,
 Shall we not tender advice to the State?
 So when aloud in the streets and the thoroughfares
 Sadly we heard you bewailing of late,
Is there a man to defend and deliver us?
No, says another, there's none in the land;
 Then by the Women assembled in conference
 Jointly a great Revolution was planned,
 Hellas to save from her grief and perplexity.
 Where is the use of a longer delay?
 Shift for the future our parts and our characters;
 You, as the women, in silence obey;
 We, as the men, will harangue and provide for you;
 Then shall the State be triumphant again,
 Then shall we do what is best for the citizens.

Mag. Women to do what is best for the men!
That were a shameful reproach and unbearable.

Lys. Silence, old gentleman.

Mag. Silence for you?

Stop for a wench with a wimple enfolding her?

No, by the Powers, may I die if I do.

Lys. Do not, my pretty one, do not, I pray,
Suffer my wimple to stand in the way.

Here, take it, and wear it, and gracefully tie it,
Enfolding it over your head, and be quiet.

Now to your task.

Cal. Here is an excellent spindle to pull.

Myrr. Here is a basket for carding the wool.

Lys. Now to your task.

Haricots chawing up, petticoats drawing up,
Off to your carding, your combing, your trimming,
WAR IS THE CARE AND THE BUSINESS OF WOMEN.

It is almost too bad to break into this admirable piece of work even as far as we have done; but the interference of Calonice and Myrrhina affords as good an opportunity as we can find for closing our long extract from a work which should be read as a whole, and which, as regards execution, can scarcely be too highly commended.

An old friend, a true old friend, is ever welcome; and here comes among us—disguised, it is true, and not wearing his own good name written plainly on his forehead, as should be—our dear old friend Charles Lloyd, whom all but a few of us older than we care to think, know only dimly as the friend of Charles Lamb,—the man who was Lamb's colleague in a little book of Blank Verse published in 1798, and who had shared with him the honour of having his poems added to those of Coleridge in the second edition of the latter, printed in 1797. What more could be told of this almost forgotten worthy? Well, more than many a literary upstart and parasite would imagine could and may be told; we might count some twenty or so volumes of sterling good work in prose and verse by this same thoughtful and seemingly industrious man; but at present we have to welcome a new edition of his translation of the Tragedies of Alfieri, published in three volumes in 1815, and again, with a memoir, in four volumes in 1821, and now a third time in two volumes, with the Posthumous Tragedies added by another translator, the text gone over with the original, altered in many details, but substantially the same in style and language, and his name—Charles Lloyd's name—struck out of the title-page, to give place to that of his redactor, Mr. Edgar Bowring. Of course we have not been left to discover this; it is duly set forth in the introduction; but it would have been wiser to retain Lloyd's name in the title-page, for though it might have been safe for a little while, perhaps, to bring nearly all the man's original and excellent poetry together,

and call it "the poetical works of John Jones," his translation of Alfieri is really well known to a pretty wide circle of students; and "Tragedies of Alfieri, edited by Edgar Bowring," does not convey so intelligible and telling an idea as "Tragedies of Alfieri, translated by Charles Lloyd, and revised (if it must be so) by Edgar Bowring," would have conveyed. It was a good notion to add Lloyd's Alfieri to Bohn's Library, for it is a standard work, though out of print for some time; and it is not likely to be superseded. Mr. Bowring, however, found it deficient in literality, sometimes faulty through misconception of the original, susceptible of improvement in the punctuation as representing that of Alfieri, and needing revision because of some words which, in Lloyd's day, were not accented as they are now. In these respects he has revised Lloyd's work, approximating it to "the state in which the last Italian edition was left by Alfieri himself;" and the revision has evidently cost Mr. Bowring considerable pains. We confess we should have liked to see the innovations on Lloyd's work distinguished in some manner; but probably they are in general too minute to be shown without considerable distraction of attention. The three posthumous tragedies, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Abel*, and *Alcestis II.*, as rendered by Mr. Bowring, harmonise very well with his revision of Lloyd's version of the nineteen published by Alfieri; and the exclusively English reader has for the first time in his hands the whole series of the tragedies of him whose name Byron pronounced "the great name of this age."

We cannot accord any very high praise to Mr. Paul Drysen's Translations from Goethe, which are given forth as "in the original metres," without really representing the forms at all completely. Of course many of the easier metres are adhered to; but the difficulty of representing Goethe's splendid treatment of hexameters and pentameters is met, or rather evaded, in a somewhat original if not very ingenious manner. In a shallow and unlearned preface the translator dilates upon the importance of quantity as distinguished from accent in dealing with these metres, and then leaves quantity, real or imaginary, to do the work of accent in hundreds of absolutely unrhythmical lines. The fact is, quantity has nothing to do with the rhythmical quality of English verse, or German verse either. Goethe did not write what are called quantitative hexameters and distichs, and to translate his *Antique Forms* and *Elegies* into those impracticable abortions is an outrage. The test of an English hexameter, admitted also by Mr. Drysen, is its rhythmical readableness; and Mr. Drysen's will not by any means often read. But even the pieces done into their own familiar modern metres do not yield a single poem, properly so called: the quality of the book is consistently poor.

Mr. Linton's republican doings in literature, both under the well-known signature of "Spartacus" and under his own autograph, are such as to render peculiarly appropriate the task he has lately imposed upon himself of making his native land better acquainted with the genuine poetry of the great Western Republic of his adoption, and also with what passes for poetry there. The title, "*Poetry of America, Selections from One Hundred American Poets from 1776 to 1876*," is one which might find acceptance in a literary democracy; but it will naturally be received with some caution by the aristocracy of literature; and, after all, whatever be the part, or no part, to be played by aristocracy in the political future, it will be an evil day indeed for art, literary or plastic, when that realm of human endeavour ceases to be aristocratic in the true sense of the word. No doubt Mr. Linton would be far more nearly at one with us than his title alone would imply, as to the several claims of his hundred American versifiers to the high name of poet; and, indeed, the fact that he introduces into his collection some specimens of "negro melody," so labelled, indicates that the wording of the title-page is conventional rather than absolutely literal. No doubt the compiler would be as ready to admit that much of his "American poetry" is no more poetry than his "Negro melody" is melody; but in each case, "that's what they call it;" and periphrasis is avoided. Supposing such admission, we on the other hand are prepared to admit, and we think all candid critics will be, that Mr. Linton has supplied a real want, and produced, on the whole, as excellent a book as his materials would yield, not of course in point of average quality, but as regards its representativeness. Obviously, a book of this bulk (over 400 pages), compiled entirely from the works of Emerson, Whitman, Poe, Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier, would have been a volume of a much higher average quality; but it would not have served the purpose this serves, of giving us an idea how the better class of American literature for the last hundred years has been constituted, and how infinitely little there is in it that is at once thoroughly American and of permanent merit. With the exception of Walt Whitman's works, all, or nearly all, the finest poems of America are distinctly colonial; and a careful examination of this capital book of Mr. Linton's makes the fact more than ever apparent. We hope our countryman has not been indulging a keen perception of the ludicrous at the expense of some of the ladies and gentlemen whose verses do duty for "the poetry of America;" but we really half suspect him when we find him referring to Mr. James Russell Lowell's claims "to his throne among the best; the best not only of his contemporaries in America, but of those in England too." In good sooth, as Mr. Linton says, referring to the shortness of the poems of Mr. Lowell given in this volume, "Hercules may be

known by his footprints;" but *these* footprints betray no demigod, nor does anything of Mr. Lowell's come near, in excellence, his serio-comic *Biglow Papers*, of which a sample appears here, and which can hardly entitle him to rank beside Emerson and Whitman, one would think. We are aware that Mr. Lowell, whose verse, moderately supple and free when employed in the serio-comic, becomes mere chopped prose when he attempts to soar into other didactic heights, has managed to establish a huge reputation in New England; but we do not imagine there is any danger of its becoming European; while, as regards the still smaller figures who make up perhaps nine-tenths of the inhabitants of this American temple of the Muses, we have nothing to combat, because no special claims are made for them. The indefatigable industry with which Mr. Linton has sifted former collections of American verse, and gone on voyages of discovery over the desert seas of books by individual American authors, so as to give us the cream of each one who seemed interesting, is as far beyond praise as it is past hope of emulation. He has actually had the perseverance to extend his reading to more than four hundred writers: finally, he has chosen such writers, and such of their writings, as seem to him to make his book "truly representative of American feeling as uttered in verse, a fair and full presentment of the quality of American Song, both emotional and artistic, giving from each writer a *fair and sufficiently various sample*, and no more." This is a good programme, and it has been well carried out through what must have been, to a man of Mr. Linton's discernment, a most arduous process. We ought to add, that the introductory review of "colonial poetry" is thorough and instructive, and that the portrait of Walt Whitman, which forms the frontispiece, is a good example of Mr. Linton's great ability in a class of wood engraving peculiarly his own.

The scheme of *Latter-Day Lyrics* is good, and it is well carried out on the whole. It is more correct to call it a collection of "poems of sentiment and reflection," as in the title-page, than to speak of it, as Mr. Davenport Adams does in his preface, as an attempt "to bring together in one volume specimens of the serious poetry of living writers only." The word *sentiment* may fairly include various artistic trivialities; but surely Mr. Austin Dobson would not either claim or tolerate the term *serious poetry* as applicable to the following pretty thing contributed by him to the volume:

"With pipe and flute the rustic Pan
Of old made music sweet for man;
And wonder hushed the warbling bird,
And closer drew the calm-eyed herd,—
The rolling river slower ran.

"Ah! would,—ah! would, a little span,
Some air of Arcady could fan
This age of ours, too seldom stirred
With pipe and flute!

"But now for gold we plot and plan;
And from Beersheba unto Dan,
Apollo's self might pass unheard,
Or find the night-jar's note preferred . . .
Not so it fared, when time began,
With pipe and flute!"

This charming example of the rondeau no doubt cost its author a deal of labour; and very artfully are the birth-marks of its hyper-civilised manufacture concealed; but *serious poetry* is an obvious misnomer for the greater part of that section of the book which this rondeau represents,—the third. The volume is divided into (1) Songs and Miscellaneous Lyrics, (2) Sonnets, (3) English Examples of French Forms of Verse; and this third section more particularly challenges observation than the rest. Of the first two sections we may say that the selection and arrangement has been made with taste and judgment as a rule, though it is impossible to include in this verdict the insertion of things which the editor himself goes out of the way to disparage. Thus among the sonnets is one by a Mr. John Godfrey Saxe, beginning with "Why do I love thee?"—concerning which Mr. Adams says in his notes, which are almost wholly excrescent, that it is "reminiscent, surely, of one of Mr. S. Browning's sonnets." It is, in fact, a parody-combination from two of them; and ought certainly not to have been included in any collection of original poetry. Such *faux pas* as this are very rare in the volume; and the third section, in especial, is not only a series of well-executed rondeaus, rondels, ballads, virelais, &c., but peculiarly representative of that fashion for revivals and elaborate execution which characterises so much of our "latter-day" verse. Some of these old French forms are excessively graceful; and we can see no reason, *primâ facie*, against their becoming naturalised in English literature as thoroughly as the sonnet. But here, in *Latter-Day Lyrics*, we have ampler means of judging of such a question than English readers have hitherto had set before them. Mr. Austin Dobson, who, as we have seen, is a most skilful handler of the rondeau, contributes examples of several other forms; and he also gives us a note containing a clear exposition of the technics of these various forms, and a very fair statement of the reasons for and against the attempt to naturalise them. As examples of what may be done in them the reader curious on such subjects should take special notice of Mr. Dobson's *ballade à double refrain* entitled, *The Ballad of Prose and Rhyme*, of Mr. John Payne's virelai, *Spring Sadness*, and, above all, of Mr. Gosse's admirable chant-royal, *The God of Wine*, a poem in which

the higher conception of Bacchus is embodied with great poetic earnestness, and a very high sense of beauty of form, though even here one seems to discern a lack of real spontaneity. We are sorry to miss from a book claiming to represent the circle of living English poets so notable a name as that of R. H. Horne: we would fain have seen W. J. Linton represented; and we are at a loss to understand the omission to give some specimen of the lyric work of Richard Garnett, a writer far excelling many of those whose works go to make up the book. There are probably, as there always must be in such other works, names omitted for reasons known only to the compiler; but we have not been specially struck by the omission of any save those three.

The anonymous volume entitled *The Serpent of Cos*, if we mistake not, is the work of some as yet unknown writer of considerable promise. The poem is very nearly a fine work: the author has evident poetic feeling, a certain power of realisation, freedom from affectation, and an ear which only seems to need cultivation. The subject he has chosen is one well known to all conversant with traditions and legends, and perhaps best known in England through Leigh Hunt's story, *The Daughter of Hippocrates*, which the author of *The Serpent of Cos* has reprinted at the end of his poem. In this new version of the legend the heroine is doomed from pagan times to remain in her enchanted serpent-form till restored to human shape by the kiss of a Christian; and the author has put into the mouth of the Christian who accomplishes this restoration a tale of his own previous career, by no means devoid of interest, and containing some vivid pictures. Indeed, the whole poem is very readable, and the diction and prosody are wholly free from affectation; but they are also, apparently, free from the results of any considerable experience in writing; for the "irregular verse," which the author has used "as best adapted to the wild supernatural legend," is so very irregular as to be frequently unrhythmical, and to have the air of slovenliness, or, at the least, of easy adaptation to a not very critical humour. A little more attention to form, and a less frequent employment of the adjective *grand*, would much improve this poem; and if the author has the genuine impulse to write again, and will avoid the seductions of "irregular verse," composed with little care, he may do something that will not only please, but last,—something that will do credit to the good old publishing name of Moxon, to which the present volume certainly does no discredit.

MASSON'S LIFE OF MILTON.

The Life of John Milton; Narrated in Connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time. By David Masson, M.A., LL.D. Vols. IV. and V. London: Macmillan and Co. 1877.

At last Mr. Masson is getting within sight of the goal. Another volume is to complete his laborious task. His work, when finished, will be a complete thesaurus on Milton and his surroundings, and will fill well a great gap in English literature. After Cromwell, no one deserves better than Milton to be made the central figure of the great English Revolution. The part Cromwell played has been sketched once for all by Carlyle, and, Mr. Masson's picture of Cromwell's great secretary is well worthy of being placed in line with Carlyle's masterpiece. There is no little resemblance even in style. Mr. Masson writes with trenchancy and vigour. Sometimes the intensity of expression seems almost excessive. The narrative never drags. From first to last it is replete with fire and strength. The two works will ever remain a worthy vindication of two typical Englishmen, two of the noblest spirits that ever breathed English air or used English speech. Mr. Masson's work leaves no nook or corner of Milton's life unexplored. Nothing is too minute for elaborate research. Every question is sifted to the last grain, and settled as definitely as it ever can be. By dealing with the general history and Milton's life in different chapters, clearness is preserved.

There is something very fitting—we might almost say, providential—in the association, in the same period, of Cromwell and Milton—one the strong hand, the other the eloquent tongue; one the fiery doer, but slow of speech, the other a master of thoughts and words. It was Milton's part to be the expositor and defender of Cromwell's acts; to put Cromwell's large far-reaching ideas into fit clothing of language. He did this, whether in English or Latin, with consummate skill. There is a stateliness, a regal dignity about his style which can never be mistaken. The Miltonic is just as distinct as the Shakesperean ring. "Et vera incessu patuit dea." The fate of the Agamemnons who have perished unsung for want of a Vates was not to befall the Puritan hero.

The two bulky volumes now issued deal with the period 1649–1660, i.e., from the King's execution to the Restoration, and include the whole of Cromwell's Protectorate, with the subsequent events. During all this period Milton acted as Secretary for Foreign Correspondence, i.e., really Latin clerk. His salary at first was equivalent to £1,000 a year now; but there were modifications afterwards. His nephew says that the reason of Latin being used was that the Council "scorned to carry on their affairs in

the wheedling, lisping jargon of the cringing French, especially having a Minister of State able to cope with the ablest any Prince or State could employ for the Latin tongue." Probably the true reason was the very humble one of convenience. More sonorous Latin than Milton's was never written. Mr. Masson enumerates, epitomises, and translates these despatches; but we are half inclined to grumble that he has not given at least one original specimen. We are only treated to a preamble. "Senatus Populusque Anglicanus Magnifico et Amplissimo Civitatis Hamburgensis Senatui Salutem, a Palatio Westmonasteriense, 2do Aprilis, anno 1649, stylo Angliæ, Gulielmus Lenthall, Senatus Populique, Angliæ Orator." Here we have letters to kings and princes, great and small, from the Grand Monarch and his Cardinal minister (who, it is said, feared Cromwell more than the devil, which, perhaps, is not saying much) to the persecuting Duke of Savoy. Anent Milton's official work, the Swedish Ambassador, complaining of the delay in rendering a treaty into Latin, thought it "strange that there should be none but a blind man capable of putting a few articles into Latin."

It is curious to note the different grounds of Milton's contemporary and posthumous fame. We think of little but England's great epic; but his fame during life was based on his numerous political writings which were ever appearing as occasion arose. Even at the close of the period reviewed in these volumes, *Paradise Lost* has scarcely risen above the horizon. It was his *Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio* which first sent his name through Europe. This appeared in 1651, in obedience to a request of the Council. Seven years later a second edition was published, and in 1654 his *Defensio Secunda*. The first of these was a counterblast to the *Defensio Regia* of the learned Salmasius. The latter was a poor performance. Charles and his friends wanted to shelter their cause under the great scholar's name. "Neither the style nor the thought ever rises above a low level. The Latin itself, though sufficiently fluent, is of a rather poor and hard texture, never masterly, never swelling or growing flexible with the pressure of meaning or feeling. . . . Of real brain in the writer there is little or no evidence. The work was simply done to order. Milton's, on the other hand, is the outpouring of living conviction and enthusiasm. Poor Salmasius soon wished that he had kept clear of the whole business. Point by point, chapter by chapter, Milton pursues his adversary with all the licence of invective and scorn which the age permitted. All Salmasius's foibles, his meek subjection to Madame Salmasius, the 100 Jacobuses which he received as fee from Charles, his trips in learning, were placarded before the gaze of Europe." The *Defensio Secunda* was a reply to the *Regii Sanguinis Clamor*, first of all attributed to Morus, a disreputable Frenchman, but afterwards ascertained to be the

work of another Frenchman, Dr. Peter Du Moulin. Morus's life presented a still broader mark for attack, and the castigation he received was perhaps longer and more merciless than mortal man beside ever suffered. We only regret that Milton wasted his time and sight upon such a worthless object. Previously to this, in 1649, he had published his *Eikonoklastes*, an examination of the once famous or notorious book, *Eikon Basilike*. All that is known of the authorship of the latter Mr. Masson tells. Whether it was really by Charles, or a romance written in his name must now always remain doubtful. Its intrinsic merits are very slight. The heaviest blow struck by Milton in *Eikonoklastes* was the exposure of a gross plagiarism in *Eikon Basilike*. One of the prayers ascribed to the King in his captivity is taken *verbatim*, without reference or acknowledgment, from Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*. An effort was made to parry the blow by charging the plagiarism on the printers. There were numerous other political tracts or treatises by Milton, all of which teemed with the learning, strong reasoning, and vivid description which he had always at command.

We get many interesting glimpses of the blind student and poet in his private life. With Mr. Masson we are deeply sorry that Milton's last home has been swept away by improvements only within the last few years. After giving a minute description of 19, York-street, Westminster, in Petty France, as it was till lately, he is obliged to add in a note:—"In October, 1876, I found only the dismantled shell of the house standing, and early in March, 1877, as I learn from the newspapers, even that was swept away." Many far less memorable buildings are jealously preserved. It was there that he dictated, studied, received friends, conversed with the wisdom of the past, corresponded with foreign scholars. Here is a message to Emeric Bigot, a celebrated French scholar of the day:—"I am glad to know that you are assured of my tranquillity of spirit in this great affliction of loss of sight, and also of the pleasure I have in being civil and attentive in the reception of visitors from abroad. Why, in truth, should I not bear gently the deprivation of sight, when I may hope that it is not so much lost as revoked and retracted inwards, for the sharpening rather than the blunting of my mental edge? Whence it is that I neither think of books with anger, nor quite intermit the study of them, grievously though they have mulcted me, were it only that I am instructed against such moroseness by the example of King Telophus of the Mysians, who refused not to be cured in the end by the weapon that had wounded him." After reporting his discharge of a kindly office for Bigot, he proceeds:—"For the help you offer me in return in procuring literary material, I am very much obliged. I want, of the Byzantine Historians, *Theophanis Chronographia* (folio: Greek and Latin), *Constantini Manassis Breviarium Historicum*,

with *Codini Ezcerpta de Antiquitatibus Constantinopolitanis* (folio: Greek and Latin), *Anastasiu Bibliothecarii Historia et Vita Romanorum Pontificum* (folio), to which be so good as to add, from the same press, *Michael Glycas* and *Joannes Cinnamus*, the continuator of *Anna Comnena*, if they are now out."

One of his visitors at York-street was Lady Ranelagh (a sister of the celebrated Robert Boyle), a woman of high accomplishments and equal goodness. She was known as the "incomparable Lady Ranelagh." Her son was among Milton's pupils. Touchingly Milton says she had been to him "in the place of all kith and kin." Among other visitors was Andrew Marvell. Altogether it is a cheery picture which the poet's home presents; very different from the morose, unlovable caricature drawn by those who dislike Milton's principles. His Republicanism was severe and consistent. The one point on which he differed from Cromwell was his firm advocacy of voluntaryism in religion. He never swerved from or concealed his convictions. When the nation were all wild for a restoration, his voice of prophetic warning rang above the storm. But we must remember that his principles were all worked out by study and reflection on the past. He was cut off from practical life, and lived among ideals too bright and good for the rough wear and tear of daily life. He knew nothing of compromise and expediency. We rejoice that in these volumes England has at last a portrait worthy of the original.

DOWDEN'S STUDIES IN LITERATURE.

Studies in Literature—1789-1877. By Edward Dowden, LL.D., Professor of English Literature in the University of Dublin. Author of "Shakspeare—His Mind and Art," "Poems," &c. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1878.

BEFORE this book came into our hands we saw a short notice of it in the *Athenæum*. It was a very short notice, so curt, indeed, as to be almost contemptuous, and we remember wondering—for Mr. Dowden's literary name was not unknown to us—whether such cavalier treatment was quite deserved. When, therefore, the book did actually come before us, we could not but feel a slight recrudescence of that wonder. Would it be our duty to throw small stones with the critic? were we to have the pleasure of wishing mine author "good speed?"

The first three essays or articles did not, it must be confessed, rouse us to any high pitch of enthusiasm. They deal with very large themes—the "French Revolution and Literature," the "Transcendental Movement and Literature," and the "Scientific Movement and Literature." Nor can it, perhaps,

be said that Mr. Dowden's treatment is inadequate. It is sufficient, but it is no more than sufficient. He knows all the latest things on the intellectual movement in the eighteenth century, and the reaction of the earlier half of the nineteenth century against the eighteenth—it was time there *should* be a reaction when Godwin, a leader of men, held that the "worst of criminals might be reformed by reasoning." * He knows, too, all about the reaction of the later half of the nineteenth century, in which we have the privilege of living, against the earlier half. He has a fairly distinct conception of the influence which scientific ways of thought are likely to exercise increasingly on literature. He surveys all these things with the eye of a philosopher who sees "good in everything." His critical remarks are often ingenious, and always interesting. But, on the whole, we scarcely recognise either the original pregnancy of thought or largeness of conception necessary to give permanent value to these three papers. We repeat they are in our opinion sufficient, not more than sufficient.

The two following papers on the "Prose Works of Wordsworth," and "Walter Savage Landor," left us in much the same condition. They are good average review articles, perhaps even rather better than average review articles, but not so decidedly above the average as to excite one's critical enthusiasm. It was only when we came to the "Comparative Study of Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning," that we frankly gave the reins to our admiration. Here Mr. Dowden is at his very best. The criticism is of an excellent kind. It does not consist merely of description, like so much of what is often taken for criticism by writers and readers. It strives to penetrate into the heart of its subject, to discover what are the main habits of thought, the fundamental opinions on which the two poets have raised their poetical superstructure. It belongs in short to the same class of work as the critical papers in John Stuart Mill's "Dissertations and Discussions"—and that is a very high class of work indeed. We may add, too, that Mr. Dowden brings to his task a fulness of knowledge and illustration which show that his subject has long been maturely considered in his own mind, and that the final product is a ripe fruit, not crudely forced or "got up."

His point of view is that Mr. Tennyson "has a strong sense of the dignity and efficiency of *law*—of *law* understood in its widest meaning. Energy nobly controlled, an ordered activity, delight his imagination. Violence, extravagance, immoderate force, the swerving from appointed ends, revolt, these are with Mr. Tennyson the supreme manifestation of evil;" while, on the other hand, "Mr. Browning vividly feels the importance, the greatness and

* James Mill's views, as summarised by his son in the *Autobiography*, also suggest a good deal of reaction.

beauty of passions and enthusiasms, and his imagination is comparatively unimpressed by the presence of law and its operations." Such is the key-note of the paper, and the theme is well worked out.

Nor do we descend to a lower level in the two succeeding papers on George Eliot. Throughout Mr. Dowden's critiques, as he says in his short preface, it has been his endeavour "rather to interpret than to judge." But here he is evidently interpreting as one interprets the doctrines that one loves. Not that he is blind in his admiration. George Eliot's poems are spoken of with that want of passionate admiration which they are calculated to produce:—"A large rhythm sustains the verse, similar in nature to the movement of a calmly musical period of prose; but at best the music of the lines is a measurable music; under the verse there lies no living heart of music, with curious pulsation, and rhythm, which is a miracle of the blood. The carefully executed lyrics of Juan and Fedalma are written with an accurate knowledge of what song is, and how it differs from speech. The author was acquainted with the precise position of the vocal organs in singing; the pity is he could not sing. The little modelled verses are masks taken from the dead faces of infantile lyrics that once lived and breathed." But of the spirit of George Eliot's teaching he speaks in far other tones. He, in fact, is evidently one of the taught. The remedies in which she trusts for curing the manifold ills of humanity—the modern despair of life—he trusts in them too. All honour to her, and to him, that they feel so keen a horror of that despair, so frank a loathing of the Epicureanism which, at its best, has for its watch word, "art for art," and, at its worst, "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." But as for the remedy, the light in which mankind is to fare through the ages—alas, shall we say so?—it seems to us little better than a phosphorescence, not without beauty, on the waters of the abyss.

And here we may remark that Mr. Dowden, in his admiration for *Daniel Deronda* rather misses the real objection to the teaching of that work. We have no special claim—a point which he will doubtless very readily concede—to represent the "clever critics" at whom he wings his shafts. But no one, so far as we know, objects to the hero being a highly beneficent and benevolent person, with sympathetic capacities perhaps unusual, but certainly not abnormal or improbable. What has been objected to—quite apart from that hero's want of vitality, as regards which we confess to being very "clever critics"—what has been objected to is the doctrine inculcated in this book, as in many of George Eliot's other works, that there are higher claims than those of conscience and of reason, claims deriving their all-compelling power from antecedents of race or circumstance. To tell the human atom that it *must* follow the impulsion of the progenitorial

or surrounding atoms is one thing—probably false. To tell it that there is any duty in so doing appears, in one hypothesis, to be unnecessary, in another, only ethically true with a great deal of qualification.

From George Eliot we descend to Lamennais, the earlier portion of whose career is so well known that we wonder—notwithstanding Mr. Dowden's apology—that he should have dwelt on it so almost exclusively. A complete study of the later years, showing specially why the prophet, whose influence had been so great in the Ultramontane camp, had comparatively so small a following when he passed into the democratic camp, is still a desideratum. Then from Lamennais we pass, still at the same level, to "Edgar Quinet," and "Some French Writers of Verse"—merely snatching a moment to notice that M. Coppée's place among the latter is scarcely adequately recognised—and afterwards rise again in the two concluding articles on "The Poetry of Victor Hugo," and the "Poetry of Democracy," as exemplified in Walt Whitman.

These two last articles tempt us to linger, first, because they are good, and produce, like the articles on George Eliot, and Mr. Tennyson, and Mr. Browning, a fresher impression of being a well-considered personal result than the others; and, secondly, because we differ from Mr. Dowden's estimate of Walt Whitman. But an excursus on American literature would take us too far; and we might not know when to stop if we began discussing Victor Hugo. So we will rein in while we can, and conclude with one or two desultory remarks. The first is that Mr. Dowden's style is habitually good, so that one rather wonders to come across such sentences as this:—"To pursue an outline and never wrong its delicate immortal beauty is a kind of religious service; to be the guardian of pure contour is to purchase to oneself a good degree,"* which leaves us in some doubt as to the intended meaning. Or this: "The counter-tendencies which a young poet meets in Paris of the Revolution, which contains within it the Paris of 'art for art,' are amusingly illustrated in a recent prose confession of æsthetic faith by M. Raoul Lafayette." Or this:—"Lamennais, it has been said, lost the originality of his part among political actors, when he renounced the leadership of the party of Liberal Catholics." But we will not multiply instances. And the second remark is that Mr. Dowden has not what may be called the talent of peroration. His articles mostly end tamely. And this, we take it, springs from the fact—of which this book seems to us to contain other evidence—that his mind is not in a large sense conclusive. He seldom gives us the "conclusion of the whole matter."

* It is just to add that Mr. Dowden is not here expressing his own opinions.

LACROIX'S ŒUVRES DE VILLON.

Œuvres de François Villon, publiées avec Préface, Notices, Notes et Glossaire. Par Paul Lacroix, Conservateur de la Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles. 1877.

WITHOUT being a bibliomaniac, or even very specially a bibliophile, one may like a good edition of a good old book. And this is an excellent edition, pleasant to the eye in type, and paper, and fair amplitude of margins, and showing every evidence of care in the weightier matters of text, and critical, explanatory, and glossarial notes.

And such notes are the more necessary that Villon's works are, in many passages, now scarcely intelligible to the general reader without them. Where so erudite a critic as Sainte-Beuve confessed to finding obscurity, we, in our humbler sphere, need not be ashamed to avow that these poems are not of those which we can read as we run. Let us give place here to the master. He will express what we wish to say better than we can pretend to do, and with a greater weight of authority. "For us," he observes, "the works of Villon, notwithstanding a mass of commentaries, of learned and ingenious conjectures, both are and will remain full of obscurity; they cannot be read currently or agreeably; you can catch the inspiration, the motive; you can seize the outlines; but at every moment the details become blurred, the lines broken, the connection of the parts disturbed and unintelligible. This springs from many causes: allusions to persons who are unknown to us, gibes and gossip which had only a local significance, awkwardness of rhythm, uncertainty and obscurity of language, and, why should I not add? defects in the author himself."

True, most true; but let us add, in our turn, the time that has elapsed since Villon wrote. It is hard to carry one's light undimmed through four hundred years of the world's history. The date of Villon's birth carries us back to that year, 1481, in which Joan of Arc expiated her patriotism in the flames of Rouen. While his youth was sowing broadcast its plentiful wild oats, the English were being driven forth from their French possessions. He was twenty-two when Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks, and the priceless inheritance of Greek learning passed to the Western Renaissance. When he died—it is conjectured in 1484—Louis XI. had broken the power of the great feudal lords, consolidated and in a sense founded the French monarchy, and himself just gone to his account. In this England of ours Richard III.'s short reign of evil had not yet come to its bloody close at Bosworth Field. What a changed world we are looking back upon! Is it to be wondered at that its speech should sound strange in our ears, and be at times barely intelligible?

No doubt there are those who have spoken to all time in language that will never grow old. Their names are as household words, and need no mentioning. But in that great and glorious company Villon can claim no place. He was the man of his own age—nay, the ne'er-do-weel of his own age. Such events in his life as the industry of his biographers have succeeded in rescuing from oblivion redound particularly little to his credit. M. Saint-Marc Girardin, whose own high ethical standard of judgment places the saying above all reach of suspicion as unduly glossing over what is evil—M. Saint-Marc Girardin advances on his behalf the ingenious excuse that in his time the line of demarcation between immoral and criminal acts was not as clearly drawn as it is now. And in very deed Villon stands in need of every extenuating consideration and circumstance that can be pleaded for him. A very "gamin" of Paris, he carried the dissolute irregularities of a dissolute student career into his later life. Though the poems containing the accounts of his *Repues franches*, or meals obtained at the expense of his neighbours, are not his, they, at any rate, embody a very early tradition of his manner of living. That he occasionally supplemented such slender resources as he may have possessed by a little highway robbery is much more than matter of conjecture. That he gave the police of the time no small trouble is certain. He was imprisoned repeatedly—condemned to death once, if not twice, and only saved by a judicious use of his art in celebrating the birth of a little princess. And these experiences of his chequered life—its gay, noisy miseries, its changeful, discreditable loves, its fitful gleams of melancholy when, on the morrow of some orgy let us say, the conviction was borne in upon him that youth and its pleasures could not last for ever—these form the main motives of his song. The first of his two long poems, the *Little Testament*, was written on the eve of his leaving Paris in consequence of some act deemed disgraceful apparently even among his own discreditable companions; the second, the *Great Testament*, was written after his deliverance from the uncomfortable dungeons of the Bishop of Orleans, and the very imminent peril of death by the hand of the hangman. In both poems a disproportionate amount of space is given to matters of mere local, ephemeral interest, "rotten with four hundred years of death," gibes at those against whom he had a grudge, *persiflage* of his boon companions, male and female. We have before us, in fact, the contents of the beggar's wallet, the legacies of a ragamuffin.

But what pearls there are in the dust heap! Of the ballads interspersed in the *Great Testament*, we shall speak presently. Apart from those ballads, however, there is much that is beautiful, though in a lesser degree. The poor wretch had not an unkindly heart. He would not have forgotten the naked and the hungry, if he had had anything to leave. There are gleams in him

of better things. And even where the sentiment may not appeal to us, how frequently, despite the ravages of time, the expression retains a freshness and vigour, a kind of essentially French neat precision. But, of course, the pearls of pearls are the ballads, and of these the chiefest is that "Ballad of the ladies of the time that is gone," with its refrain reminding us of the snows of the fore-past year—snows not more evanescent than the beauty of the ladies who are dead. Let us borrow M. Rossetti's translation—*notwithstanding that the latest precisionists of metre might perhaps object that he does not restrict himself to three rhymes throughout, as in the original. But then what is there to which the precisionists will not object? Here is the ballad:*

Tell me now in what hidden way is
 Lady Flora the lovely Roman?
 Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thais,
 Neither of them the fairer woman?
 Where is Echo, beheld of no man,
 Only heard on river and mere,—
 She whose beauty was more than human? . . .
 But where are the snows of yester-year?
 Where's Héloïse, the learned nun,
 For whose sake Abailard, I ween,
 Lost manhood and put priesthood on?
 (From love he won such dule and teen!)
 And where, I pray you, is the queen
 Who willed that Buridan should steer
 Sewed in a sack's mouth down the Seine? . . .
 But where are the snows of yester-year?
 White Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,
 With a voice like any mermaid,—
 Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,
 And Ermengarde, the lady of Maine,—
 And that good Joan, whom Englishmen
 At Rouen doomed, and burned her there,—
 Holy Mother, where are they, then? . . .
 But where are the snows of yester-year?

ENVOY.

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
 Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
 Except with this for an over-word,—
 But where are the snows of yester-year?

In a similar vein is the "Ballad of the lords of the time that is gone," with its burden that seems to ask after each enumeration, "aye, where are they, but where is that still greater than they, the doughty Charlemagne?" and that other ballad that speaks of princes as being light before the wind. But we have no space to enlarge. We can but note how admirably each refrain is minted, struck with its image like a coin, and how skilfully used. In this latter respect, Villon compares not unfavourably even with Béranger, and there can be no higher praise. "Happy is he who

has no part in them"—so closes each verse of a ballad—we beg pardon of the admirers of "certain exotic forms of verse," or *double ballad*—on the pains and penalties of love. "In this faith will I live and die," so does the poet seal each verse of a poem written at the request of his pious mother. "There is no treasure like living at one's ease," "there are no fair faces like the faces of Paris," so does he sing in more epicurean moments. "Will you leave him there, that poor Villon?" he cries piteously from the bottom of his dungeon. And Fortune shortly after admonishes him: "Be ruled by me, take all in good part, Villon." While, shortly afterwards, again, expecting to be hanged, he cries on his own behalf and that of his companions in adversity, "Ah, pray to God that He may forgive us all." Then comes the more cheerful note of release, and he asks, "Was that a time to be silent?" when he could save himself with a song.

Such are some of the refrains in the *Great Testament*; and there are two besides in the miscellaneous poems specially noticeable—that of the ballad in which he summarises his knowledge, and comes back again and yet again to the point, "I know all except myself;" and that of the ballad in which this vagabond, this homeless ne'er-do-weel, this child of a France still only in process of formation, sounds the note of patriotism, and cries curses against those who would "wish evil to the kingdom of France."

Villon has been more fortunate in his fame than in his life. Boileau praised him; and therefore those to whom the judgment of Boileau are as the oracles of a god—M. Nisard, for instance—praise him too; while the romantic school, of which Mr. Swinburne and M. Rosetti may be taken as English representatives, admire even, perhaps, more fervently. Was Villon so great a poet? We take it that the moderation of Sainte-Beuve's judgment represents the truth of the matter. Villon had great gifts. His inspiration is direct, his form unmannered and free of artificiality. He wrote a few—not a great many—very beautiful things. He scarcely rose into that region of poetry which is above all time and eternal.†

* This ballad was lately translated by Mr. Swinburne in the *Athenæum*.

† We see that a translation of Villon's complete works into English is projected. We predict a tedium as the result on the reader. The fact is a great proportion of the poems are not worth translating. We saw recently a very elaborate English version of the *Vaux de Vire*. The book was elaborately printed—French and English, in juxtaposition. The translation was accurate, even elegant. The whole had evidently been a labour of love. It was not light reading.

PRICE'S PRACTICAL POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Chapters on Practical Political Economy, being the Substance of Lectures delivered in the University of Oxford. By Bonamy Price, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1878.

THE author rightly states that political economy has of late somewhat fallen into discredit. Even in intelligent circles a "political economist" is voted "a bore, a doctrinaire." The outward and visible sign of this ill reputation is the epithet "dismal" applied to the subject. While the imputation is eminently unjust, it is not altogether inexplicable. Much of the fault is chargeable to the dogmatism of professed economists, to the extravagant claims they have put forward for their favourite science, and the mystical phraseology in which they have wrapped their teachings. What can be made, for example, of Professor Cairnes' description of Rent? "A complex phenomenon arising from the play of human interest, when brought in contact with the actual physical conditions of the soil, in relation to the physiological character of vegetable productions." Well may Professor Price say: "That is too scientific for us, supposing it even, to be intelligible. We will say rather that it is the consideration paid for the loan of land, the price stipulated for the lending of a particular machine."

If anything can dissipate the cloud of disfavour which has gathered over this subject, the present treatise will do it. It avoids both the faults noticed above. The author disclaims the title of science for political economy, preferring rather to call it an art. "Practical" describes his method of treating the subject. It is well known that the fundamental terms of the economist have hitherto defied all attempts at definition. Terms like wealth and value are insoluble puzzles. In this state of things it is too early to speak of a science. Here, of course, the author comes into collision with all, or most of his predecessors—Mill, Ricardo, M'Culloch, &c. But the Professor is not afraid. He is essentially combative. His teachings are all thought out and expressed independently. A vein of criticism runs through his work, which adds greatly both to its value and interest. His style is singularly terse and crisp, we had almost said sparkling. In this respect the treatise is a great improvement on most economical treatises we have ever met with. Mr. Mill's style of course is faultlessly clear, but it would scarcely be called interesting. Professor Price, without departing from academic dignity, has succeeded in investing what is usually considered a dry subject with attractiveness and life. No better manual in any respect could fall into a student's hands. We quite expect to see many of the positions controverted, but discussion

will serve to bring out the truth in clearer relief. The liveliness culminates in a lengthy correspondence, which is given, between the author and Mr. Gibbs, an ex-Governor of the Bank of England, in which a good deal of good-humoured chaff is mixed with the grain of serious discussion. What Professor Price says to Mr. Gibbs might have been retorted with perfect truth: "I do admire your style of writing so keenly,—you are so clear, so precise, so to the point, so real, and hence so powerful."

The subjects discussed are the cardinal ones of Value, Exchange, Capital, Profit, Wages, Trade Unions, Free-trade, Rent, Money, Paper Currency, Banking, with their collateral questions. Take the first. Value has never been satisfactorily defined. An American writer gives up the matter in despair, and proposes to discard the word altogether. What good this would do, even if it were practicable, it is hard to see. We cannot discard the thing, which will always demand some name. Adam Smith speaks of value in use and value in exchange. This, of course, does not define the nature of the idea, and was not intended to do. It simply describes the two forms which value takes. Mr. Mill recognises only the last form, saying, "value is always value in exchange." Professor Price against Mill earnestly defends Smith's classification, maintaining that there is an infinitude of valuable objects which are not exchangeable. Without attempting a formal definition of the idea, he contributes something towards one. The word is ambiguous, denoting both a subjective sensation and an objective quality. We may note in passing that similar ambiguities lurk in terms like colour, sound, &c., which denote both a sensation in us and a quality in objects which is the cause of the sensation. So with value. If the term could be limited to the subjective feeling, the objective quality being described as utility, confusion would be prevented; but this is hopeless. Our author's account is clearer than any we could give. "Value resides in the mind, utility is a quality of an object. It is fitted by its nature to render a service which is needed or grateful. That is the result of its material constitution. The perception of this utility to render a grateful service excites a regard for that object, an appreciation of what it may do for the observer; it becomes cared for and esteemed, it is valued, and a desire to possess it is kindled, if that be practicable. Utility gives birth first to value and then to desire, and all the three qualities are entirely irrespective, as far as their nature is concerned, of their object being capable of being exchanged or sold." "Market-value prices are the result of one cause; but that cause is most irregular and most wilful in its action. Feeling determines market value; the feeling expressed in the verb, value; the feeling of value or esteem. That feeling acts on the two parties to every sale and exchange. The competition of the two esteems, one on each side, ultimately fixes the market value—the price of

the articles sold. The feelings of the makers of commodities must, in the long run, be satisfied, else they will not be made ; the feelings of purchasers must equally receive satisfaction, or they will not buy."

A clear exposition of the nature of money dispels many current fallacies on the subject. It is only a tool, a means not an end,—a means of procuring wealth, not wealth itself—it is possible to have too much. That it is useless to have more money than we can use is an identical proposition, but how many believe it? To possess a million pounds more than we can turn to use does us just as much good as to possess a million hats more than we can use. To obtain them full value in some shape must have been given. Again, many suppose that it is the stamp which gives value to the coin, whereas the value of the metal is intrinsic. All that the stamp does is to declare and certify the value on recognised authority. "Although any commodity, in principle, may serve as the tool of exchange, practically every nation that could obtain the precious metals has employed them as money. They had excellent reasons for the choice. Gold and silver are very portable, that is, they are light compared with their great value, clean to handle, beautiful to look at, go into small compass, are hard and therefore enduring, retain the marking stamp easily and long, and are extremely divisible. They bear being cut into coins of different size with values proportional to their weights. When much worn they retain a real value up to what remains of metal in the coins. If no longer required for money, they are readily convertible into pure metal, retaining the full value of their weight as commodities for use. Lastly, the precious metals retain in an eminent degree the greatest of all the requisites of good money, steadiness of value."

In another chapter Professor Price fights the battle of Free-trade over again, a battle that may yet, in these reactionary days, have to be fought out on a more public arena. Protection seems to be scotched, rather than killed. Everywhere it is giving signs of life, and no wonder. Protection is simply human selfishness formulated into a commercial creed and put into practice. On grounds of wisdom, interest and justice to all, not a word can be said for it. We cannot even outline the author's conclusive demonstration. "The demonstration is complete, yet, conspicuous as is its truth, it is resisted nevertheless. There is a force at work amongst mankind ever driving men into backsliding. The personal and private gains of monopoly created by law, gains wholly extracted from the pockets of the community which enacts such a law, are ever throwing the public interest into the background. These interests never sleep. They are ever watchful of opportunities. They grow up imperceptibly, and when of sufficient size declare themselves to be the representatives of the true interests of the nation."

The chapter on the Trade Unions is all the more impressive from the care with which it discriminates between what is right and wrong, legitimate and illegitimate in combinations of workmen. It is often forgotten that the old monopolies were combinations of masters just as unwise and violent as modern unions, and that they worked even greater mischief through being armed with the powers of law. While two wrongs do not make a right, the fact that modern combinations are simply a revival of the policy of the other side in evil days, should soften exasperated feeling. We wish that this whole chapter could be thoroughly digested by every workman in the kingdom. The following are the principles which are shown at length to be unjust, unnatural, and unwise: "Limitation of the length of the day's work. Abolition of working by the piece, and the substitution of wages by the hour or the day's work. All workmen to receive the same wage, whatever their quality. Abolition of payment by the piece and of overtime. Limitation of apprentices. A minimum wage to be given to all labourers. Diminution of production to secure higher prices for the goods; and when demand for the things produced is weak, working on short time with no diminution of the existing rate of wages. Refusal to work with non-unionists; monopoly of work for members of the unions." To attempt permanently to establish laws like these is simply to attempt to reverse nature.

The nature of Capital has given rise to much controversy. Mr. Donisthorpe is quoted to the following effect: "Are land and labourers rightly classed under the head of capital? To this question four answers are logically conceivable, and only four. Land, but not labourers; labourers, but not land; neither one nor the other; and, lastly, both. Is it credible that leading writers can be cited who among them return all four of these answers? Such is the deplorable state of anarchy reigning in this department of inquiry that there is no difficulty in doing this. Mr. Macdonnell accepts land, but not labourers; Adam Smith labourers, but not land; McCulloch accepts both; and Mill neither." If capital is rightly defined as "wealth used for the purpose of producing fresh wealth, and for that purpose only," land certainly is capital. That it is not the result of previous wealth is immaterial. It represents money, which is the result of previous wealth. As to the labourer, decision is more difficult. As he is an instrument of wealth, he is a part of capital; as he is the owner of his own person, he is a capitalist. Many instructive points are brought out. Capital is created by saving, but mere accumulation is not saving. "The essential quality of savings is that they are applied as capital to increased production. Savings, hoarded in the form of coin, are not true savings, they are suspensions of wealth, as if stored in a lumber-room. To erect a stately mansion, to lay out ornamental gardens, to build magnificent yachts is not saving.

The things saved must be actually applied to enlarge industry and augment its products if they are to be capital." So again, income is expressed, but does not consist in money. "The true income is what the wages buy in the shops, the real wages, in contradistinction to what economists call nominal wages, that is money. A labourer gets much or little exactly in proportion to what he can procure with his wages in the shops. In the same way, the great landowner's income is not money, for he may very probably not receive a pound of it in cash, but his share of the cattle, corn, and hay grown on his farms." Capital realises itself, lives, by circulation. Fixed capital is dead capital, although all is not fixed capital which bears the name. The wear and tear of building, machinery, &c., is circulating capital. "There is no cause so common of financial crisis and commercial depression as an excessive construction of fixed capital. Large quantities of wealth are consumed and disappear altogether in the opening of great mines, the formation of railways with their tunnels and embankments, or the creation of great iron works. The food, clothing, and materials have been eaten and drunk up and worn out; they are cleared away, and nothing left except the works which have been made. So far, the consumption is a creator of poverty; for tunnels and shafts by themselves alone do not restore the food and clothing which have perished. The capital is not replaced until out of the profits, and before dividends are distributed, the original cost of making these works is repaid."

The following is a fact which comes home to most housewives: "When cost of production rises, shopkeepers are swift to raise prices, and reasonably so; but when the opposite fact occurs, and they buy their goods on cheaper terms than the wholesale houses, their power in resisting a reduction of their prices to what fair dealing demands is wonderful. The lowering process is slow indeed. No shopkeeper likes to be the first to adapt his rates to altered cost of production, and buyers are weak in applying compulsion. The dealers are a combined body, purchasers a mass of single individuals, mostly too busy to carry on a battle for small purchases. Thus the state of supply and demand is set at defiance." If ever political economy should come to be taught in schools, as it ought to be, no more suitable work could be chosen by the teacher than the present one.

READ'S THEORY OF LOGIC.

On the Theory of Logic. An Essay. By Carveth Read.
C. Kegan Paul. 1878.

THE late multiplication of logic books is a very significant fact. It shows that along with all this talk about natural science and physical facts there is an uneasy consciousness that after all meta-

physics are in one sense more real than the phenomena of which some of our scientists speak as if they were the only matters worth the attention of a sane man. Mr. Read believes that logic has a great future before it; and, certainly, to judge of the future by the immediate past, when Oxford was content to comment upon Aldrich, and to define her pet study as *ars instrumentalis dirigens mentem in cognitionem veri*, the great question being whether for *cognitionem* ought not to be read *cognitione*, we may augur any amount of progress for a study which, in a quarter of a century, has advanced so much. But then comes the question, does logic advance? Can it do so from the nature of the subject matter? Are not the so-called advances much like the movements of a squirrel in its cage? To such questions we shall not attempt to reply; we merely point out that Mr. Read is at odds with Mr. Mill, and does not wholly agree with Professor Bain, but falls back on the views enunciated by Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his *Principles of Psychology*. Logic, then, according to him, should be set forth *synthetically*; and logical discussions should be kept (he thinks) as clear as possible from the adjacent topics of psychology and metaphysics. During the deductive times (those of the Schoolmen and their Oxford descendants) logic had attained an admirable order and neatness of arrangement, "presenting a symmetrical whole, bristling with elaborate detail and precise terminology and impenetrable with mnemonics and bad verses." Since the development of inductive logic, Mr. Read complains that much of this formal excellence has been lost. "The new doctrine, instead of being incorporated with the old, has been merely added to it. Though Mill explained to some extent the natural connection of the different parts of the science, he did not reorganise the whole accordingly." Mr. Read, therefore, "returning to the example of the older logicians," has endeavoured to mould in accordance with it the more copious materials of the modern science, "interpolating topics formerly neglected, and carrying the synthesis to a stage of greater definiteness." We hope his terminology is as precise as that of the old logicians; it is certainly more appalling. Mr. Spencer is terrific enough, with his subsumption and tri- and quadriterminality; but even Occam, or John the Scot of Ireland, or the great Abelard himself, would shudder at alteruternity, and would stand aghast at the mysterious "octagon of comparison" whereby (p. 201) Mr. Read illustrates (?) the immediate relationship of classes.

If Mr. Read persuades people to adopt his terms, logic will be as bad as the physical sciences, in some of which, notably in mineralogy, the growth of strange technical terms is so preposterous, that we wish the scientific world would adopt a self-explaining nomenclature, even if it was as harsh as that of which the German coal-sour-stuff for carbonic acid is a sample.

As to the matter of Mr. Read's book, it is impossible to give an idea of it by a brief extract, as it would be to show what a house is like by carrying about one of the bricks of which it is built. We suppose we must admit that logic is a science, though the old men who taught that it was an art can say a good deal for themselves. And we think, too, that Mr. Read is right in saying that the scholastic logic was a heterogeneous mass, including the science of the use of language in reasoning (which he would assign to rhetoric), the theory of reasoning (absorbed by psychology), occasional discussions in metaphysics, and (the only really logical part) some of the most general laws of the correlation of phenomena. He is quite right, too, in saying that metaphysics "will never be a body of dogmas, as the sciences are, but rather a plan of criticism. I hope that, by some such method as Mr. Lewes has elucidated (*Problems of Life and Mind*, part i., ch. 2), we may one day have a criticism of axioms and instinctive beliefs, . . . instead of leaving to the several sciences the criticism of their own axioms. This is very desirable; for the mental attitudes of science and criticism are strongly contrasted, and the aptitudes for them are very different. Moreover, it seems that the chief focus of metaphysical criticism is the union or mutual implication of object and subject; whereas the special sciences assume the differentiation of object and subject, except the abstract sciences, which merely neglect it. And the existence of a competent metaphysic of this nature would be a great relief to the special sciences." All this is very true; logic, if a science at all, is an objective science—regards the correlations of which it treats as existing in the *non-ego*, while metaphysic contemplates the process in the *ego* by which these necessities of connection come to be recognised. (Herbert Spencer's *Psychology*, vi., p. 8). Of Mr. Read's view of the syllogism, we can only say that it differs widely from that of Mr. Mill, which he accuses of imperfection: "his symbolism does not represent a relationship of classes, but only the concomitance of certain qualities in the members of one class." The fact is, symbols in logic are necessarily deceptive; Professor De Morgan's *Formal Logic* showed this, in spite of the writer's ingenuity; and yet the vagueness of language tempts us to the use of symbols, and makes us forget that to logic symbols can never be as appropriate as to mathematics.

SEGUIN'S WALKS IN ALGIERS.

Walks in Algiers and its Surroundings. By L. G. Seguin. Daldy, Isbister and Co. 1878.

ALGIERS has become such a favourite winter place for invalids that many who are content to know very little of most of our own

colonies, are anxious to learn something about it. And Mr. Séguin's book will teach them all they can desire. It is one of the most satisfactory books of its class that we have ever met with. The historical notice is specially well written, and to most English readers will be almost wholly new; while the estimate of the progress and prospects of French colonisation is not too flattering, and yet contrives to be hopeful.

No doubt a residence in Algiers is very likely to be helpful in cases of pulmonary consumption. The French doctors, Bodichon, Puzin, &c., agree with Dr. Mitchell, Dr. Jackson (*Medical Climatology*), and others of our countrymen, in attributing this not only to the climate, but to the beauty of the site and the brightness of the air. "The deadness of nature and damp fogs produce depression; and this moral state assists in the development of tubercle, for it does not allow of a sufficient reparation of the vital energies. . . . The health-giving influence of a bright atmosphere and cloudless sky are not fully appreciated. Deprive a tadpole of light, and, nourish it as you will, it remains a tadpole still." Another reason will recommend Algiers to many English people—there is no promenade, no shabby little miniature Hyde Park with its Parisian toilettes, none of the other delights which Nice offers to the votaries of fashion. Hence the very few French visitors call the place *triste* and regret the lack of *distractions*; there is, however, plenty of the quiet gaiety which most of us prefer to the indispensable adjuncts of a French watering-place.

Dr. Bodichon, by the way, while fully admitting the value of the climate in cases of phthisis, says that for permanent residents it has several drawbacks; it inclines you to idleness and moral torpor; it incites to violence and ferocity—the desert-wind causing an increase of crime, and leaving behind it a trail of murder and suicide; it produces selfishness *by augmenting the personality*. What this last phrase may mean we cannot tell, and we fancy Mr. Séguin's translation is at fault. It is curious to find Dr. Bodichon recommending colonists to become "Calvinists or Puritans in order the better to resist the baleful influences of the wind. If they cannot be induced to become the one or the other, at least try to inculcate in them some ideas of moral duty." The Sirocco, we may remark, is almost wholly unknown during the colder months. So much for climate; Mr. Séguin then gives all needful information about prices—it makes one almost disposed to pack up at once, to find that, for a moderate-sized villa one servant is sufficient, a *bonne* who can cook (as few English cooks can), wait, and do all the house work, and also go every morning to market. We wonder an agency is not opened to persuade such *bonnes* to come over and put an end to English servantgalism.

After some interesting pages on the different classes of the native population, male and female, Mr. Séguin passes on to the

history. Early in the 16th century a famous Turkish corsair, Baba Aroudj Barbarossa, called in to help Emir Selem against the Spaniards, has him strangled and seizes the government. Selem's widow, Zaphira, a lovely Berber princess, to win whom Barbarossa had killed the emir, eludes his suit by drinking poison. From this time dates the piracy in the Mediterranean, which lasted till Lord Exmouth's bombardment. In 1541 Charles V. almost conquered Algiers; but a furious storm destroyed the Spanish fleet; and, in the confusion, their army was cut to pieces by the Algerines. In 1646, amid our civil wars, a ship was sent over to redeem English captives, and 244 were bought out, leaving over 500 unredeemed. Blake, nine years later, destroyed the pirate fleet; but his victory was of little avail, for in Charles II.'s time a disgraceful treaty was concluded as to the terms of redemption *if the masters are willing to redeem*. This treaty was renewed in 1686, and again in 1729; and the Fishmongers' Company has still a fund for the purpose of redeeming English slaves from Algerine masters. During all this time France was the only power which refused compromise, and made a consistent stand against piracy. Every now and then the French bombarded the town; but with no result, except that, on every attack, a number of Frenchmen were blown from guns.

Then came Lord Exmouth's expedition, which put an end to Christian slavery as an acknowledged institution, but by no means quelled the spirit or put a stop to the insolence of the Algerines. Before the year was out, Algiers was rebuilt, and the pirate fleet was once more sweeping the seas, ravaging the Spanish and Italian coasts. After many outrageous acts to both French and English, the Dey Hussein, in 1827, so far forgot himself as to strike the French consul in the face with his hand in the midst of a dispute about the payment of money still due for corn exported to France in the famine years of 1793-98. Of course a French expedition was sent to avenge the insult. The fleet was most unsuccessful; but General de Bourmont landed with 34,000 men, and, after some hard fighting in two pitched battles, stormed the great forts, and forced Hussein to surrender. This was, of course, a Bourbon expedition; and the first troubles of the new colony arose, not many weeks after the victory, with the deposition of Charles X.

The sad story of Abd-el-Kader is well told—sad because, as Marshal Pelissier, the hero of the cave-smokings, confessed: "the greatest evil he did us was that he put us in the position of representing brute force and merely destructive power, while he represented moral force, order, and good government." That the higher civilisation should show to such bad advantage by the side of the lower, is the too frequent and, probably, inevitable issue of wars of conquest; these may be justified by the ultimate result, but it is always a case of doing evil that good may come. The treachery

of French generals and governments to the great Arab Emir is only paralleled by that of Tudor statesmen and commanders to O'Neil and the other Irish chiefs ; his liberation by Louis Napoleon is the one act in that ruler's career to which all parties must award unmingled praise.

One of the best books on *Algiers as it Was*, is Mrs. Broughton's, from which our author quotes a laughable scene following the seizure of the Danish consul. It was the Dey's custom, whenever a dispute arose with any country, to revenge himself by seizing and maltreating its consul. When the Dane had been pushed through the streets to prison, and loaded with chains, his colleague, Mr. Blackley, Mrs. Broughton's father, at once went to the Swedish consul, and proposed that all the consular body should march in a body to the palace and protest. "But how are the points of precedence to be decided?" was the Swede's sarcastic reply. Fortunately these were arranged ; and the sight of the whole body of consuls walking two and two through the streets filled the city with alarm, and brought to mind the old prophecy that Algiers would fall when the Christians should be at peace together. No wonder the foreign consuls were of little account when "from time immemorial a scuffle for precedence had taken place between the British and French consuls whenever they had met in the Dey's presence."

Another book which must be worth reading is *Sketches of Algiers*, by Mr. Shaler, American consul. He planned out in 1812 the exact route which an invader ought to take, and which De Bourmont did take ; and if the French had not seen his work the coincidence is remarkable.

The Roman remains in Algeria one well knows to be full of interest ; speaking of the aqueduct near Cherchel which once supplied Julia Cæsarea, a writer says : "We saw nothing in Rome more striking than these magnificent remains." Of the *tombeau de la Chrétienne*, really the tomb of Juba II. and his wife, and its exploration by MM. Berbrugger, MacCarthy, and other *savants* commissioned by the Emperor, our author gives a very good account. There are yet older monuments, bone-caves, and cromlechs (dolmens), for those who are fond of prehistoric antiquity.

Of the eucalyptus plantations and the success, or otherwise, of the colonists from Alsace and Lorraine, whose patriotism France rewarded by expatriation, we should have been pleased to hear more. The sanitation of Bou-Farik, for instance, to the present prosperity of which Mr. Séguin testifies, has been accomplished at a great sacrifice of life, as was natural when the site was "a thicket hemmed in with marshes." What share the blue-gum trees have had in rendering this place habitable we would gladly know.

Information and amusement are blended in almost every page

of this work ; it is amusing, for instance, to note that camels have sometimes produced the effect on modern European troops which elephants did on the Romans in the war with Pyrrhus. This was notably the case in O'Reilly's disastrous Spanish expedition in 1775. From Mr. Séguin's descriptions we can well imagine that Algeria is just the country to interest an invalid who is suffering from depression.

CROSSE'S ROUND ABOUT THE CARPATHIANS.

Round about the Carpathians. By Andrew F. Crosse, Fellow of the Chemical Society. Blackwood. 1878.

THOUGH mainly a book of travel and sport—with a very good map of Transylvania and the Banat, Mr. Crosse's work deals also with matters which some will think far more important. He gives us much insight into Hungarian land tenures past and present, and indirectly tells, from a sympathiser's point of view, many facts about the struggle of 1848, the intervention of Russia in which justly accounts for the somewhat disappointing demonstrations in favour of Turkey which Hungary made at the beginning of the Turco-Russian war. For instance, at the Baths of Tusnad (cap. xxii.) he talked politics "by the hour, Hungarians having the natural gift of eloquence, and pouring forth their words like the waters of a mill-race, no matter in what language." Before '48, serfdom and forced labour (robot) were in full force in Hungary. For the use of the tracts of land allotted to him ("session lands") the peasant had to give up a tenth of the produce, and to work two, or sometimes even three days a week for the lord. The time of the forced labour was at the lord's option ; and even his bailiff had the right of giving twenty-five lashes if any peasant was refractory. Worst of all, all the taxes were paid by the peasants, the nobles being tax-free. This was the case with all imposts : as old travellers will remember, the splendid suspension bridge built by the English engineer, Clarke, between Buda and Pesth, was free to all "respectable-looking" passengers and vehicles ; farmers and farmers' carts had to pay. When, therefore, a peasant who held a piece of session land died, his lord would wish to absorb this piece into his own tax-free domain, and thus either the State would suffer loss or the remaining peasants would have to pay more. The *Urbarian conscription*, passed by Maria Theresa in 1767, remedied this. Mr. Crosse gives us a very clear account of it, and of the radical change (hardly less sweeping than the similar change in Japan when the daimios abolished themselves) which was made in 1848. Our land-reformers should strengthen their case by a reference to Hungary, where the transfer of land is as simple as buying or selling the registered shares of a railway company. Entailed estates are almost unknown even among the richest of the aristocracy ;

"an act of entailment" would require the special permission of the Sovereign and the Government, and the estate is then placed in a special court. However, though conveyancing is simplified, lawsuits do not diminish; as in old Normandy, a lawsuit is "respectable," and a man who never had one is looked a little askance at by his neighbours.

Of Oravicza, our author's first halting-place from the steamer at Basiash, he gives a delightful picture. Society there seems charming; indeed he returns after a plunge into Servia and a good many adventures among the Wallachs or Roumans (a cross between the Dacians and Trajan's colonists), and finds the *czardash* (the national dance) so enticing, and the Oravicza belles so lovely, that his sober-minded friend has to remind him, "I thought you came to buy a horse." Once started, he goes ahead through forests, with the merest apologies for roads, past villages where pig fairs are going on; every now and then camping out and getting wet to the skin; on the next stage hospitably received by some magnate who gets up a boar or a bear hunt for his delectation. It is a glorious life, far superior to the cut-and-dried routes through Switzerland, with the chance of losing your life if you attempt to do anything out of the common. Here everything was out of the common—a luxurious dinner (chamois' liver and such-like dainties, washed down with Mediasch and other *grands vins*) 5,000 feet above the sea level; then nothing but a *paprika hánell* (red-peppered fowl) in a shanty where there is only one room for every purpose, and where the floor is covered with insects of strange and hideous kinds, which, when the travellers lie down on the tables, climb the walls in thick columns and drop on them from above; excitement about robbers; still greater excitement about the rising of the Danube at Pesth at the time of Deak's funeral—these are a few of the incidents which make this book thoroughly readable from end to end.

Nor does his fondness for fun and keenness after game make Mr. Crosse insensible to more important matters. He has plenty to tell us about the strange geology of the country;—Dr. Daubeney says there has been more and more recent volcanic action there than in any other part of Europe. He discusses Magyar farming, and the possible success of the Scotch or English tenant-farmers, whom since 1848 the Hungarians have always been inviting to come and settle there, but who, somehow, "don't see it." He visits and describes the sulphur deposits of Mount Búdos, the soda manufactory and salt mines of Borska; above all, he gives us a very good account of Transylvania—that strange bit of Saxony in a corner of Magyar-land, where the German dress and customs have lasted on after they have been forgotten in "the Fatherland." Of these Germans there are nearly two millions, they date from the time of Belaii, in whose

time the land was so wasted that immigrants were sought for on very advantageous terms. They chiefly came from the neighbourhood of Cologne—not from that Hamelin on the Weser with which Browning's ballad of "the pied" piper connects them. They are very well-to-do, all much in the same station, "wonderfully few chateaux;" but annoyed Mr. Cross by their want of enterprise, and by living at "a dead level of content incomprehensible to a restless Englishman." "Our fathers have done very well without it, why shouldn't we?" is their reply to suggestions of improvement. They are as careful as the French peasants to limit the number of their families; and are thus in danger of losing their political ascendancy owing to their displacement by the Wallachs; it is the case of the settlers in Ulster and the native Irish population over again. These Saxons are by no means hospitable, proving in that point a great contrast to the Hungarians, who hide your riding boots when the day of your departure draws near, in order that you may be compelled to prolong your visit. About the other races which make up the heterogeneous population of Hungary, Mr. Crosse has plenty to tell us. Readers of Mr. Boner will remember what a Babel of tongues there is whenever in Hungary many people are met together. How the children habitually learn three or even more languages simultaneously it is hard to tell; yet such seems to be the fact. Your true Hungarian often talks Magyar in his family, German to his shopkeepers (since '48 German has become very unpopular), and some one of the many forms of Slav to his servants. Rusnicks (p. 845), who pilot the great timber floats on the Theiss; Jews, whose chief dress is a long brown dressing-gown, and whose villages are perhaps the filthiest places on earth; gipsies, not much cleaner than the Jews; Szecklers, "all noble," descendants of a pre-Magyar swarm of Huns; Slovacks; Podolians—do not exhaust the different nationalities with which Mr. Crosse came in contact.

Among all these our lively guide rattles, now telling stories of robbers (how an appeal to their honour is sometimes successful), now plunging into a discussion on some graver subject—as, for instance, the excessive rate of mortality in Buda-Pesth, due partly to the unhealthy situation of Pesth, partly to the number of children who die under twelve months old. Haynau's cruelties are not forgotten, nor the unsparing severities which followed the surrender of Villagos. On the whole the book is full of interest, by reason of its style as well as of its subject.

TULLOCH'S PASCAL.

Foreign Classics for English Readers. Edited by Mrs. Oliphant. Vol. III. Pascal, by Principal Tulloch. Blackwood. 1878.

PASCAL is best known, theoretically, by his *Lettres Provinciales*,

that inimitable exposure of the unrighteousness of Jesuitism. But we almost think his *Pensées* have had more practical effect on the intellect of Europe. It is wonderful how these thoughts, the contrast between the singular originality of which and "the want of originality which gives its chief power to Butler's *Analogy*," is pointed out in *Essays and Reviews*, have filtered down into many minds wholly unconscious of their source. As Principal Tulloch reminds us, "Cousin considered it one of the glories of his long intellectual career that he first led the way to the remarkable restoration of Pascal's remains, effected with loving faithfulness by editors of such opposite tastes and tendencies as M. Prosper Fargère, M. Havet, and M. V. Rochet." For the life of this greatest of the Port-Royalists, the materials are scanty. His friends were reticent under the assaults which the *Lettres Provinciales* provoked; and the well-known Life by his elder sister, Madame Perrier, though lively and graphic yet dignified, leaves many gaps unsupplied.

Pascal's father was a man of some mark, second president of the Court of Aides at Clermont Ferrard. His letter to the Jesuit, Noël, show that the vein of satire, half pleasant, half severe, which reached such perfection in the son's *Lettres*, was not unknown to the father. The careful and systematic education that he gave to his son would alone stamp him as a man of much intelligence. The influence on the wonderfully precocious boy of his lovely, accomplished, and sweet-natured elder sister was immense. His younger sister, who afterwards became one of the sisters of Port-Royal and died during the persecution which they underwent in 1661, also had her share in forming his character. Descartes, Roberval, and other men of note were among his early friends. Altogether he grew up among remarkably intellectual surroundings.

His father's fate is an instance of the cruel working of the despotism of the day. Coming to Paris to educate his children, he had invested his savings in bonds on the Hotel de Ville. The impoverished government suddenly reduced the value of these bonds. There was a great outcry among the annuitants, and Richelieu took summary means of stopping their mouths. They had held a meeting to expostulate, Stephen Pascal being one of the foremost speakers. The cardinal denounced the meeting as illegal, and issued a warrant to arrest all who were present, and to throw them into the Bastille. Stephen had to leave Paris, and could only visit his home by stealth. This exile did not last long; his return being due to the same arbitrariness which had driven him away. In 1639 Richelieu had Scudéry's *l'Amour Tyrannique* acted before him by young girls chosen and disciplined by one of the Court ladies. She had heard of the dramatic power of Jacqueline, the younger of the Pascal girls, and got her to take a

part; and, after the performance, Jacqueline, who was a versemaker, though only thirteen years old, handed the cardinal a petition in verse in behalf of her father. He was pardoned; and in two years was made intendant of Rouen, where he did good energetic work in collecting the revenues, his son trying to help him by inventing his famous calculating-machine.

Pascal's scientific discoveries, his religious impressions and conversion, his life in the Parisian world, and his exceeding happiness amid the Port-Royalists, are all well told. The valley of Port Royal, which ought to be a place of pilgrimage, is set before us as it was with its gathering of devout and earnest Christians, all considerably above the average in intellect. Here, again, reappeared the strange fatality which has beset the progress of religious truth in France. "To the poor the Gospel is preached;" and it can only be preached with success *from below*, but, somehow, first the Huguenots and then the Port Royalists began from above, getting hold not of the masses, but of the *âmes d'élite*. The relations, however, between Pascal and St. Cyran and Jansen and the Arnaulds, make this, to our thinking, the most interesting volume which has yet appeared in this series.

BALGARNIE'S LIFE OF SIR TITUS SALT.

Sir Titus Salt, Baronet; his Life and its Lessons. By the Rev. R. Balgarnie, Minister of the South Cliff Church, Scarborough. With Portrait and Photographic Illustrations. Third Thousand. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1878.

THE name of Salt of Saltaire is so well-known, and the work done by the worthy baronet is so well appreciated, that we need not say much in commendation of a book which sums up, in a very readable form, the record of one of the most useful lives of the last generation. Sir T. Salt won honour during his life, and he thoroughly deserved to win it. Not only as the far-seeing founder of a new industry, but as the workman's friend, the manufacturer who more than almost any other recognised the paramount duty of providing for the moral and intellectual wants of those whom he drew together, he has made his mark on the age, and his life fully deserves careful study, both from employers and employed. This "silent man," so constitutionally reserved and nervous that the chief material of biographers—conversations, and extracts from letters and speeches—is, in his case, almost wholly lacking, felt what so few in his position feel, that on the employer who to increase his wealth gathers a population together, it is incumbent as a sacred duty to look after the welfare of that population. Those who have seen Saltaire, and know what a model town it is, will admit how fully Sir T. Salt was justified in taking as his motto,

Quid non Deo juvante? His career remarkably illustrated the words of the wise man: "the blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow therewith;" for it was a career every movement in which was made with that acknowledgment of Him which is sure to be met by Divine guidance.

If, as family tradition says, Titus Salt's forefathers came from Staffordshire, it is very probable he was remotely connected with the well-known Burton-on-Trent firm, the members of which, like the founder of Saltaire, have always acted on the too-much forgotten principle that a Christian's business life is as much under Christian laws as every other part of his existence. Titus Salt's early business life is mixed up with the growth of Bradford—that "village with the broad ford over the four moorland beck," which is now so changed even in the physical features of its surroundings that there is scarce a trace of the old channels to be seen. He got his training with the firm of Rouse, and (as all must do who mean to succeed) he made himself practically acquainted with every detail of wool working from the fleece to the fabric. In the market he was eminently successful, for he let the quality of the goods speak for itself, and to this good rule, so different from the habit of this puffing age, he adhered through life.

But we must hasten on to the great work of his life, the utilising of alpaca wool. He had had some preparation for it, having, in the face of local prejudice and opposition, taken in hand to work up into worsted the untractable Donskoi wool—almost a drug in the Yorkshire markets. Moreover, in 1811, Mr. Walton had described the llama wool as "possessing a long and glossy fibre," and in 1830 Mr. Outram, of Halifax, had produced an alpaca fabric which had been sold as a curiosity at a high price. There was the example, too, of the old Peruvians, who had woven the wool from time immemorial. But Titus Salt's work was, nevertheless, his own. His experiments were independently made; the alterations in the wool-working machinery, necessary to adapt it to the new fabric, were his own. In 1836 he saw the pile of dirty-looking bales (over 300 of them) consigned years before to Messrs. Hegan, of Liverpool. Nobody would buy them, and the brokers were thinking of re-shipping them to Peru, when Mr. T. Salt, having on a former visit taken away a handful, and by careful experiment proved its fitness for light fancy fabrics, bought the whole at eightpence a pound; and, as a necessary consequence, at once set up as a manufacturer on a large scale.

That is one point in the life; the other is the building of Saltaire, in the midst of lovely scenery close to Shipley Glen. This is admirably told in the book before us; how the place grew up, how the newest sanitary improvements were brought in, how children's schools and schools of art and science were maintained, how when the day-schools were superseded by a board their

buildings were converted into a club and institute—all this and much more Mr. Baggallay tells in a lively, genial way. We must note that Mr. Salt did not give up education when the board began its work. He founded higher grade schools and placed them in the hands of the Shipley ratepayers, making provision for several "Salt Scholarships"—devoting on the whole £40,000 to the cause of higher education. Besides this Saltire has a dining hall on the Glasgow penny-dinner system, and a public kitchen where people can have their own food cooked free of charge; a fire-brigade, a cricket club, a horticultural society, and some dozen other agencies for culture and amusement—fully compensating for the banishment outside the precincts of all public-houses. "Why don't you give up business and buy land, now you've made your fortune?" asked Lord Harewood, when Mr. Salt invited him to preside, as Lord-Lieutenant, at the opening of the great Saltire mill in 1853. "I've thought that over (was the reply), but as a landowner I should be nobody; in this way I hope to do some good to my fellow-men."

Those words are enough to show the character of the man—by no means a weakling. In the Chartist troubles, much felt at Bradford, he never lost courage or temper; once, when his men struck and sent a deputation to wait on him, he replied calmly but firmly: "You are not in my service now. You have of your own accord left me. Return to your work, and then I'll consider your proposals." By no means a weakling; but regardful in a rare degree of the welfare of others, conscientiously alive to the duties as well as to the privileges of acquired wealth.

STOKES'S ORDER OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

An Attempt to Determine the Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays (the Harness Essay, 1877). By the Rev. Henry Paine Stokes, B.A., Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Macmillan. 1878.

SINCE Gervinus, and, earlier still, Ulrici, shamed us into a critical study of him whom we used to be content with calling the "immortal bard," Englishmen have come to know many things about Shakespeare's works of which they were before content to be ignorant. The Shakespeare Society, of which Mr. Furnivall is the moving spirit, has done much; and the enthusiastic Mr. Halliwell has worked along his own lines, helping to spread Shakespearean knowledge in various ways, among others by presents of books to local libraries. Readers of the literary journals all know, too, how zealous Mr. Fleay has been in support of his peculiar theories; and the foundation of the triennial Harness prize at Cambridge has given an impetus to a study which a generation ago was far too much neglected by University men.

The book before us is a sample of what this new and more intelligent way of dealing with our greatest dramatist will lead to. It is a very careful summary of the evidence, internal and external, for the chronology of the plays. Of external evidence, scanty as it is, owing to Shakespeare's carelessness, compared with Ben Jonson's careful editing of his dramas, there is much more than was imagined; Mr. Stokes sums up fourteen sources, including "mentions in the records of the master of the revels," "entries at Stationers' Hall," "quotations, ridicule or parody in other works," &c. The internal evidence is very varied, including "the number and quality of classical allusions," "the use of couplets, and of rhyme, whether in heroics or in doggerel," and "the development of plot and character." It is impossible for us to discuss at length the reasons which have led Mr. Stokes to adopt his present arrangement. Suffice it to say that, on the whole, he and the New Shakespeare Society and the German Gervinus and Delius are pretty much agreed, while they all differ notably from Malone and the earlier English school. Thus *Othello*, which we had been accustomed to look on as one of the latest, if not the very latest, of the plays (Drake places it after the *Tempest*), is put back by Mr. Stokes to 1604; Gervinus takes it still further back. This arrangement groups the three great tragedies, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*, together, placing *Hamlet* considerably earlier; and leaving the *Tempest* and the *Winter's Tale* among the very latest. It is interesting to note, in the table in Mr. Stokes's first appendix, the widely different views of the various commentators. His second appendix contains Mr. Fleay's metrical table, in which the gradual diminution in rhymed lines from 1,028 out of 2,789 in *Love's Labours Lost* (a very early play) down to two in the *Tempest*, and nine in the *Winter's Tale*, is clearly set forth. That *Henry VIII.*, the latest of all the plays, has a few rhymed lines is accounted for by denying to Shakespeare the sole authorship of it—putting it, *i.e.*, in the same rank as *Pericles*, and the *Two Noble Kinsmen*.

Mr. Stokes expatiates on the intellectual treat (instructive withal) of watching the "development of an author's mind;" but to us the chief interest of his book is that it shows to what a portentous shape the University Essay has grown. It is no longer enough for such essays to be irreproachable in form and style and argument; they must now contain a good solid substratum of facts; they must bear evidence of research; and such evidence is abundantly seen on every page of Mr. Stokes's volume.

JAMES'S FRENCH POETS AND NOVELISTS.

French Poets and Novelists. By Henry James, Jun.
London: Macmillan and Co. 1878.

THE essays thrown together under the title of *French Poets and Novelists* have no necessary connection with each other, and are scarcely enough marked by any unity of purpose to be regarded as a permanent addition to our critical literature; but they form, nevertheless, a very readable book, free from crotchets, and obviously by a right-thinking, if not markedly original critic, with very considerable charms of style. He gives a very clear account of the leading characteristics of the poets and novelists with whom he deals, and evinces a just perception of the rights and wrongs of each case that comes before the tribunal of his criticism. To show, however, the casual nature of the essays, which are reprinted from "several American periodicals," we may mention that Victor Hugo finds no place here whatever. It is in dealing with the works of Théophile Gautier and Charles Baudelaire that Mr. James's rectitude of vision, or the reverse, might be expected to be shown most clearly; and he has a very keen sense of the levity of the one of these splendidly artistic workers and the frequent nastiness of the other. Speaking, for instance, of Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs du Mal*, he says: "We encounter an inextricable confusion of sad emotions and vile things, and we are at a loss to know whether the subject pretends to appeal to our conscience or—we were going to say—to our olfactories. '*Le Mal*?' we exclaim; 'you do yourself too much honour. This is not Evil; it is not the wrong; it is simply the nasty!'" Our impatience is of the same order as that which we should feel if a poet, pretending to pluck 'the flowers of good,' should come and present us, as specimens, a rhapsody on plum cake and *eau du Cologne*."—Pp. 78, 79. We sympathise heartily with this impatience of M. Baudelaire's themes—more so than with Mr. James's French; for we should certainly have preferred *eau de Cologne* to *eau du Cologne*. There is an excellent aphorism appended to the summing up of Alfred de Musset's turbulent and singular life, and consideration of the "two or three little volumes into which his *best* [poetry] could be compressed": it is as follows:—"It takes, certainly, a great deal of life to make a little art! In this case, however, we must remember, that little is exquisite."—P. 38. And it is in sayings of this quality and character that the special readableness of the essays consists. They form the landmarks that carry us along from point to point in a just, right-headed, but by no means startling book. The two essays on Honoré de Balzac, and on his Letters, and the essay on George Sand, form, perhaps,

the most solidly-constructed portions of the volume, and are, at the same time, no whit wanting in this brightness of style. The least interesting article in the volume is that on the *Théâtre Français*. To say that it is specially out of place would be to imply a greater unity of purpose than we are willing to assign to the book; and yet we are disposed to think the series of essays would have presented a more symmetrical appearance without this "playacting" one, and also, perhaps, without the very sensible one on the Russian novelist, Ivan Turgénieff.

MARTINEAU'S HISTORY OF THE PEACE.

A History of the Thirty Years' Peace. A.D. 1816-1846. By Harriet Martineau. In Four Volumes. London: George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden.

HARRIET MARTINEAU'S *History of the Thirty Years' Peace*, covering that important period in the development of English society and resources which extends from 1816 to 1846, is one of the few books written by women, whereof it would be safe to say that no one who did not know a female hand to have been engaged in the labour could divine this from internal evidence; and of the few books of which this can be said Miss Martineau claims a goodly share. Probably the greatest feat of analysis and recombination ever performed by a woman is the abridged translation of Comte's *Cours de Philosophie Positive*, which this capacious-minded woman executed with such judgment and ability as it would be impossible for any man to excel, and extremely hard for any man below the highest standard of philosophic intellect to approach. In its own department of literature, the deservedly popular history now before us in a new edition is almost as remarkable, while it is of much greater general utility: it is as perfectly judicial as any history written in our times; covering a period of but thirty years, it is amply full of detail; being written by a person actively interested in social and political questions during most of that period, it is full of vivid impression; and being the product also of one of the most keen and contemplative minds of the age, it is entirely free from hasty and prejudiced views. The period is one in which it is of great importance that persons pretending to any employment among the educated classes should be acquainted; and it would be difficult indeed to find a more interesting history, without departing from the paths of reality, and diverging into those of flowery or romantic semi-fiction. The reading public should never cease to congratulate itself on the happy circumstance that the task of writing this history, at first undertaken by Mr. Charles Knight, was very soon abandoned, to devolve upon Miss Martineau. As regards the present edition, we need not add more than that it is printed in the usual style of Bohn's Library, to which it has been added, and that the four handy volumes are furnished with a

capital index, containing over four thousand references, and making it one of the most thoroughly useful works we know in the high class to which it belongs.

COUNT MOLTKE'S LETTERS FROM RUSSIA.

Count Moltke's Letters from Russia. Translated by Robina Napier. London: C. Kegan, Paul and Co. 1878.

THE brief Introductory Notice gives some interesting particulars of the great soldier's life. Born with the century, he first entered the Danish army, in which his father had been lieutenant-general. But, in 1820, he relinquished this for the Prussian service, which afforded a wider field and better prospects of advancement. From 1835 to 1839 he was engaged in organising work in Turkey. His *Letters from Turkey* are still famous. The present *Letters from Russia* were written to his wife, while he was in attendance on the Crown Prince, who went to attend the coronation of the present Czar, in 1856. They are marked by all the simplicity, directness, clear-cut description, and keen observation which one might expect in Moltke. His wife, by the way, was an Englishwoman. The letters are also lit up by glances of humour. In describing the arrival of the squadron at Cronstadt, he says, "An English eighty-gun ship, which was lying at anchor, joined merrily in the concert. This ship had made use of the sunshine to have a great wash, and the shirts and trousers of the crew, in every shade of colour, were hung out to dry. As the arrival of the Empress was undoubtedly known, this was a proof of 'Johnny Bull's' careless ease." Graphic pictures are given of fortifications and of the two capitals to which the visit was limited, of the Isaak Church at St. Petersburg, and the Kremlin at Moscow. More interesting still are the brief references to the country and people, of whom such absurd things are talked and believed just now. We should be glad if the book served to scatter some of these delusions. "The Russian peasants are naturally good-humoured and peaceable. I have never seen the people fighting or wrestling. They have no bull-fights or cock-fights." At a review "the Emperor spoke to several of the men, who replied to their Batuschka (Father) without any embarrassment. In Russia the family is the microcosm of the State. All power rests upon paternal authority. All theories of representative government are in Russia simple nonsense. How can human decrees limit the divine right of a father? says the Russian; and, indeed, the unlimited power of the Emperor is a necessity and a benefit in a country where nothing is done if it is not commanded by a superior."

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